

"How a Bill Becomes a Law," by Speaker J. G. Cannon

MAY, 1908 v2 #2 Col. 12

FIFTEEN CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

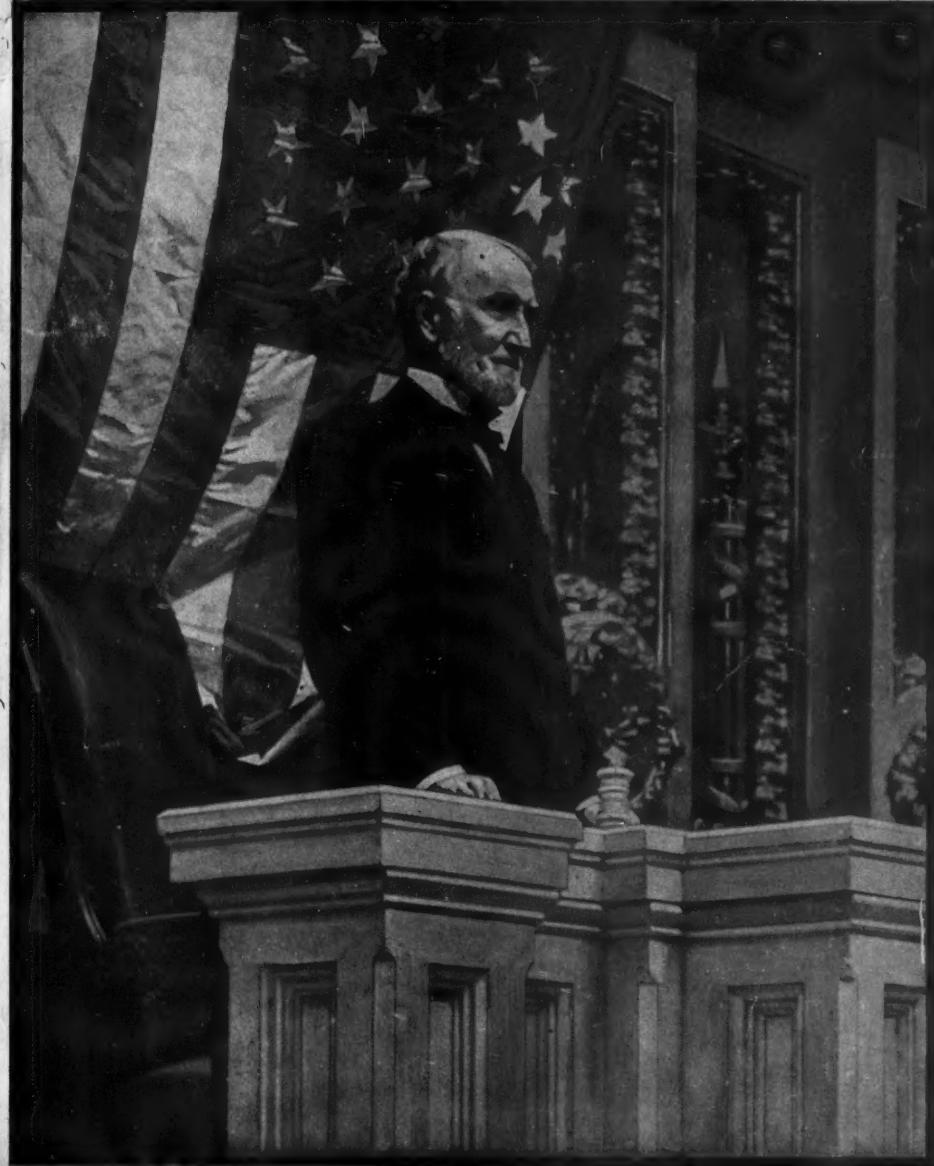


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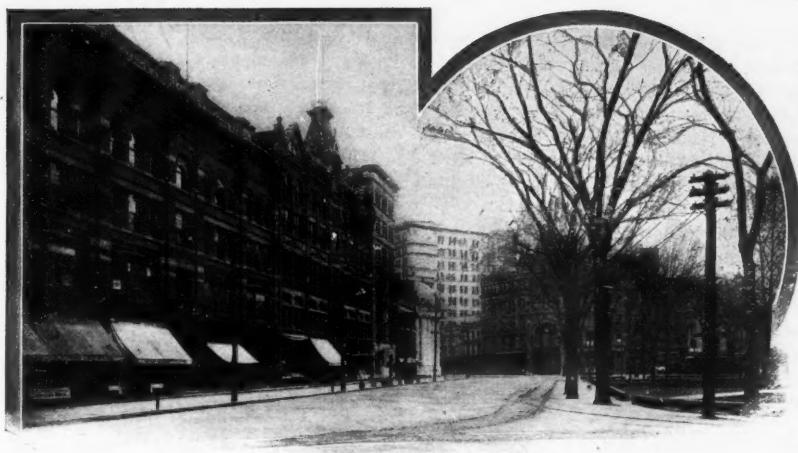
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WEST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE

WILKES-BARRÉ, PENNSYLVANIA *WELL-KNOWN, WEALTHY, WIDE-AWAKE*

By **R. NELSON BENNETT**
Secretary of the Board of Trade

WHERE you live is as important as what you do. Life consists in the reaction of man on his environment. It follows that any man's life will be largely determined by the place in which he lives. You cannot expect a man to make money on the Sahara desert any more than you can expect a man to keep healthy in the congested streets and lifeless air of a metropolis.

Young men (and older men, too, who are not already anchored) should place their lives in the most favorable environment. To men who are open to conviction, we would like to explain the advantages of this city of ours.

In northeastern Pennsylvania, in the beautiful, historic Wyoming Valley, bathed by the waters of the Susquehanna, and surrounded by rugged mountains, you will find Wilkes-Barre, popularly known as "The Diamond City," a place you would be glad to call "home."

Wilkes-Barre is not a new town. It is one hundred and thirty-nine years old, and is not a mere mining settlement, but a thriv-

ing American city. The city derives its name, a compound, from the surnames of Col. John Wilkes and Col. Isaac Barré, members of the English Parliament, who were advocates for the American Colonies, prior to the Revolution. In general, hyphenated names are prohibited under the rules of the United States Board on Geographic Names, but on August 10th, 1905, President Roosevelt visited Wilkes-Barre, and now the name of our city is spelled correctly with the hyphen and capital "B" in all government publications, thus giving honor to both Wilkes and Barré—something which our citizens have desired for a long time.

According to the United States census estimate for 1906, Wilkes-Barre, with her narrow and restricted limits of only 4.8 square miles, had a population of 60,121 persons. Within a radius of three miles, 125,000 people reside. Within nine miles are twenty-five small places, making 200,000 people, and within a radius of 150 miles, a neighboring population of 15,000,000, a veritable nation of consumers, who can be

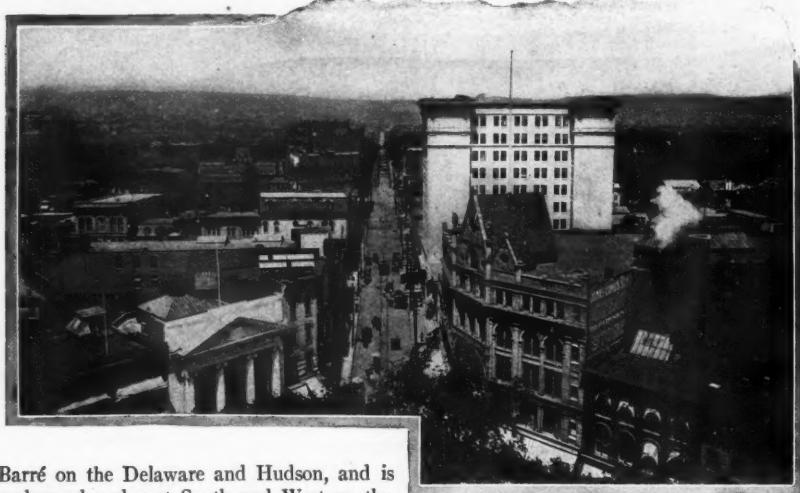
WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

reached from Wilkes-Barre by a choice of eight railroads, viz: Erie, Lackawanna, Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley, Delaware and Hudson, Central Railroad of New Jersey, Wilkes-Barre and Hazleton, and the Lackawanna and Wyoming Valley Railroad—the latter two being third-rail, freight-carrying electric roads.

Wilkes-Barre is the wholesale centre and county seat of Luzerne County, the third largest county, in the point of population, in the state of Pennsylvania. As a freight junction centre, the city is in its infancy. Freight from New England comes to Wilkes-

of the very best quality, being tested every day by the company's chemist. It is derived from a water-shed practically free from all possible contamination, and which is constantly patrolled and guarded.

Manufactories thrive in the "Diamond City." Industries are diversified. "Made in Wilkes-Barre" appears upon locomotives, automobiles, adding-machines, wire-rope and insulated cables, stationary engines, axles, springs, enamel ware, lace curtains, furniture, silk goods, flour, shoes, cigars, knit goods, etc. Several of the plants are the largest of their kind in the United States, and employ thou-



WEST MARKET STREET

Barré on the Delaware and Hudson, and is exchanged and sent South and West on the Pennsylvania Railroad; and because of the congestion of freight around New York harbor, and the recent action of the New Haven road, Wilkes-Barre is destined to be one of the large junction points of the East. Recently, two hundred and fifty acres of land have been purchased for freight yards. A large new union station is being planned by the railroads centering here.

Besides being an excellent shipping point, Wilkes-Barre offers the cheapest fuel in the world. If you use steam, coal is king. With fuel at about one dollar a ton, the mere saving to a manufacturer on this item alone, would, in a plant utilizing, say five hundred horse-power, soon amount to a fortune in itself, and thus decrease manufacturing cost, and increase profit.

Good water is a valuable asset to any city, and Wilkes-Barre is well supplied with water

sands of men. The annual manufactured products amount to about \$15,000,000, annually.

Financially, Wilkes-Barre is one of the strongest cities in the United States. During the recent panic, last fall, no clearing-house certificates were issued, and in a local suburb a new bank opened for business on the worst panic day, and received \$40,000 deposits on that day. There are ten city banks and fourteen suburban banks within a nine-mile radius. In the ten city banks are deposits of twenty million dollars, and the bank clearings for 1907 were \$62,023,660, over a million per thousand inhabitants. Three new bank buildings were erected during 1907, one an eleven-story office-building.

Wilkes-Barre, for a city of her area and

WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

population, leads cities of similar size in the building figures. During 1907 this city made the following showing in building, a true index of a city's growth and progress:

1906 U. S. Census Building Population Figures.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. (area

4.8 Sq. miles).....	60,121	\$2,486,861
Duluth, Minn	67,337	2,482,735
Bridgeport, Conn	84,274	2,448,508
Scranton, Pa	118,692	2,432,849
Nashville, Tenn	84,703	2,078,044
Grand Rapids, Mich ...	99,794	2,053,755
Paterson, N. J.....	112,901	1,500,192
Reading, Pa.....	91,141	1,499,550

Within a radius of three miles from Public Square, the centre of the city, nearly \$5,000,-

with a fire department which is the pride of the town; with well-sewered and well-paved streets, and with a desire of the part of the citizens to make the city "Bigger, Busier and Brighter," the future from a business standpoint is most encouraging.

As a place of residence, Wilkes-Barre is the most attractive city in the state. The retail shopping center of northeastern Pennsylvania is Wilkes-Barre, and her mercantile establishments are unsurpassed. Her model public school system, with twenty modern buildings, is pointed to by educators all over the state; and her seventy churches (with property valued at \$2,000,000) are some of the finest specimens of architecture in the East. Her varied charities and hospitals are well supported, and her hotels and apart-



NORTH OF MARKET STREET

000 worth of buildings were constructed during 1907.

The municipality is well conducted. Prominent business and professional men are members of the City Councils; also of the School Board.

With an assessed valuation of \$46,115,489, and a bonded debt of only \$729,000 (the state law permits a bonded debt of \$3,228,084) with a tax levy for city purposes of only six and a half mills—the lowest in the state; with Wilkes-Barre city bonds as legal investments for Massachusetts and New York savings banks (and as such accepted by the Treasury Department at Washington as security for deposits of public money in national banks); with the Wilkes-Barre Clearing House Association paying two percent interest on city deposits, the funds being divided pro rata among the ten city banks;

houses attract commercial men who prefer this city to any other place when they are compelled to stay away from their homes over Sunday.

Noted for hospitality, the clubs of the city are ever open to welcome strangers, and with the new Mystic Shrine Temple, a building in the Moorish style of architecture, to cost \$200,000, the problem of accommodating large conventions has been solved.

With three theatres and a fourth in process of construction, with the "Concordia" and the "Musical Art" and other notable singing societies, a well-endowed Public Library, the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society and its valuable library and collections, and a splendidly equipped Y. M. C. A. building, one can always find some place to provide amusement or recreation.

Wilkes-Barre is beyond question a healthy

WILKES-BARRÉ, PENNSYLVANIA



SOUTH MAIN STREET, FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE

city. It has enjoyed exceptional immunity from diseases of an epidemic character. During 1906 only fourteen deaths occurred in the city that were caused by contagious diseases. There is the strictest kind of supervision, by the city bacteriologist, of the water and milk supplies.

In April, 1907, the newly-elected Wilkes-Barré Park Commission began their work. On April 27th, a public playground, marking an historic spot, was donated to the city. On May 9th, ten acres of wooded park lands along our charming water front were likewise given, and on July 15th, eight more acres, adjoining the first, were deeded to the city forever. On July 18th, seventy-six acres of wooded land were given. A rustic shelter-house for the play-ground was also donated to the city. Thus, in less than two months after the Park Commission had begun working, over one hundred acres of valuable land have been presented to the City of Wilkes-Barré, forever, for park purposes. All this is addition to the city's

beautiful "River Common," of some thirty-five acres, laid out as a park.

Three playgrounds, with paid instructors, were opened during the summer; a public bath-house and eight base-ball diamonds likewise contributed to make the children's lives, during the summer, happy ones. The movement for a "City Beautiful" has taken a firm hold upon the community.

The newspapers of the city stand by the old town, and a thriving Press Club blazes the way for progress.

With \$80,000,000 worth of coal mined yearly in this vicinity; with varied industries; with an inter-urban traction system of eighty-three miles of tracks, one of the best in the United States; with cheap fuel; with good mountain water; superior educational advantages; strong fraternal, religious and social organizations; public library; with high-class stores; with financial institutions of recognized stability; with an industrious population, Wilkes-Barré is all that has been claimed for it—"an Ideal City."



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IN AN ORCHARD OF FIVE-YEAR-OLD MAGNOLIA FIG TREES AT FRIENDSWOOD, A
QUAKER SETTLEMENT IN THE HOUSTON-GALVESTON DISTRICT

See "The Rush Into the Southwest," page 195



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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII

MAY, 1908

NUMBER TWO



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE Maytime moving spirit is on in Washington. The furniture vans passing to and fro on the avenues fringed with virgin leaf indicate change of lease-hold; but there are "moving spirits" on the floors of the Senate and House at the Capitol that presage early adjournment. The alluring

these days. Picturesque and reposeful are the languorous scenes about the Capitol grounds, perfumed with blossoms from the Botanic Gardens across the way. All this does not conduce to the alertness and snap of the earlier days of the session, but as the closing days approach, the splendid general-



Photo by Clinchinst, Washington, D. C.

Roosevelt Root Straus Garfield Metcalf Cortelyou Taft Von Meyer Wilson Bonaparte
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS CABINET

prospect held out to members of Congress of going home to look after the "political fences"—barbed wire and otherwise—has accelerated the speed of the legislative mill. The springtime attractions about Washington in Maytime have the same restless influence on members of Congress as upon the small boy "winning his way unwillingly to school," but the work is dispatched in relays from the various committees.

The two round stone castle turrets on the Capitol grounds, from whence fresh air is pumped into the Senate and House chambers, are kept humming with strong currents in

ship of Speaker "Uncle Joe" comes into play,—and things move.

Located in his new rooms, from which the Ways and Means Committee were recently evicted, Speaker Cannon works away with the characteristic grim good-nature of this sturdy veteran. On his desk in the private room stands an old circular wooden ink-well, with a cork in it—and what stories it might tell—and that ever-present box of matches, to keep the cartoon-famed cigar alight. When he looks up there is a fascinating twinkle of merriment in "Uncle Joe's" eye; or it may be a stern expression

with a flash of annoyance as he swings his left hand around with a swish of coat-tails.

* * *

THE flag floating over the Senate or the House is a signal that the bodies are still in session, or at least proclaims that there has been no adjournment. There was a party of tourists rushing to the hill at the Capitol at 9 a. m., to see the House in session, "because the flag was flying," they said,—but the great chamber was empty. To facilitate the progress of business, the House is occasionally "recessed" during debate on important bills. The flag was still there "by the dawn's early light," but the House had simply been "recessed" over night, and had not adjourned. The term "recessed" is not generally understood by visitors. "Recess" does not necessarily mean an adjournment. It eliminates the daily reading of the long journal at the morning session; consequently, the Congressional Record is not printed every day. This gives the "Record" another distinction as a periodical. It can skip days and dates without losing subscribers or revenue. The recess is a part of one continuous session dating from the day when first taken.

The delegation of visitors on hand at an early hour this particular morning were of the inquisitive sort, and insisted upon knowing the reason why they did not find the House in session when the flag was still unfurled. They did not know the process of a congressional recess. During a recess, the House meets at 11 a. m., instead of at 12 o'clock, the usual hour for convening a regular session.

Vigorous cloture rules were recently adopted by the House of Representatives, anticipating the rush during the latter part of the session, when matters are apt to move rather slowly under the filibusters' tactics.

The general debate on the Naval Bill was exhilarating as it progressed. A certain amount of time is allotted on each bill for general debate—say ten hours—five hours to the majority and five hours to the minority, which is divided into fractions of five minutes each, which are handed about as so much ownership of time by the various members. In the final debate, every member on the floor including delegates from the territories Hawaii, Porto Rico and Alaska, are

entitled to five minutes in the final discussion, when each section is taken up until a motion to close debate on pending measure is carried and the chairman of the committee, who has reported the bill closes the debate in due form.

* * *

MANY bright boys and girls have asked the National how a bill is passed. So many new customs and usages have developed from session to session, that many of the text books on civil government used in our schools are soon out of date. As this question was recently put to me by a chance visitor whom I met in the corridor of the Capitol, a bright young man from the West remarked quickly, looking toward the door of the Speaker's room, "Uncle Joe knows how a bill is passed." When I requested an article from Speaker Cannon for the National, he insisted that he was not a "magazinist;" but the article in this issue from the pen of "Uncle Joe" Cannon as to how a bill is passed is one of the most comprehensive and instructive articles on the subject that has ever been printed. It takes into account all the customs and usages of the past and the present. It is the work of a veteran who has seen many years of public service in a career that reflects great honor to his country. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, known affectionately as "Uncle Joe," is certainly a towering figure in the national life at this time, and one cannot be in his presence long without realizing that few men in the prime and vigor of life have a greater capacity for virile and powerful work. One must not mistake by the affectionate nickname "Uncle Joe" that Speaker Cannon is not a power in the making and the moving of things. He is one of the rare type of men with the virile characteristics of Lincoln and the men of his time.

* * *

IN the debate which clustered about the Naval Bill, there were exciting times when Congressman Richard Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, made his passionate appeal for four battleships. As in the case of the Aldrich Bill in the Senate, there was a breaking up of the party lines on the vote. The President's known wish to have four battleships did not seem to impress itself upon



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MRS. EVANS, WIFE OF ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS

Congress. The Naval Committee had concluded, after threshing the matter out, that two battleships were sufficient for the present needs. The President's plans were championed by Longworth and Bourke Corcoran.

Congressman Tawney, chairman of the Appropriation Committee, presented some comparative figures in reference to the war and naval appropriation of European countries where large navies and standing armies are maintained. His amendment asking for only one battleship was voted down. The amendment was debated that one of the battleships should be built in the navy yard and another by private contract, furnishing opportunity for determining the value of government construction or private contract.

Congressman Charles Landis of Indiana eloquently appealed for the four battleships. It was quite evident that the President was determined to push through the naval project for his chosen number. Congressman Willett asserted that the President had told the committee that unless he was given four battleships, the Public Buildings Bill would be vetoed. It was a battle royal between the administration forces for four battleships and those who insisted that the strength of the nation was not altogether to be measured in naval armament, but that the resources, and character of the people themselves had something to do with measuring the inherent strength of the nation. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, insisted that he was tired of having the greatness of this nation measured merely by battleships. This most interesting and lively debate of the month was closed by Congressman Foss of the Naval Committee, when the sentiment of Congress was expressed for only a new battleship duet instead of a quartette.

* * *

SEVERAL years ago a young man accepted the position of appointment clerk of the Twelfth Census and in that capacity he was a chief factor in the organization of the Twelfth Census Office, as well as the permanent office which was organized July 1, 1902. From that time until he was nominated for Congress in 1906, he performed the vigorous duties of Appointment Clerk and Disbursing Clerk.

During the time from the organization

of the Twelfth Census in 1890, he was the legal adviser to the Director, in fact the law clerk of the office, although there was no statutory position of that kind. So, as a matter of fact, the young Kentuckian, John Langley, performed the duties of three distinct positions. His work during the Twelfth Census was so satisfactory to Congress that his salary was twice increased by special act of Congress. Without even a solicitation his friends in the good old home district nominated him for Congress and he accepted the nomination. He had already served four years in the Kentucky legislature and was the minority nominee for Speaker. He has been a delegate to the Republican National Conventions on two occasions and was re-nominated to Congress without opposition. An assured prophecy can be made that this young Kentuckian will continue as a member of the 61st Congress.

* * *

SOME modern philosopher has remarked that any man who can look down the barrel of a pay-roll for ten years and meet the view unflinchingly, is worthy to wear the armour of knighthood in the twentieth century and be accounted a worthy foeman. The gigantic pay-roll of Uncle Sam is certainly enough to make the old gentleman wince. The earliest issue of financial registration of employees in the United States was dated 1816, and in that year there were 6,327 names receiving money from Uncle Sam's coffers for service rendered. In 1905 the record was printed in two volumes, weighing twenty-five pounds, containing a total of over 4,100 pages—the aggregate of names was then 306,141, and in 1907 it was estimated that the printing and binding of an equally extensive record would cost \$78,000, but, by condensation, about \$50,000 was saved in this catalogue work. The book contained the name of every person then serving the government in any capacity—over 300,000. Strictly within the departments at Washington only 29,000 employes are registered, of which the executive office has only forty-three, the smallest number in any department; and the largest number is in the treasury department, which has a muster-roll of 6,996. This is a pay-roll that Uncle Sam has to meet every two weeks of the year, vacation time or not.



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS JANE A. BIRDSALL, DAUGHTER OF CONGRESSMAN BIRDSALL OF IOWA



SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON

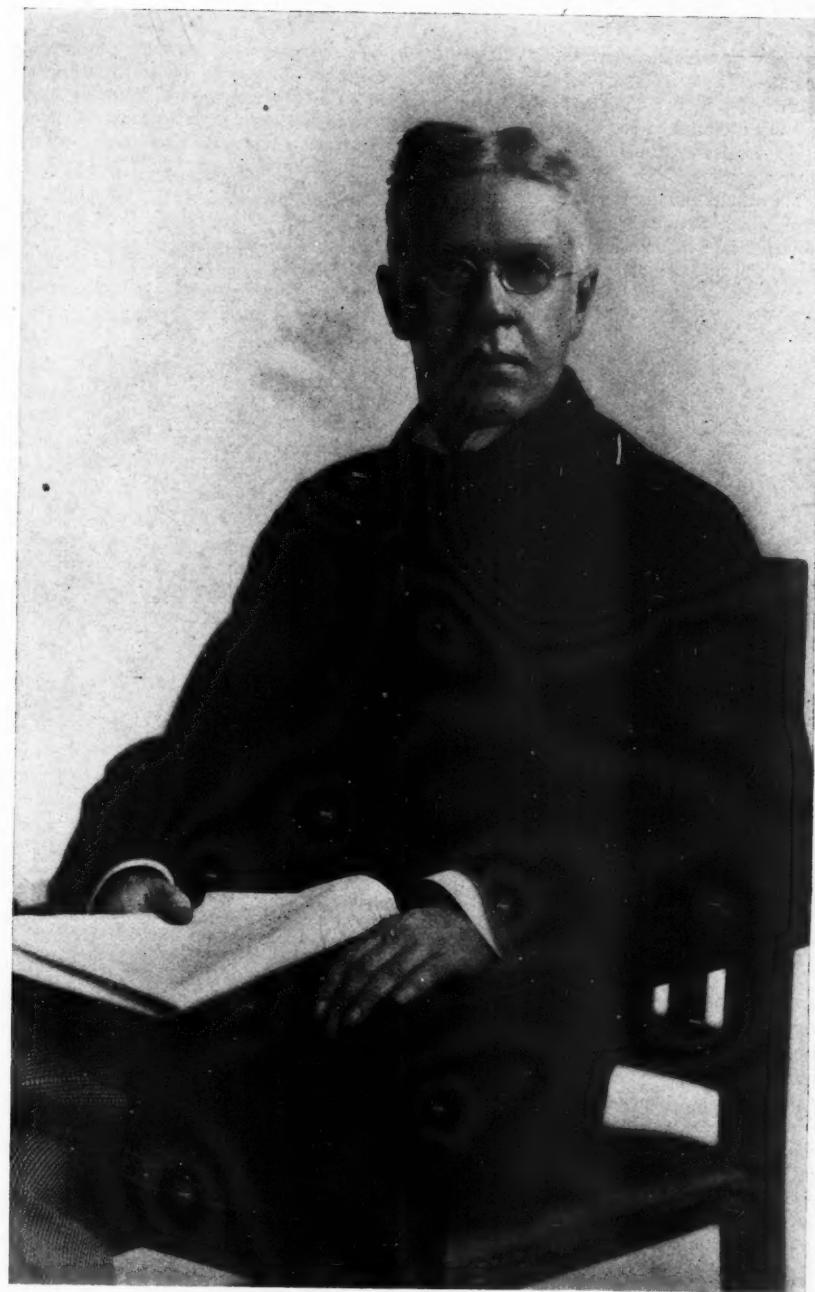
ONE of the scientific enthusiasts in Washington, who year after year seeks interesting information, was recently apprised of the fact that every twelve months from fifty to sixty thousand horses are slaughtered in

Paris. He thought he would introduce the new meat into this country and organized a dinner party, at which no meat but horseflesh was used, no one being in the secret except his chef. First came the soup, which he gravely announced was made from an extract of the new meat—lips were smacked and the first course was pronounced a decided success; the crowning triumph of the dinner was a magnificent joint, which might or might not have passed for a genuine "Sir Loin" of beef, flanked by side dishes and entrees that were also favorably commented on. Everybody remarked, "What tender meat," "What a delicious flavor, just like rare old venison," and the host was petitioned, after the guests had retired to the parlor, to tell them all about the new meat. Somehow, after he announced that they had partaken of horse flesh, the gaiety and contentment began to subside—the mere idea of having eaten horseflesh was too much for even the American stomach, however manfully it might withstand a diet of ice-cream and frozen pudding. Pigs and rabbits can be assimilated, but horse-meat promises never to be popular at American tables. It is argued, moreover, that it would be a somewhat costly food, considering the price of even an average steed.

* * *

STURDY old farmer that he is, it is always a delight to talk with Secretary Wilson. After a somewhat strenuous day at the Agricultural Department, we had one of those old-fashioned chats, suggestive of a winter's evening on the farm after the "chores" are done. Enthusiastic in his work, the Secretary never tires of talking about the doings of his department, and never wearies of the investigations required in matters agricultural.

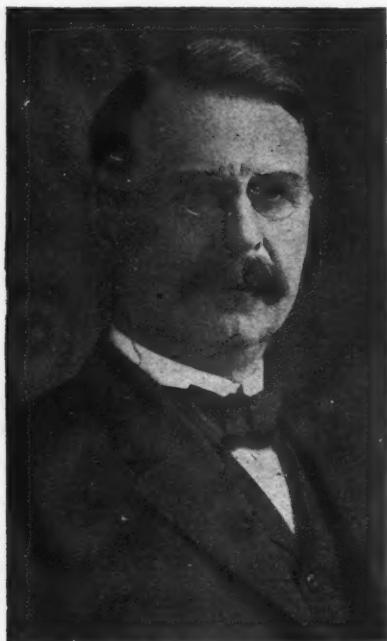
The farmers have witnessed a marked evolution in their avocation during the past ten years, and today every intelligent agriculturist is a specialist in his line—a veritable scientist, dwelling close to nature, and as ever a worker and producer. With over one billion and a quarter dollars' worth of farm produce to export in one year, averaging over four millions of products every working day, there seems to be no fear of panic among the farmers. This enormous export value is in addition to the five billions consumed in the home market. The farmer of today profits



MR. S. D. N. NORTH, DIRECTOR OF UNITED STATES CENSUS

in every possible manner, and contrives to make even a "poor year" bring out a profit balance, for he is a thorough business man, and this evolution is due to the efforts of the Agricultural Department more than to any other one thing.

The results obtained on the great federal farm which Secretary Wilson operates are indicated in the following annual report on crops, which does not include stock, poultry



CONGRESSMAN C. R. DAVIS OF MINNESOTA

and some other products of the farm, but merely gives some idea of the growing crops on Uncle Sam's vast national farm.

CROPS	Acreage ACRES	Production BUSHELS	Farm Value Dec. 1, 1907
Corn	99,931,000	2,592,320,000	\$1,340,446,000
Winter Wheat	28,132,000	409,442,000	361,217,000
Spring Wheat	17,079,000	224,645,000	193,220,000
Oats	31,837,000	754,443,000	334,569,000
Barley	6,448,000	153,317,000	102,058,000
Rye	1,926,000	31,566,000	23,068,000
Buckwheat	800,000	14,290,000	9,975,000
Flaxseed	2,865,000	25,851,000	24,713,000
Rice	627,300	16,738,000	16,081,000
Potatoes	3,124,000	297,942,000	183,880,000
Hay	44,028,000	63,677,000	743,507,000
Tobacco	821,000	698,126,000	76,234,000
Total	237,618,300	528,357,000	

A most astonishing total for acreage and production, and the figures on farm animals give an equally convincing demonstration of national prosperity.

FARM ANIMALS	Per cent *	Numbers	Average price per head	Total Value
Horses	101.2	19,992,000	\$93.41	\$1,867,530,000
Mules	101.4	3,869,000	107.76	416,939,000
Milch cows	101.1	21,194,000	30.67	650,057,000
Other cattle	97.1	50,073,000	16.89	845,938,000
Sheep	102.6	54,631,000	3.88	211,736,000
Swine	102.4	56,084,000	6.05	330,030,000

* Compared with Jan. 1, 1907.

The 16,500,000 pieces of literature sent out every year direct to farmers have been good seed, bringing forth many-fold. These publications are also turned over to the superintendent of documents at the Capitol, to sell at ten per cent. above actual cost. Each congressman is allowed 12,000 to 15,000, but this has by no means supplied the immense demand. High schools, colleges and other educational institutions have found the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture the most effective text books—right up to date—that can be purchased. These leaflets are exercising a potential influence in keeping the sturdy young men "on the farm," and inducing them also to seek new farms in undeveloped sections. When a man "knows how to farm," and can make it pay, the allurements of city life and occupations are strongly offset. Daily papers, a daily mail delivery, private telephones for social gossip, as well as business, place the average farmer in closer touch with world-affairs than his city brethren can have in their ceaseless routine work and desk discipline, where car rides use up all the leisure moments, and "the noise habit" makes it difficult to digest even the best reading matter.

* * *

Through the leaflet interchange, the Agricultural Department has been able to secure much useful information concerning the personal experience of the farmers, and the efforts of the department have stimulated an exchange of information obtained by personal investigation, on the same basis as the interchange of ideas and discoveries passed across the fence, or the mutual accommodation with products of which one farmer had an abundance and the other had fallen short.

"That is the idea," said the Secretary,

"ordinary neighborly interchange of good advice that is sure to be helpful—the passing on of information concerning every improvement that might be thought out by one and not occur to another—that is what is needed."

* * *

Not long ago the Agricultural Department received a sample of a weed which had annoyed the farmers in the Montezuma Valley, Colorado, and was forwarded with the request that the department would suggest a means of eradicating it. It proved to be a fine specimen of wild tobacco, and of as good a quality as is cultivated in the South. The climatic conditions were such that the spotting of the leaves by the force of the sun was eliminated. Here was revealed the advantage of having a bureau that can bring profit from what would otherwise be a noxious weed.

For years we annually imported \$17,-



Photo by Harry & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

FRED L. FISHBACK,
SECRETARY TO SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE

000,000 worth of Egyptian cotton, but experiments have long been carried on in various parts of the country, at the suggestion of the Agricultural Department, and it has now been discovered that in certain sections of California this beautiful cotton can be produced in quality and quantity equal to that coming from the Delta of the Nile.

The large area of irrigated land thrown open for settlement presented a problem as to what could be raised with most profit on this newly-fertilized territory, and here also the department has done valuable work.

In one section the "loco weed" was doing damage to horses. Specimens were sent to the chemists of the Agricultural Department. Tests were made by burning the weed to ashes, which were found to contain barium,



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CONGRESSMAN FRANK M. NYE
OF MINNESOTA

the antidote for this poison is strychnine—and there you are—a remedy was obtained for the ill effects of the loco weed, and a valuable drug compound was also discovered, as has been the case in the analysis of more than one weed; many drugs are thus cultivated within the boundaries of the United States, and this feature of the work has been taken up systematically with the purpose of growing all necessary drugs on Uncle Sam's own territory, thus continually adding to the wealth of the nation. The cultivation of Bermuda grass and other new crops by the Agricultural Department has added millions of dollars yearly to the national wealth.

While in Oklahoma I heard two farmers talking as affectionately about their peach trees as though they had been human beings. A tribute was paid to the Agricultural De-

partment for the information it distributed and the tests made had saved the orchards from pests which threatened their destruction. One of the farmers was making a specialty of the growing of asparagus, and had just learned, through the department literature, what to do to prevent "rust."

Secretary Wilson is not only interested in increasing the material wealth of the agricultural districts of the nation, but is earnest in his study of sociological conditions as regards the American farming population.



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CONGRESSMAN JOHN W. LANGLEY
OF KENTUCKY

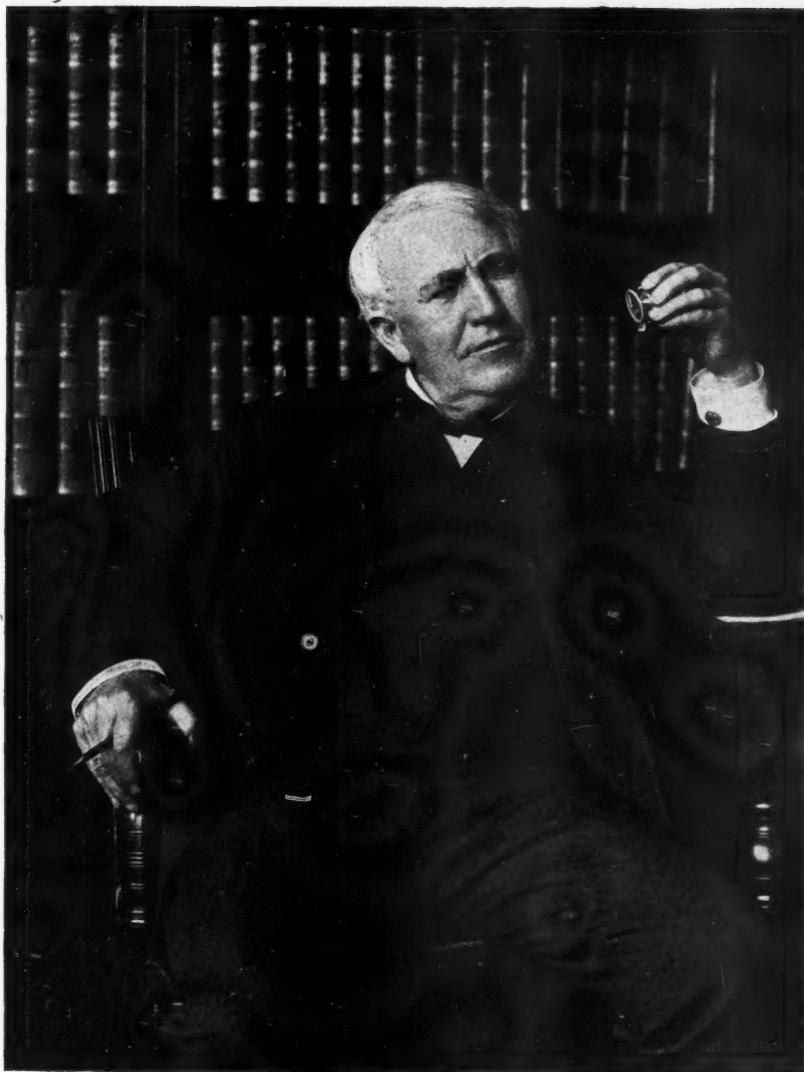
LOOKING at the tall, stately form of Congressman Frank M. Nye, of Minneapolis, no one would suppose him to be the brother of the inimitable and immortal Bill Nye, who did more to dispense laughter and cheerfulness among mankind than any other newspaper writer of modern times. It seems that Mr. Frank M. Nye is the reverse of his brother in disposition, being serious and sedate as a parson, but yet the possessor of a genial manner that is winning him many friends. Born in Maine, Mr. Nye was educated in River Falls, became a lawyer and was elected district attorney for Polk County, Wisconsin. He made the nominating speech for Senator Spooner's first election to the United States Senate. Mr. Nye has also been

county attorney for Hennepin County, Minnesota, in which office he conducted many important cases. Minneapolis may well be proud of the statesman who is making for her and himself many enduring friendships.

* * *

FRED L. FISHBACK, secretary to Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, is one of the most experienced private secretaries in Washington, having had extensive service with congressmen and also with Cabinet officers. The unusual acquaintance thus gained, both with congressional and departmental methods, is naturally of great value. Mr. Fishback was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, coming to Washington as a boy, and being educated in the public schools of the nation's capital. He is an expert stenographer and a graduate of the National University Law School. His first service as private secretary was with Honorable Marriott Brosius, who represented Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in Congress for many years, and he was also secretary to the late William M. Springer of Illinois during the latter's last term in Congress. Mr. Fishback was clerk of the House committee on reform in the civil service while Mr. Brosius was its chairman, and served several years as clerk of the House committee on banking and currency. For the one term which the late John K. Cowen, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, served as representative from Baltimore, Mr. Fishback was his congressional secretary. He was also secretary to Justice William H. Moody while the latter was a member of the House of Representatives from the Sixth Massachusetts District, and while he was secretary of the navy and later attorney general of the United States. Mr. Crane succeeding Senator Hoar at the latter's death in 1904, and desiring a secretary with wide experience, engaged Mr. Fishback, who resigned his position with Attorney General Moody and resumed the work at the Capitol with which he had been connected for so long a time. He has filled his position with Senator Crane with marked ability.

Through his congressional positions and those which he has filled in the executive departments, Mr. Fishback has become thoroughly informed as to the course of procedure in governmental affairs and during his almost life-long residence in Washington has taken



THOMAS A. EDISON IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

a deep interest in the development of the city and acquired a valuable knowledge of the seat of government, its historical associations and the administration of its affairs. As a result of this, he is frequently sought as a lecturer on that subject. He has a very beautiful and complete set of stereopticon views, and exhibits pictures of the places in

the various cities where the Continental Congress met prior to the adoption of our Constitution of 1787, and where it held its sessions subsequently. He tells the story of how the fathers "took to the woods" in establishing a seat of government on the Potowmac, for the region was then a wilderness, describes the laying out of the city, the steps

taken to erect the Congress House and the President's House, as the Capitol and the White House respectively were called in the early day, and outlines the growth of the city, the improvements of later years, including the paving of the streets, the systematic planting of trees to the number of more than 93,000, the development of the park system, and refers to many historical points in the vicinity of Washington, speaking of Mt. Vernon not only as the home of Washington, but as the extensive country seat of a rich Virginia



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CONGRESSMAN BUTLER AMES
OF LOWELL, MASS.

planter of the olden time. He awakens in old and young a deeper love of country through his story and his pictures of the country's capital.

* * *

AFTER a rush lunch in the Senate restaurant, some of the senators retire to the committee rooms for a cigar before hurrying back to the "smoke of battle" in the deliberative chamber.

The Committee on Rules occupies about the only room in the old Capitol that is dignified with a vestibule—which dignity it shares with the Committee on Cuban Relations. In this committee room was Senator Knox, the same genial, courteous gen-

tleman and prodigious worker as in the old cabinet days. The people are beginning to comprehend the essential greatness of the little giant of Pennsylvania. No one can read the Philadelphia Press of December 19 with double-leaded headings, without being impressed with the editorial concerning Senator Knox by the late Charles Emory Smith, one of the last of his brilliant writings. The ringing plea for the fellow citizen of Pennsylvania will not soon be forgotten. In his own clear way, he insisted that the logical successor of President Roosevelt ought to be none other than Senator Knox.

If President Roosevelt should be re-elected for a third term, it would be for the purpose of carrying on the great originative work which has been inaugurated protecting the people against the questionable aggrandizement and abuse of corporations. The President has won his laurels in this work, and the fruits are shared by the members of his cabinet.

Charles Emory Smith insisted that the one man, above all others, who is associated with the origin, evolution and success of Roosevelt's policies, is Philander Chase Knox of Pennsylvania, and for that reason he is peculiarly fitted to carry on the work. He pointed out the simple record to prove his position. When the President made sundry attacks and assaults, it was the cool-headed general, Mr. Smith insists, whose penetration and skill secured positive results for the plans of the chief executive.

In the conflict on the injunction on railroad rates, the overthrow of railroad legislation, the dissolution of the Northern Securities merger, it was Knox who faced the legal front and in 1905 pointed out positively that Congress must in justice to the public exercise more fully its power in respect to railroad rates and regulations. This work was recognized by President Roosevelt long ago in a frank and hearty way.

With his even poise, reflection and judgment and judicial temperament, if the nomination were to be merely a question of logical ability and good record, the name of Senator Knox should be a tower of strength at the Republican Convention. The Pennsylvania friends feel, without any question, that "the little Giant of Pittsburg" is the man who should be the logical successor of Theodore Roosevelt.



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MRS. BENJAMIN P. BIRDSALL, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN BIRDSALL OF IOWA

THE dinner given by Congressman Frank D. Lowden, to the Gridiron Club, was one of the social events of the session. It was a gathering of senators, diplomats, members of the Supreme Court and many prominent officials of Washington life to do honor to the host and the occasion. The genial Gridiron spirit prevailed,—even to



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.
CONGRESSMAN W. S. HILL OF MISSISSIPPI

the presentation of the flowers to the Children's Hospital—with "ladies present and reporters absent."

There were speeches by members of the Supreme Court, and the songs and choruses alone would have made a hit in any opera. "Farmer" Frank Lowden was carried back to the fields of his home in the West, and the tribute stating that his district is one of the best in the land met with hearty applause. There was fun—plenty of it—and all that sparkling comment of present day affairs that makes one almost forget that there is anything at hand to eat, for it was indeed a memorable "feast of reason." In all respects, it was one of the notable and successful dinners of the session, for whenever the brilliant electric bulbs flash out the form of the "gridiron," over the speakers table it is a signal for a hot time—one of those rare occasions where the spirit of candor, of fun, good cheer and good jokes (new joaks) pre-

vail with a flash-like of wit and satire on men of the hour and passing events.

* * *

FOR several years it has been my custom to make a call on Thomas Edison on his birthday. He has passed three-score, and at sixty-one I found him the same genial, sweet, kind and busy man as in the days of yore.

In conversation, he touched on many subjects, as we talked in the great laboratory, and his blue eyes sparkled as he came upon some old task with which he was thoroughly familiar.

"Many things," he said, "which I was obliged to thrust aside as of no value commercially, though important as a purely scientific proposition, if carried out in the lab-



JUSTICE FRANK H. NORCROSS.
Who wrote the \$1,000 prize article on "Why Roosevelt Should Serve Another Term," published in the April *National*

oratory to a definite conclusion would prove of great value. No doubt you have met with these side issues in your own literary work, but were compelled to set them aside and drive straight to the commercial end. There is a time when business may be set aside for ideals, even though this is the age that insists upon practical results. It is these side glances that are so charming, and the idea comes again and again that when I can get



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SEÑOR DON FEDERICO MEJIA, MINISTER OF SALVADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

time I should like to go back and retrace my steps and follow all these side paths until I discover whither they lead. When you write you use a great many authorities and require several books to look up doubtful subjects, and then you dream of the time when you can spend whole months feasting in a good library, instead of snatching stolen moments from absolutely necessary work. But when



MISS GRACE KELLOG

Author of "A Keeper of the Door," the intensely interesting serial now appearing in the *National*

the time does come, it will be delightful."

Sometimes it seems as though Mr. Edison's work must ever be focused upon the secret of life, aside from the commercial aspect. Hitherto his genius has given us such inventions as the phonograph, the incandescent light, the stock ticker, which means so much to modern business men; the duplex and quadruplex telegraph system; the microphone and the carbon transmitter for the telephone; the phonograph which he made at first from a tinfoil cylinder, working out

an idea absolutely his own; the incandescent light, which before its completion cost him years of work with very little sleep; the megaphone, the kinetoscope, or moving picture machine, a magnetic treatment of iron ore and a new storage battery which it is believed will solve the problem of vehicle traction in cities—all inventions of a more or less commercial character, but now Mr. Edison proposes to devote himself to a human life problem which has been baffling him in the brief time he has been able to give to it.

The greater the man the more interesting and simple his beliefs. Mr. Edison holds that man is an aggregation of nervous influences, and behind him is a supreme intelligence which he believes he can conclusively prove. He is a firm believer in evolution, and most graphically compared New York City to a man, drawing his deduction from the great aggregation of influences and energies which combine to make New York. He believes that man is an aggregation of cells, each of which plays its part in life.

The wizard is still enwrapped in the mysteries of electricity, and he hopes to transform coal directly into electricity without the medium of steam engines, as at the present time, when coal is burned to generate steam, and that again goes to make the dynamic force of electricity. He drew a wonderful word picture of a great electrical power house at the mouth of a coal mine, transmitting electricity to all parts of the country, and looked at with his enthusiasm, it seemed a not improbable dream.

Mr. Edison has already obtained electricity direct by burning carbon with an oxygen acid; although this was scientifically a success, it was too costly to be considered as a commercial proposition. Last year Mr. Edison gave much attention to aeronautics. If another war occurs, he believes "America will do great things," and he pointed to an experiment in the way of aerial torpedoes and submarine ships.

To look upon his fresh and almost youthful face, suggests the thought that he should be asked for a prescription for longevity. Forty years of concentrated work, with an average of sixteen hours a day, under the following rules, is apparently what has kept Mr. Edison young:—

Eat lightly; sleep lightly; work, for work is more restful than sleeping or idling. Four

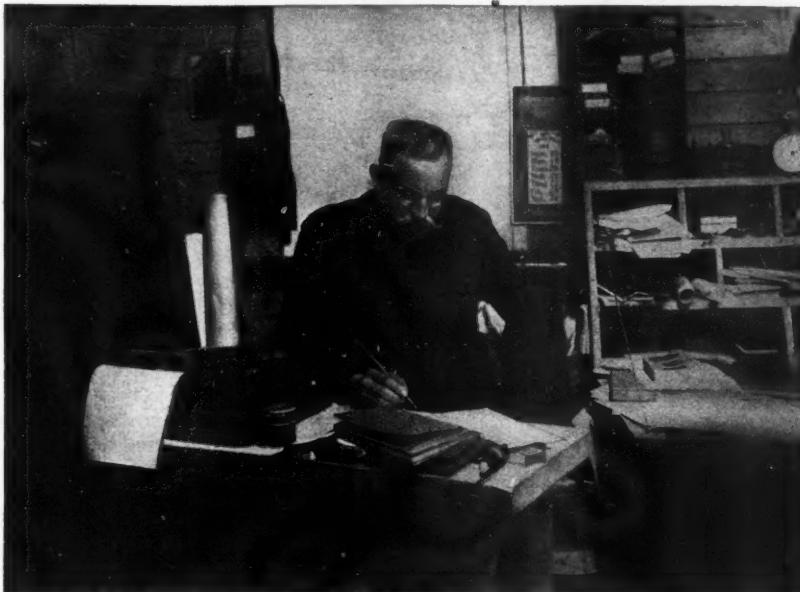
hours of good sleep is better than eight of restless slumber. Alcohol scatters thought; tobacco stimulates it.

It seems that Mr. Edison usually arises at five o'clock in the morning, walks among the trees and birds in summertime, and does some little odds and ends of reading until the people arrive on the scene. Breakfast is at six-thirty, and then he works until noon, when a light lunch is sent to him in the laboratory, and he eats nothing more until his six o'clock dinner. He usually arrives when

fallen to the lot of an inventor during his life-time.

The career of Mr. Edison was determined by an act of heroism. Standing before a railway station one day, he saw an engine bearing down on a baby playing on the track. He leaped in, grasped the child and pulled it, screaming, away, just at the moment the engine passed. The child's father was a telegraph operator, and he taught the lad the secrets of the telegraph keys.

"In those telegraph keys you may find



WALTER WELLMAN IN THE RECORD-HERALD HOUSE, SPITZBERGEN, A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE TRIAL OF THE "AMERICA"

the dessert is being put on the table, but he leaves the dining room with the rest of the family, as about five minutes at the table suffices for his modest wants. Mr. Edison says:

"Between eleven and twelve at night I have the best time with my note books, and then, last of all, comes good, sound sleep.

This is the recipe for good health that came from the lips of a man who has been the wonder of his age, who has invented over a thousand separate inventions, whose life is accounted a brilliant success, and who is crowned with triumphs such as have rarely

the real key to whatever success I have since attained," said the inventor.

* * *

HALE, hearty and as jolly as ever, it seems as though the wheels of government could not go on if Walter Wellman were long absent from Washington. He is doubtless the same philosopher soaring in his airship toward the North Pole or about Spitzbergen as when he strolls about the hotel corridors, interviewing the statesmen of the day. One thing is certain, Walter Wellman has as large and loyal a following

as any newspaper correspondent who ever walked the streets of the capital city. He can look back over a record of political prophecy and feel in it a great deal of pride, for he has a way of always hitting the nail on the head.

It does not require more than a cursory conversation, a passing interview with the great interviewer, to glean his conclusions, for Mr. Wellman does not keep his opinions shrouded in mystery. His firm belief at present is that when the proper time comes

their forbears read the installments of some thrilling continued story in the old New York Ledger. Mr. Wellman is known in Washington as "the man who is making Spitzbergen famous as a summer resort."

* * *

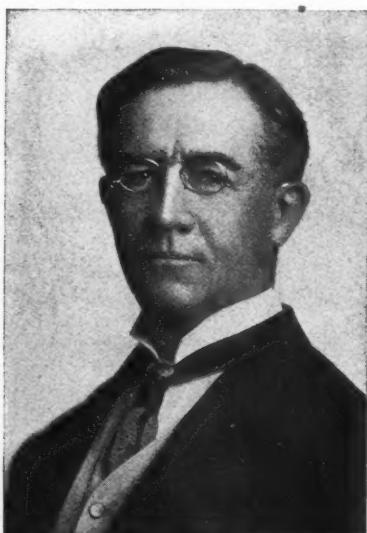
NEAR Judiciary Square you will find the home of Admiral R. Dunglinson Evans, commander of the largest fleet ever concentrated in the history of the American navy. Here lives Mrs. Evans, the Admiral's wife, and no one can know, except the wives and loved ones of naval officers and men, of the hours of suspense that are passed while awaiting news from the fleet.

Mrs. Evans is one of those good old-fashioned women, who believe that the women connected by home ties with the navy serve Uncle Sam just as truly as their husbands, brothers and sons who wear the uniform. She laughingly refers to her "forty years of naval service." She also spoke feelingly of the old days when the wives were permitted to go to sea with their husbands: times of which she had heard from her mother.

Mrs. Evans is a great admirer of the Japanese, and in her home are many curios and souvenirs brought from the Flowery Land as mementos of her tour there. The walls of the dining room are covered with Japanese silk, and there are draperies and portieres that reflect the magic deftness and rare coloring of Tokio weavers. She is also especially interested in colonial history, being a descendant of that Colonel Simms who served on the staff of General Washington. A maternal ancestor was Daniel Morgan, a teamster in the famous Braddock campaign, and later a rifleman with Arnold at Quebec. Mrs. Evans has his war chest as a relic of old Revolutionary days. She is a native of Washington, having been born in the city, and is the daughter of Frank Taylor. A dainty little lady, with waving white hair and blue eyes, she is, like the Admiral, devoted to her grandchildren, and the greatest delight of the little people is to go to walk with Grandpa or Grandma.

* * *

THE Post Office Savings Bank proposition, suggested by the Postmaster-General, George Von L. Meyer, has found an enthusiastic champion in Congressman Gilbert



CONGRESSMAN GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Theodore Roosevelt will be renominated at the Republican convention. If Mr. Wellman is as true a prophet as in years past, we may look forward to Theodore Roosevelt as the logical nominee of the Republican party for a second elective term in 1908.

Mr. Wellman's life is bound up, apparently, in his North Pole project, and he still maintains his enthusiasm on the subject, though it hardly seems possible that the genial newspaper man, attired in frock coat and silk hat, is really the hero of so many adventurous cruises of the icy Northland. When he takes out that lead pencil or begins to hammer on his typewriter, thousands of readers in the Middle West and elsewhere will eagerly follow his dissertations with all the avidity that

M. Hitchcock, of Omaha. He is one of the original advocates and introduced this measure in the Fifty-Eighth Congress, and is now co-operating with the Postmaster-General toward the enactment of a law that will make this bank an established fact.

The bill provides that all money order offices are to receive deposits, and the minimum deposit shall be \$1; no deposit to be over \$100 in a calendar month, and no total deposit to be over \$1,000 in all. Interest will be paid on no more than a total of \$500 to any one person. The rate of interest to be a sliding scale of from two to two and a half percent, and the interest to be fixed at no higher rate and computed every six months.

Deposits in turn are to be placed in the national banks giving security of paying two percent on the daily balance, with all funds subject to the checking of the Postmaster-General, and payments and deposits all under the control of an investment board, which would consist of the postmaster general, the secretary of the treasury and comptroller of the currency. It is estimated that the interest received from banks and investments would more than pay the interest on the savings deposits and expense of administration. It is also provided that savings deposits of \$200 and under shall not be subject to attachment or other legal process.

Congressman Hitchcock, although a democrat, is joining forces with the Postmaster-General to secure action on this bill during the present session, and make these academic suggestions of successive P. M. G.'s from time immemorial an assumed fact.

There are two things that the people insist upon—parcels post and postal savings; the result is inevitable.

* * *

IN his snug room, devoted to the Committee on Public Buildings, Senator Scott has been kept busy looking after Uncle Sam's

building interests. Now the bill has passed for the new building for state, commerce and labor departments; they will be located on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Fourteenth and D Streets, near the Treasury Building.



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

HELENE BARCHFELD, DAUGHTER OF CONGRESSMAN BARCHFELD OF PENNSYLVANIA

The new government edifice is to be classic in design, three or four stories in height, and will occupy a full square. It will be one of the new sights of the National Capitol when completed and add one more souvenir postal card to the list.

A MEASURE that is attracting the attention of educational bodies throughout the country has been introduced by Congressman C. R. Davis of Minnesota, who is planning to provide for secondary technical education in agricultural high schools and city high schools and branch agricultural experiment stations. The bill is a broad recognition of the trend of the times toward the revival of agricultural pursuits, and will result in effectively popularizing farming. The Secondary Educational Bill recognizes the

of the states. The federal government originally gave to each state the lands, from the proceeds of which an aggregate annual income of \$15,000 to every state is now derived. Subsequently this appropriation has been increased for agricultural and mechanical colleges in each state, which will ultimately aggregate \$50,000. Ten years ago these colleges received from their several states \$2,218,100, and in 1906 this amount was \$7,531,502, showing an increase of 240 per cent. In 1896 these institutions received twenty-nine per cent. of their support from the national government, while in 1906, owing to increased state appropriations, the national treasury contributed only fifteen and four-tenths per cent. of their total support. These figures show that national appropriations have not tended to relieve the states of a sense of responsibility, but have, on the contrary, quickened their responsibility. These appropriations by Congress also uphold Mr. Davis' view in justification of federal aid for secondary technical educational purposes, which would be but an extension of the principle established by the passage of the Land Grant Act of 1862 and subsequent legislation.

* * *



SENATOR BRANDEGE OF CONNECTICUT
AND COL. RAMSDELL, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
OF THE SENATE, JUST "CONFERRING"

need of these schools in every state of the Union. By some it is feared that a federal appropriation would take away from the states and cities their local management of these schools, and thus tend to lessen their interest and responsibility, but this is controverted by Mr. Davis, who uses as an illustration the manner in which all federal appropriations for educational purposes, beginning with the Land Grant Act of 1862, which was the initial step in the establishment of agricultural colleges, have been handled and directed by the several states. No one has maintained that these institutions have passed out from under the control

A manager of the Commercial Bank of Salvador, Central America, Federico Mejia, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary for that country in Washington, has devoted his life to the study of financial questions. At the time of his appointment he was secretary to the treasury of his republic, which office he resigned to accept the diplomatic mission to Washington. Senor Mejia is known far and wide as an expert and an authority on the cultivation of coffee, and has given much time to the study of agriculture; he considers the great Agricultural Department in Washington a benefit not only to this country, but to the world at large, and was surprised to learn that S. N. D. North and his staff are versed not only in all products raised in this country, but also in those brought in from abroad, for consumption in the United States.

Mr. Mejia also takes especial interest in the financial legislation now pending, and it is believed that whatever is done by this country will have a far-reaching influence in establishing a uniform system of currency throughout the American republics.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that much confusion in the House is occasioned by the "card play." That is the sending in of frequent cards to congressmen. It is computed that congressmen are called out—by cards being passed to them—on an average during the session ten or twenty times a day at least. This makes it impossible for them to listen to the proceedings, much less to participate. Perhaps in the midst of an important speech a page will come running in with a card, for the doors are constantly thronged with people desiring to talk with some one or other of the congressmen. It is hoped that this will be obviated now that the congressmen are established in their new offices. Each member of the House has a secretary who can always be found ready to take any message to his chief after he leaves the floor of the House. If constituents will consider a moment, they will take this course rather than interrupt the proceedings unless it be a case of extreme emergency. The average congressman is solicitous lest some constituent from a distance may come to see him to whom he does not care to send out a refusal, lest he lose an opportunity to discuss important matters—hence nearly every card is attended. The National Magazine ventures the suggestion that those who visit Washington—and the readers of the National constitute no small number of those who go to view the Capitol—shall not send in their cards between the hours of twelve and four o'clock, when the more important business of legislation is going on. It costs half a million of dollars a day to keep congressional wheels in motion, and if the people will observe this simple rule, much loss of time will be obviated.

Few people appreciate the strenuous duties involved in congressional work. First there is the mail from constituents to be cared for in the morning; committee meetings at ten o'clock continuing up to half past eleven or twelve; from twelve to five the House is in session, and after that there are usually some functions in the evening. Besides this it takes the average congressman or senator an hour or two to read up the Congressional Record, and keep informed as to just what is going on—all this without any allowance for the tremendous work done by many committee-men and in the various departments which require time as well as conferences. In addition to all other duties, a congressman is

expected to appear at a large number of functions in his own district, and to make speeches: Altogether it appears to me that every legislator in Washington who does his work earns his money from Uncle Sam.

* * *

ALL kinds of geniuses are to be found in the Capitol, but when the colleagues of Congressman Ames discovered that he was an automobile builder, he immediately had several orders offered him. He is using his spare moments to construct a machine for his own use. Some years ago he built a touring car for himself, but his enthusiasm for that type of car has been diverted to a runabout, which he is now working on at his home in Lowell, Massachusetts. In Washington he hopes to continue the work on his new-styled automobile, as a recreation in his leisure hours. Mr. Ames was educated in the technical schools, and has acquired a reputation as an expert engineer. He spends many hours in machine shops, and insists that he would rather preside over a lathe than over a committee of the whole in Congress.

* * *

THE Bureau of Information in the Congressional Library indicates the growth of paternal interest and the people's demands on federal institutions. Every American who calls there is an elongated question mark, and "wants to know" something the moment he passes inside the door. Ten thousand letters were received last year, to say nothing of those inquiries made in person at the bureau. While the Congressional Library was primarily for the purpose of serving members of Congress, Mr. Griffin and his assistant in charge of the information department are kept very busy, for they acknowledge the right of every American to ask questions. There is apparently no query that has not been answered by this bureau. Foreign ministers apply for material on American institutions or even in reference to their own country's history. Questions are propounded about Browning, Abou Ben Adhem, Abruzzi, Balzac, various manufactures, and inquiry has been made for the best way of catching mink; in fact, as the clerks about Mr. Griffin remarked between sneezes and sniffs that indicated influenza, "The only thing nobody wants to know is how to catch cold."

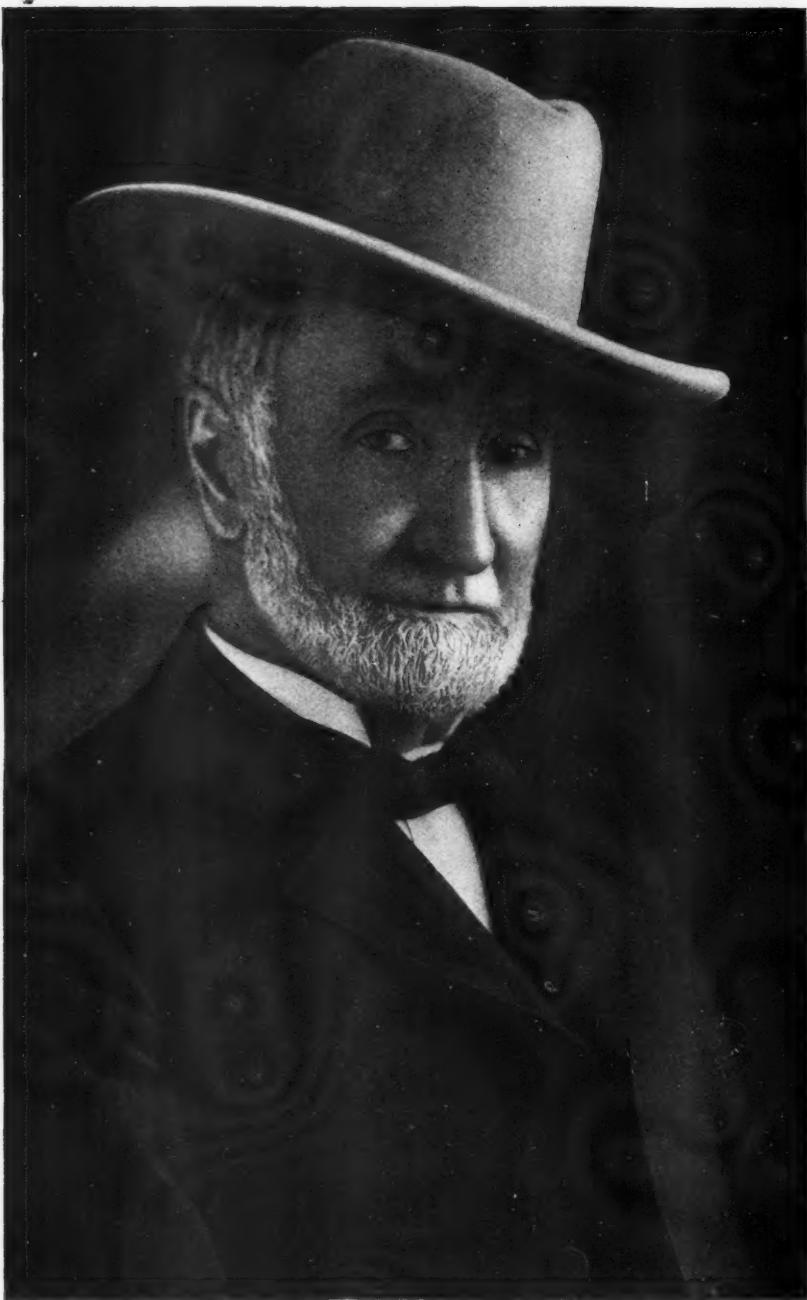


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

"UNCLE JOE" UNDER THE HAT WHICH HIS FRIENDS INSIST IS JUST THE
PRESIDENTIAL SIZE

HOW A BILL BECOMES A LAW

By J. G. CANNON

Speaker of the House of Representatives

THE action of Congress, as a whole, is expressed usually in laws, and the inquiry naturally arises, "In what form does the law begin to exist, and what are the various processes by which it is perfected?"

Either house of Congress alone may express itself by orders or simple resolutions. These forms are not used, however, for the making of laws, but are employed for expressing the determinations of the house as to its organization or its opinions. Sometimes the two houses by concurrent resolutions express their opinions, it being understood that such expressions do not have the effect of law.

What, then, are the forms assumed in its early stages by that which afterwards becomes the law?

If one looks over the calendars of the House, he will find them largely filled with the description of documents or papers called "bills." Among these, also, will be a few called "joint resolutions." If these bills and joint resolutions be examined, it will be found that each contains a project of some proposed law. It will also be discovered that generally the joint resolutions are used when minor matters of legislation are proposed, like the correction of an error in an existing law, or a declaration of the government as to some matter, while the bills contain the larger and more important matters. But when finally enacted by the two houses of Congress, and signed by the President, a joint resolution has the full effect of law, and in whatever description is to follow as to the process of the House, the word "bill" will be understood to cover "joint resolutions" also.

There are various ways in which a bill may be originated. The ancient method, and one which to some extent is in use at the present time, is most in harmony with the ideas of a government by the people—the origin through petition. Certain people who feel that they are aggrieved by some existing law, or lack of law, address a respectful peti-

tion to one or the other of the houses of Congress, praying for the legislation which they desire. This petition, if addressed to the House, is forwarded to some member of the House or to the speaker, and is in due time introduced into the House and referred to a committee, which committee may draw up a bill embodying the legislation desired by the petitioners. But in the later practice of Congress this somewhat slow, although safe, action from the people, is not awaited; but a member informed by conversation with his constituents, or with other persons who make representations as to existing grievances and the desire for legislation, draws up a bill and introduces it into the House for reference to a committee. The committee may report this bill to the House, with or without amendments.

The President of the United States frequently suggests legislation that is desirable, and sometimes transmits drafts of proposed bills. Frequently, also, the heads of executive departments, who are members of the President's Cabinet, by communication, suggest to one or the other of the houses of Congress legislation that is desired, and even communicates the forms or drafts of bills, the enactment of which they would recommend. During the most strenuous years of the Civil War much of the financial legislation was drafted by Mr. Fessenden, secretary of the treasury, who had had long experience in the Senate and was familiar with its methods. In later years, the Senate has shown some sensitiveness at the activity of Cabinet officers in drafting bills for its consideration, but in the House these drafts have always been, and still are, received as suggestions for legislation.

All petitions or drafts of bills, whether made by members or transmitted by communications from heads of departments, are, upon receipt in the House, referred to the committees. There are sixty-two of these committees in all, each having by rule certain subjects assigned to it. There are, for

instance, the committee on ways and means, with jurisdiction of bills on subjects relating to the revenues and the treasury; the committee on appropriations, which reports a number of bills appropriating money for the great public services of the government; the judiciary committee, having jurisdiction of subjects relating to the courts and the laws of the United States, and others. Each committee is composed of from five to twenty men, according to its importance, the greater number of these men serving on the committee from year to year, and becoming experts on the subject with which it has to deal. Many members make their public reputations in the work of one of these great committees. Some of the committees, also, have clerks who remain in their service year after year, and who become authorities on the subjects considered by them. Thus, Mr. James C. Courts has served the House committee on appropriations for thirty years, through all the changes of party control in the House, and under many different chairmen. Mr. Thomas P. Cleaves has served the Senate committee on appropriations as long or for a longer period. These two men are thoroughly informed on the fiscal policies of the government, past and present, and their services are invaluable.

It is plain, then, that a bill or petition referred to one of these committees will usually receive a searching and careful investigation, and when it is reported to the House, the House will feel that there is back of the report information and an intelligent appreciation of the subject. After a committee has considered a bill, its chairman, or some other member, is directed to report it to the House. It is not usually considered at once when first reported, that method having been given up long years ago, because of the congestion of business which it produced. But the reports are placed on lists or dockets called calendars. There are three of these calendars. The House calendar, which stands first, is for bills public in their nature which do not involve expense to the government—such bills being considered by the House itself, as distinguished from the committee of all of the members of the House. Other bills, also public in their nature, but involving expense to the government, are referred to the great committee composed of all of the members, and known as the com-

mittee of the whole House on the state of the Union. This committee has a calendar of its own, called the Union calendar. There still remains a third class of bills, private in their nature, which, on being reported, are referred to another of the great committees composed of all of the members, called the committee of the whole House. This committee also has a calendar of its own, on which the bills referred to it are listed.

Thus, all the bills which receive the approval of the committees of the House are placed on three lists, and the House begins to work away at these lists, daily considering as many bills as possible. In order that its energies may be divided impartially, and between the different calendars, and in order that there may be a due regard to the relative importance of the bills, so that small matters may not impede the pathway of great public measures, there has grown up through the years of the past a system of rules which prescribe the order of business. These rules for the order of business are so framed that the House may take up and consider any bill which is on the calendars, provided a majority of the House so will. Much misconception exists in the public mind as to this point, it having been asserted many times by men who assume to know, that the consideration of bills by the House depends entirely upon the will of the speaker and the committee on rules. This is true only to the extent that the speaker, or the committee on rules may sometimes assist in bringing before the House a bill that would not, upon its own merits, be able to overcome the inertia of the House. But it is not true that the speaker, or the committee on rules, can bring the House to consider a bill which it does not wish to consider, or prevent it from considering any bill on its calendar which it may wish to consider; and when the words "the House" are used, a majority of the House, expressing itself by a majority vote, is meant, and not a minority or small fraction, or individual, who may conceive the measures which they champion ought surely to be enacted, and that the failure of a majority to consider them is to be charged up to tyrannical rules.

The order of business works away at the mass of bills on the calendar like a great machine, and like a great machine does not always produce just the result which good



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"UNCLE JOE" LEAVING THE SPEAKER'S ROOM TO GO INTO THE HOUSE
Taken expressly for the National Magazine

judgment would suggest. Thus, the rule for the order of business may bring forward and give aid to a certain class of bills which ordinarily would be very proper for consideration, but which the exigency of the moment may render subordinate to some other measures; or there may be a bill, of itself very meritorious, but belonging to a class of bills that as a whole are not particularly pressing or meritorious. It is manifestly desirable to have in the House some method of correcting these little inequalities. One method is by the recognition for "unanimous consent," which usually takes place for a few minutes each day, after the meeting of the House, and also for a few moments before adjournment. The speaker recognizes members who ask "unanimous consent" of those present that the rules for the order of business be temporarily suspended, in order that some bill may be taken up out of its order. The speaker puts the request to the House, if the bill meets his approval. If it does not, he exercises the right which he has in common with every other member of the House to object to the disarranging of the order of business, and manifests his objection by his refusal to recognize the member. But if he does recognize him, then any other member of the House may object. If no member objects, the bill is usually passed.

This function of the speaker, in recognizing for unanimous consent, is often misunderstood, and his refusal to recognize has even been denounced as "tyrannical," by men who declared that he was preventing the passage of their measures. It is true, in a certain sense possibly, that the speaker in such a case is responsible for the failure of the bill to pass, because by the use of his power he might overcome the indifference of the House toward the bill. But there is another way for the bill to go through, and if the member in charge of it has sufficient address to overcome the indifference of the House there is a way provided under the rules. The truth is that, in most cases, the bill is one as to which the House would not bother itself at all, unless the speaker should put it before them upon the request for "unanimous consent." There is, however, still another way by which the House sometimes takes bills out of their regular order. This is upon the report from the committee on rules, which report must be agreed to by the House be-

fore it becomes effective. Still another method is by a motion to suspend the rules, which may be made on two Mondays in each month, and which must be agreed to by a two-thirds' vote.

When bills are considered under the regular order of business, there are two leading methods, one in the House itself, under the rules which govern the action of the House, and the other in the committee of the whole, under certain peculiar rules which govern that committee and are not in use in the House itself. Public bills, which do not appropriate money or property, are considered in the House, have their readings, are amended, passed to be engrossed, and finally passed, under the rules of the House.

When the committee of the whole sits, the speaker leaves the chair, a chairman is called to preside, and the bills under consideration, which are bills appropriating money or property, or private bills, are debated generally and then are read by sections or paragraphs for amendment, under a rule which limits debate to five minutes on a side. This method of amendment and five minute debate is one of the most admirable systems of procedure ever invented for a parliamentary body, and one that has grown up and is peculiar to the House of Representatives. Under its provisions, long and prosy speeches are excluded, but there is concentrated on each paragraph of the bill an intelligent discussion always to the point and usually sufficient to develop any weak place that may exist in the proposed legislation. After the bill has gone through the searching process of the five-minute rule, the committee takes a vote on the question of reporting it to the House, and if that is decided in the affirmative, the committee rises and the bill is accordingly reported. In the House it is possible if the House so wills, to consider the bill again both for debate and amendment, but usually there is no desire to do this, and the question on the several readings and passage of the bill are taken at once.

When the bill has passed the House, it is sent to the enrolling room, where trained clerks prepare it for the printer, who prints it on a good grade of paper, in large type; and thereby it becomes an engrossed bill. The clerk places upon it his certificate to show that it is a true and bona-fide act of legislation of the House, and then takes

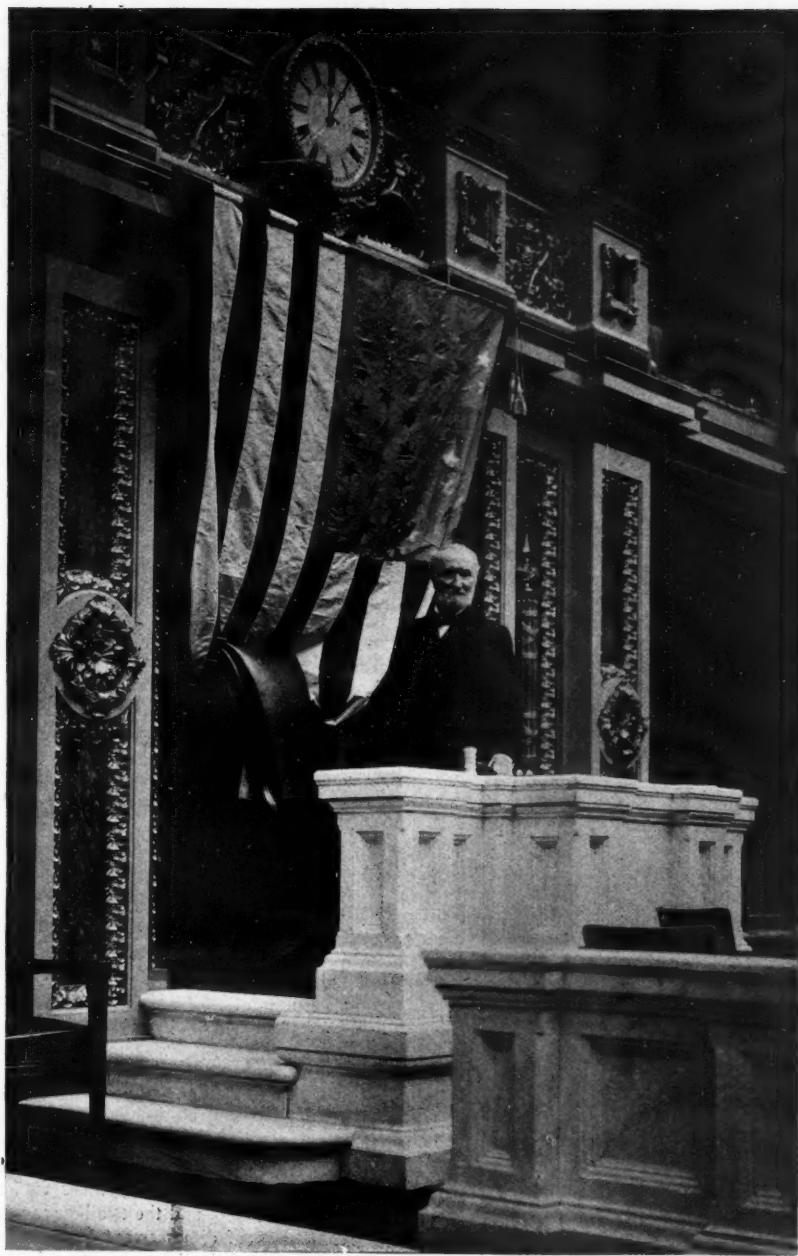


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"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Putting down the Gavel with his "mighty left" and casting a glance over the Democratic side of the House. The clock
has struck high twelve, the hour that convenes, and the chaplain's Prayer has just been finished



"UNCLE JOE" STARTING OUT FOR A WALK
ON A WINDY DAY

it by message to the United States Senate.

In the Senate, the bill is usually referred to a committee, and after consideration therein is debated and may be passed with or without amendment. If the Senate pass it without amendment, they stamp on it a certificate to that effect, and the bill is then

returned to the House by message. If they amend it, their amendment is printed neatly on heavy paper, and pinned to the bill. House bills are engrossed on light blue paper. Senate bills are engrossed on white paper, and the Senate amendment, which is pinned to the House bill, is also engrossed on white paper, so that it is easy for the members and clerks in handling the bills to determine at a glance whether they are Senate or House bills, and whether the amendment is a Senate or House amendment. After the Senate amendment has been engrossed and pinned to the bill, the bill is then returned to the House by message. In the House the Senate amendment is acted on without reference to a committee, if it be such as does not carry a new appropriation of money or property. If it does carry such an appropriation, the bill is referred at once to one of the committees of the House to be considered and reported upon before action by the House.

When the House bill with Senate amendment comes up in the House, only the amendment is considered. Various motions may be made as to this. The House may at once agree to the amendment, and if this action be taken, the bill is thereby passed and is a law so far as the action of Congress can make it such. Or the House may disagree to the Senate amendment, and in such a case the bill is returned by message to the Senate, with a statement of this fact. The Senate then has open to it two courses; either to recede from its amendment, which action has the effect of passing the bill, or it may insist on its amendment. If it insists on its amendment, the bill is then returned to the House, with a notice to that effect. The Senate may accompany this notice that it insists with a request for a conference. The House on receiving the message may recede from its disagreement to the Senate amendment, and agree to the same, in which case the bill will stand passed. Or it may insist on its disagreement and agree to a conference, if the Senate asks for one. Or it may ask for one on its own account, if the Senate did not so request. Sometimes conferences are not asked, and the two houses pass from the stage of disagreement to the stage of adherence in their disagreement, and after both houses have adhered the bill is lost and cannot become a law. But usually the conference is agreed to, and three managers are

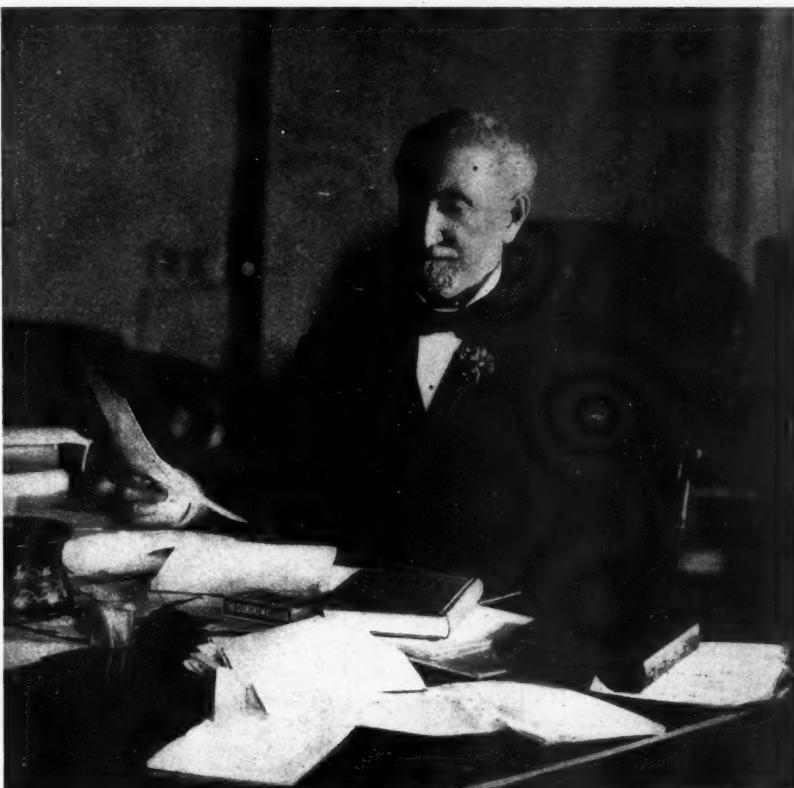


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IN THE SPEAKER'S ROOM

Here is where "Uncle Joe" clears the Speaker's desk every day of a mass of correspondence, and keeps handy that box of matches to keep the same old cigar going

appointed from each house. The managers meet in a room, usually on the Senate side, and endeavor to come to an agreement as to the matter in dispute. These conferences, while always amicable, are sometimes quite spirited affairs. The managers of each house often represent that they will never yield, and endeavor, by an aspect of obduracy, to so impress the managers of the other house that they will yield. It is a tradition that the Senate is more likely to be successful in conference, because the senators are usually more experienced men, and hence have the advantage in these duels. But this, perhaps, dwells in tradition rather than in fact, because in many notable instances it has been found that the conferees of the House, though of less experience, have

the qualities of intellect and temperament which prevail over the older senators. If the conferees are unable to agree, they so report to their respective houses, and one or the other may then recede, or a new conference may be asked.

Sometimes the managers are not able to agree and do not have time, on account of adjournment or otherwise, to make a report. In such a case, the bill is said to have died in conference. If the managers agree they draw up a report, which they all sign, or which a majority of the managers of each house must sign, if it is to be valid. This report is first brought into one house and then into the other. If either disagree to it, the matter must be again sent to conference, or must be settled by one or the

other house receding. If both houses agree to the report, the differences are settled, and the bill is thereby passed, and is a law so far as the action of Congress can make a law.

After the last action has been taken on the bill, in the way of agreeing to the conference report or Senate amendments, it is sent to the enrolling room, where a copy is prepared for the printer, who prints it in large type on sheep-skin parchment. The enrolled bills have been spread upon parchment from the earliest days of the government. Up to about ten years ago, they were written by engrossing clerks, and some of the enrolled bills of the early days of the House, especially those enrolled in the early part of the nineteenth century, are beautiful examples of penmanship. About ten years ago, printing was substituted for handwriting, as less likely to favor errors or changes. After the bill has been printed on parchment, it is examined by the committee known as the committee on enrolled bills. The committee upon finding that the bill is truly and strictly enrolled, pins to it a certificate of this fact, and the bill is then reported to the House, whereupon the speaker signs it. The chairman of the committee on enrolled bills then takes it to the President for his signature. The President has, by the Constitution, ten days in which to sign the bill, and if he does not sign it within that time, it becomes a law without his signature, unless Congress in the meantime shall have adjourned. The tariff bill, known as the Wilson Bill, is a notable example of a bill which in this way became a law without the President's signature. If the President does not approve the bill, and does not wish it to become a law without his approval, he returns the bill to the House if the measure originated in the House, with a message stating that he does not approve it, and usually giving his reasons therefor.

This is called a veto message. The House may, if it so wills, pass the bill over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote. Where a bill commands such a two-thirds vote in the House, it is then sent to the Senate, and if it commands a two-thirds vote there, it then becomes a law, the President's disapproval to the contrary notwithstanding. During the administration of President Johnson, a considerable number of very important measures thus became laws by a two-thirds vote of both houses. But ordinarily it is very rare that a bill disapproved by the President can secure a two-thirds vote even in one house.

When a bill is sent to the President for his approval, within the last ten days of a session of Congress, it is plain that if he does not sign it, the provision that it may become a law without his signature does not prevail, since the Constitution provides that this shall not happen in case of an adjournment of Congress. So the President sometimes does not veto a bill, sent to him the last ten days of a session, but allows it to die by reason of the adjournment of Congress. This is called a "pocket-veto," and has been often employed as a means of preventing a bill from becoming a law. In the Fifty-fourth Congress, at the last session of that Congress, President Cleveland permitted several of the great appropriation bills, which contained matters he did not approve, to fail in that way.

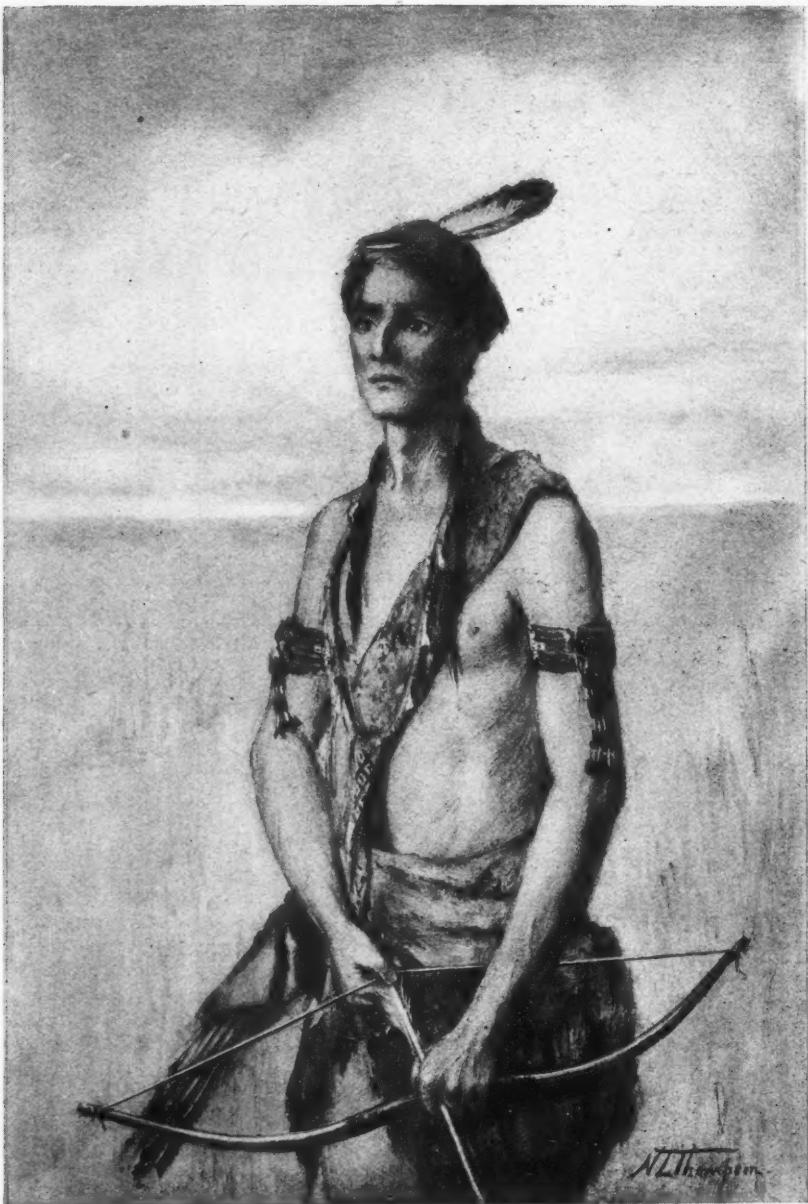
After the President has signed a bill, or after a bill has been passed over his veto by action of two-thirds of each house, it is sent to the secretary of state, there to be preserved among the archives of the government, and for reference in future time if a question should arise as to the exact wording of the law, or if by any inconceivable contingency all the other printed copies of the law should be destroyed.





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MRS. E. W. LE SURES DAUGHTER OF SPEAKER CANNON



*I unrolled my packet, siung on my quiver and drew an arrow therefrom.
The herd came on.—Sagechjowa, in "A Keeper of the Door," page 164*



A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

By GRACE KELLOGG

CHAPTER I

SAGEHJOWA* to the White King in the Land of Vines, this white-talk: Majesty—It is long since Sagehjowa fled from the land of Vines to return to the land of his birth: the Land of Monster Trees. During the many moons of Sagehjowa's wandering, certain vassals of the White King have followed on the long trail of Sagehjowa. One of these vassals now feasts by the great fire of Sagehjowa. The scalps of his hundred comrades swing on the rattlesnake skins in a hundred wigwams. He alone has escaped to bear to Sagehjowa your Majesty's dear love and pardon and wishful permission that Sagehjowa drink the King's wine once more in the Land of Vines.

Your Majesty has squandered lives to no purpose. Sagehjowa feasts no more in the lodge of the White Man. Sagehjowa's people shall see your Majesty's messenger in safety to the great ship that lies anchored on the far coast. The great ship shall bring to your Majesty the white-talk of Sagehjowa; but Sagehjowa it shall not bring.

Let not your Majesty therefore doubt the love of Sagehjowa. I, Sagehjowa, lose not my love on small cause. Sagehjowa would not drive one he loved from his lodge; yet, neither, being driven from the lodge of his friend doth he lose his love. It is because of Sagehjowa's great love for you, his friend, that he makes this last white-talk, which your Majesty's messenger shall bring you.

Sagehjowa was not patterned to be a King's

favorite—a King's idlewile—dupe in the intrigues of snow-skinned, pale-eyed women. Yet these things Sagehjowa might brook for his great love of the King. But a greater love—three-fold and yet one—has come to Sagehjowa: the love of the Land of Giant Rivers, the love of the dark-eyed people, the love of a woman.

Sagehjowa sends the White King his loving gratitude; gratitude for that the White King took him, a sullen little brave, ill-brooking the staring eyes of a curious populace, and sheltered him in a lodge; gratitude for that the White King forgot him for many years, during which time priests and books were his companions; gratitude for that the White King yet remembered him when he had come to manhood, and, loving him with sudden love, set him as the central precious jewel in his court. Yet Sagehjowa's chief measure of gratitude is for that the White King plucked forth this jewel after a time and flung it out upon the far waters.

Your Majesty does not understand this. No. But when Sagehjowa's white-talk is done, your Majesty will understand, and forgive in your heart.

The tale begins in verity, in the last moon of Falling Petals, on the day when Sagehjowa stood alone, and as yet nameless, upon that bank of the Sioto which lies toward the dawn.

[NOTE—The story, "A Keeper of the Door," is founded on the massacre of the Eries by the Iroquois in 1685, but is otherwise not historical, except that the episode of the Great Heron is a combination of two actual occurrences, and the running down of the wild stallion is an incident in the captivity of Col. James Smith. The names used do not necessarily apply to historical characters, but I have been most careful to make the story accurate in its picture of life among the People of the Long-House.]

*Sa-jeh-how-a

Below me the prairies, islanded here and there with woody clumps, rolled out and out, a placid sea. Away to the north a little creek wound, no wider than the thread of turquoises I gave Madame Valérie the day before—huh!—odd how my mind kept running back to Valérie that day. I stood there motionless. There were disastrous happenings the day after I gave Madame the thread of turquoises. One is a dare-devil youngster at nineteen, Your Majesty, particularly when one is a squaw's youngling and ripened swiftly in too sunny a climate.

I had completely forgotten the little creek and the plains, when a low muttering, very low and far away, came from the direction of the squat hills which trace the course of the hidden Oheeyo. A dark cloud the size of a finger-nail lay out on the Pickawa Plains. That means stampeded buffalo.

The muttering deepened into a rumble as the cloud crept nearer, murky and mingled, with smoke-puffs of grayish white. At its present course the herd would pass me within bow-shot. My eye lightened, not so much that the sport is all that is to be desired for risk as that a buffalo steak is not to be despised after a fortnight's diet of roots and huckleberries.

The rumble swelled into a deep-toned roll and roar above which shrilled the hoarse cries of hunters and the yapping of dogs. The earth began to shake under foot. I unrolled my packet, slung on my quiver and drew an arrow therefrom. The herd came on. Now the leaders were opposite me, running with heads lowered and thrusting at the dogs, who, snapping at their very noses, took nimble care to keep beyond reach of the savage horns. The herd was slowly scattering. Already a hunter had brought down one bull. In a moment my chance would come.

To another, unmounted, I would doubtless have recommended caution, but for myself,—tschuk! I fixed my eye on a giant bull that was heading in my direction, drew my bow and held ready to let fly. Nearer and nearer—when suddenly a slim brown form a-horseback darted out from the troubled mass of tossing manes and rising dust, and swung after my bull.

The pony was a fleet one—nose at the bull's heels before he reached me. Now she crept up on his flank—now on his withers—

now neck to neck. Suddenly, leaning forward, the hunter drew bow and set an arrow into the bull's shoulder.

An arrow too weakly sent—the bull snorted with pain and rage—wheeled and charged.

"Chakoh, Chakonaugh!" cried I, unheard.

The pony was a wiry little dodger—this way and that under the buffalo's lightning plunges.

Another arrow—the great head lowered with a jerk, the little wicked eyes blearied, the black mane shook with rage, the infuriated brute seemed possessed of sudden sinister intelligence. He stopped, watching cunningly with an under-glance the hunter, who was drawing another bow. Then he hurled himself forward. The pony dodged again, the cruel head almost at her flank, another dodge, close pressed, once more escape, and then a scream of mortal agony as she went down beneath the savage horns. The hunter had leaped from the pony's back as she fell. His agility was marvelous, but he was hard-pressed. It was a matter of seconds only till he too should go down under the slender hoofs and cruel front.

I sighted and drew.

The bull bellowed, pitched forward into the ground, shuddered, and lay still. The young hunter leaped forward with his knife. On the instant I was beside him. There was the death plunge yet to come. I caught him in my arms and jerked him backward off the ground. At the instant the bull plunged. There would have been little left of one who had been a hand's breadth nearer the carcass, but the young hunter, with scant gratitude, wriggled and bit like a true son of Matchemanito.

He was as slippery as a lizard. I should have had to crush the bones in his body to hold him. In another instant he was out of my arms and had driven his knife into the bull's throat.

His two arrows he pulled out ruefully.

I judged it was their maiden bath in buffalo blood. Mine he left in to reserve as mine the carcass when the squaws should come out to help carry the meat to camp, but he turned and cast upon me a wrathful glance. With what reason I did not pause to ponder, for my sharp-toothed little hunter of the slim, brown body and agile daring was a maiden, a keegsquaw.

I had scarcely comprehended this astound-

ing fact when I comprehended another, and having small mind that the knife of a girl should send me to happier hunting grounds, I caught her by both wrists and held her so, looking down into her fierce young eyes.

"Well, young Hot-Blood," I said laughing, and, I confess, admiring with all my might the smooth pretty brow, the blood flushing beneath the clear dusky skin, the firm soft contour of cheek and chin, the tense delicate muscling of the arms. "Is not thine own life enough for me to give thee?"

"Pontilogah* had rather die like a brave than be saved like a papoose," the girl retorted fiercely, yet with a trembling of the full lower lip which showed how near unbrave-like tears were.

And all at once—I have never been able to make out quite how it was—something was happening. First, I think, the prairie melted into the sky, and everything was a chaos of burning molten green and blue, shot zig-zag with fire-gold, and her eyes and mine were drawing upon each other as the sun draws the lake, suddenly hers began slowly closing. Everything swayed and darkened smokily, still flame-shot;—and then I was gathering up my pouch and mantle on the bank of the Siotó, and a girl-hunter was running like a deer across the prairie.

I sat down and meditated. An Indian girl was not Madame Valérie, neither was I any longer nineteen, nor breathing now the passion-laden air of France. Besides, Madame—I could laugh now—had known her power and used it, while this girl had set her fierce little teeth in my arm.

Well, she was a girl, black-eyed and free-limbed, and my blood was over-heated.

Still one must admit that my blood was rather more frequently over-heated than otherwise; and I had seen many a girl of the forest, black-eyed and free-limbed, in the past seven—eight years; aye, and being so long sulky from the episode of Valérie as to get out of the habit of wishing for such things, had never desired so much as a kiss from one of them. Then what? Tschuk! This questioning was unprofitable. And meanwhile I was desperately hungry.

I skinned the buffalo and cut from it a juicy steak which I took to the other side of the stream. There, with ravenous haste, I built me a small fire and feasted over-plentifully.

*Pon-ti-lo'gah

I did not know that I was sleepy, though I might have suspected it, since I had lain two nights sleepless watching a raccoon trap in the hopes of some meat food. (I caught nothing but rattlesnakes both nights. It is indeed true that at the crevices of the same rocks where during the moon of Frost and Snow the raccoons are caught, during the moon of Blossoms these reptiles come forth; wherefore they say that the raccoons change into snakes; but I do not think that this can be true.)

At any rate, however this may be, had I taken aught more edible than rattlesnakes these two nights it is probable that sleep would not have held me, as it now did, without so much as a stirring till dawn of the next day.

When I awoke, I found that I was once again the only habitant of the vast prairie. Hunters and buffalo had disappeared. The only traces of the hunt were two charred, black circles where they had hung the kettles and boiled the buffalo-paunch for soup, scattered entrails heaped on the curly buffalo grass, and a single carcass near at hand with my arrow still sticking in the shoulder.

I looked out over the deserted plains, and all at once it came to me that I was alone. For the eight years that had passed since my return from France, to this the land of my birth, I had been an Indian without a tribe: I knew not what my mother's tribe had been and I had taken none for my own. I had wandered from town to town, hunting a season with the Creeks or the Pottawatimies, smoking and dicing a fortnight with the River Crows, feasting with the Kewanees, warming myself at the camp-fire of the Rees, worshipping the Carreyagarroona now and again in the holy lodges of the Caughnewagas, but building a lodge among none nor taking to myself a wife.

Now I looked across the solitary plains stretching unbroken to the wet clay flats of the Great Hock Hocking, and I was oppressed by a sudden sensation of loneliness—of incompleteness. I had a quick desire for human warmth—for brotherhood—for Tschuk! I was beginning to waste more thought than usual upon myself.

Nevertheless another hour found me breakfasted, a packet of roasted buffalo slung over my shoulder upon my raccoon's skin, my tobacco pouch hung round my neck,

my quiver and bow at my back, and my eyes on the trail.

It was easy to follow. Obviously, no need of concealing tracks had been felt and the hundred horses, braves, and squaws, laden with dragging tent-poles, kettles, hides and meat, left a trail almost as plain as a wagon-road. Nevertheless I followed slowly—why, I do not know.

So it happened that the sun was in the west when I crossed the Great Hock Hocking. I made me a supper of cold roast, hesitated a while whether to go on or to turn aside, and ended by going on with quickened pace.

There is a strip of most beautiful prairie for a few ten-miles on this bank of the river, and the trail drew a furrowed line straight across it into the levels beyond, where it wound through timber and over little ridges, till finally it came out in a narrow bottom on the Muskingum. On the opposite bank of the Muskingum the hill rose steeply, tufted with pine. Evidently the whole party had here taken to canoes. Tomorrow I would make me a canoe of elm bark and follow down stream till I came to their town or to a renewal of the trail. For the nonce, it was near to dark night, and I must find me a spot to spread my mantle for a couch.

The bottom was trampled and damp. I followed down the river-edge till the land rose gently into the hill which alternated, opposed to another long narrow bottom on the opposite bank. I climbed the sparsely-wooded hill slope a little way and determined to couch for the night in its shelter without fire, for the air was warm.

I had scarcely wrapped myself in my mantle when a slight sound, different from the forest sounds, led me to reconnoitre.

An Indian was setting a musk-rat trap below on the river's edge. I watched until he had finished and hidden on the bank below me to watch his luck. Then I wrapped myself in my raccoon skin and speedily forgetting the solitary watcher, I fell into a confusion of thoughts and dreams, through all of which ran a pretty up-turned face, red mouth flowering up to me, dark eyes slowly closing.

II.

Early morning, and the river sparkling and flashing over glistening sands. In the great

woods, fern and fresh odors, cobwebs of dew wanly shimmering in the half-light, dark pools lain a moon-long among the saplings and blackberry bushes; under foot, black earth oozing with spring drenchings. From the leafy grottos came the quick *tow-he, tow-he*, of the little chewink, and the thrilling matins of the swamp-sparrow,—all the morning songs of wood-thrush and turtle-dove and starling pouring forth in pure ecstasy; while from some dim scarce-awakened glen of shadows came the last cry of the night-hawk.

I crawled soundlessly forward. Among the boulders lodged in the great white roots of the big sycamores bared by the freshets, extended at full length, with his head raised, every fibre tense with watching, was the solitary red man who had been my unwitting bed-fellow. His eager gaze was fixed on the solemn antics of a flock of Fly-up-the-creeks, who, unconscious of the human audience, were making a leisurely breakfast on perch and white-eyes.

The great chief of the heron was a magnificent fellow with his proud crest and splendid bearing, his lustrous plumage shimmering with bronze and toning downward to ash and white, his shadowy green and tawny of wings and quills, his dusky throat-line. A swift downward dart of a black bill, an upward toss, a silver flash in the sun, a gaping throat, a swallow and a gulp of river water, and one bite of breakfast was accomplished. The black bill darted too swift for eye to follow, and fish after fish, pierced in its very flight, turned somersault in the air, and dropped head-first into the capacious waiting throat.

Suddenly the river leaped in dazzling foam at a stroke of the chief's mighty wings. Breakfast was over. Frolic was in order.

There was a mighty splashing and chasing and sportive advance and rebuff. A rushing of water, a beating of wings, flight, and again splashing and foam.

Finally the great chief left the water and stood proudly poised on the edge of the sand below us. Instantly, without apparent provocation, a smaller male charged him. The two closed, struck, separated, closed again. I was fair open-mouthed with the suddenness of it all. My unknown companion lay motionless, quivering a little from head to foot, like a dog scenting game. The whole flock hovered squawking about the two combatants.

Both birds stood poised a moment. Then they flew at each other in deadly earnest. The great chief struck blows like hail, but the smaller bird confused him by the lightning rapidity of his attack and the storm of blows fell on the *aft*. The challenger dodged, struck up from below, flapped his wings, struck down from above, circled round, struck from behind, struck from in front, played a circle of blows from all sides at once. The great chief's plumage began to be draggled with blood and sand; a white-tipped quill fluttered out from the mêlée and went skipping down stream. Suddenly he seemed to leap together, and watch. His opportunity came. The great bill struck once and again with unerring aim, and he flapped his wings victorious over the ruffled heap of feathers that had been the rash challenger. Hoarse plaudits rose from the flock, screams of acclamation, flapping of wings, wild raucous jubilation.

The victor, with mien composed and grave, paid no slightest heed to the applause, but stalked solemnly away down the strand, while the others fell into line and swaggered after, flapping their wings and lifting their long legs with ridiculous braggadocio.

The catastrophe happened just as the great heron reached the juncture of the hill with the adjoining bottom. He fell, struggled, beating with his wings in a terrific effort to fly. He was caught in the musk-rat trap.

The flock hovered round him squawking anxiously. Then, as if simultaneously panic-stricken, they rose in a body into the air, circled once, and sailed away into the forest, their alarmed *crunk-crunk-crunk* coming back fainter and fainter from the wooded depths.

The deserted bird's struggles became horrible. He battered the trap with his giant wings. He flung his great body from side to side. Blood spattered the wet sand round about.

The Indian below me rose, drew an arrow from his quiver, fitted it to his bow, and then replaced it. I had sprang to my feet, but he was before me.

He stole cautiously up upon the bird, and stood motionless at a little distance watching it. The great chief, in turn, lay still for a moment fixing its wild and frenzied eye upon him. He approached a step; instantly the heron renewed its struggles with yet greater violence. The stranger seemed to meditate.

It was impossible to approach the bird, crazed as it was with pain and fear. For myself, I had some thought of ending the magnificent creature's agony with a swift arrow, but before I could carry my impulse into action, the stranger had darted off into the woods.

I withheld my arrow on the chance of his return. I had not long to wait. Hardly was he gone, when he was back again, carrying a lopped-off branch thick with leafy twigs. This he dropped over the heron, pinning the bird to the ground. Deftly then he reached his left hand down through the leaves, grasped the bird by the neck, and, with his other hand and one foot, freed it from the trap. Its legs he seized with his right hand, then kicked away the branch.

The bird rested quite passively in his hands, exhausted from its struggles, and half-smothered by his grasp. He held it so a moment, looking down upon it with a strange expression in his eyes: a glow of tenderness; the fitful tenderness of savage strength for savage helplessness.

At length he raised it shoulder high and removed his hand from its neck.

The bird darted its neck back and struck.

Then, feeling itself free, it circled twice and sailed slowly off into the forest, its deep *honk-honk* dying away in the distance as it went to join its mates.

But the Indian lay motionless on his back on the damp sand—a round, black hole through one eye-socket.

I went down and laid him straight. It was as pitiful a sight as I had seen for many a moon.

I put a length of the Muskingum between us and strove to forget the pity of it. Yet I came but slowly, for my heart was heavy.

It was a strong man to be laid so low.

Therefore, because my foot went slowly, it was nigh upon midnight when the evening breeze stealing out of the darkness bore to me the beating of a drum and the high epic chant and swelling chorus of the warriors.

The fires gleamed stealthily through the locust trees. Cautiously I came nearer, little minded to be shot through the heart for a foe, yet greatly minded to catch a glimpse of my little keegsquaw of the buffalo hunt.

The ruddy light flung its glow over tossing limbs and prostrate bodies, and reddened

somberly the long double row of wigwams standing along the river-bank like grim skin-clad sentinels.

At last I saw her. She was sitting, her chin resting in her hand; the glow warmed her cheek and smouldered in the depths of her eyes.

By and by she rose and went to her wigwam.

An hour passed. I lay motionless and sleepless in the long grass. Another hour, during which I became aware of a living presence near. The grass not six feet away had moved slightly, and not with the stirring of a partridge. I lay motionless. Another hour passed. There was no more movement. The song of the warriors died away, the dance broke up, the fires burned low. The town was asleep. Not so Sagehjowa. Every nerve was tense, my form rigid, my ears intent, my eyes piercing the darkness. Another hour passed, and another. Still silence. The heavens grew light in the east. Suddenly the grass was alive with invisible creeping forms, wriggling lithely forward toward the sleeping town.

It was to be a surprise then.

For an instant I hesitated. It is not good to be a spoil-sport, and moreover I knew not what might be the straight of this coil. And yet—a vision swept across my mind: an Indian pony, a lithe young hunter lying along its neck, with upraised arm; a dusky oval face, black hair straightly braided with white swan's feathers, black eyes unafraid, glowing with the ardor of the chase, or blazing with hot defiance, or smouldering with new-kindled passion.

"*Coo-wigh! Coo-wigh!*" I called out the alarm-halloo, and was answered by a shout from the town.

"*Singalusit! Coo-wigh! Coo-wigh!*"

My red brothers fight not except at the advantage. A moment more and not a moving form was to be seen. The river—the prairie—the forest—something had swallowed up the lurkers and it was as if they had never been. Except that the two who had flung themselves upon me when I gave the alarm-halloo, lay quite still beneath the blackberry bush that had sheltered my couch.

III.

Morning came on apace. The cool clear light slowly flooded the grove, throwing into

relief every leafy twig. Within the town all was grim caution. The women had been secretly sent out of the river-doors of the wigwams to make good their flight while yet there was time. The skin flaps of the doors opening upon the clearing hung stiff and forbidding. How many warriors crouched warily behind the flaps, one could scarcely guess.

I was in no haste to rouse myself. I cared not to present myself at an inauspicious hour. It must be full day before I should enter the town.

Two hours of sleep then—for I have ever been able to sleep when I will, however strange and uncanny be my bedfellows.

When I awoke, the sun-gold was trickling through the leafy green above and dripping into the sea of fern below. I rose and entered the town. The wigwams had relaxed their grim watchfulness. The long double row sat along the river-bank, tent-flaps rolled back hospitably, a handful of warriors lying before the doors smoking placidly or dicing. The women nowhere to be seen—probably out at work in the fields. How should I be received? I should shortly know.

I was in the midst of them before they were aware of my approach. I stopped short and stood still, my arms folded above my chest, subjecting myself to their impassive scrutiny. At last a warrior rose. He was a tall, well-made young redskin, possibly a half-dozen years younger than I. His form, finely muscled, narrow-hipped, tapered downward from the broad shoulders in strong fine lines. His eyes, which met mine straightforwardly, seemed less to betray the cold crafty spirit of my people than a certain unrecking heat and generous fire. I liked him and my eyes showed it, for there flashed responsive a quick light in his, and he took one step forward uttering with a certain hearty warmth the familiar salutation, "*Elangomellan*, thou art Waupeka's* friend."

I responded as heartily, "Truly, *Elangomellan*, I am Waupeka's friend."

He conducted me past the idly staring warriors to the town-house.

"Would the stranger eat of the hominy and brown potatoes dipped in raccoon's fat, and the maple sugar melted in bear's grease?"

Yea verily the stranger would, being nigh unto famished.

A white man might have sought with

*Wau-pe'-ka

skillful questions to draw out my name or story, to discover whence I had come or whither I was going, with what purpose I had passed that way. Not so my red brother. In grave silence he ministered to my wants; when all was supplied he seemed to wait my pleasure. As for me, but one thought possessed me: to see her as soon as might be. With that in mind I opened conversation with my host.

There seemed to be but few braves in the town?

"My guest-friend speaks true. The braves are but few here now. The many are out in the hunting grounds."

And the women were seen not at all?

"The women are out in the fields hoeing the corn."

The corn was coming on well?

A modest shrug of the shoulders. "It is not for Waupeka to boast the favor of Hawenneyu. Will not the stranger come and behold the growth of the corn with his own eyes?"

Verily again, the stranger would: were not the women at work in the corn-fields?

We went out from the guest-house, crossed the clearing in front of the wigwams, passed through the deep fringe of trees beyond and were in the corn-fields. I looked with scant attention at fertile earth and green blades, for my heart's eyes were on every woman, seeking her. In every slim keegsquaw I saw her. But always when I came near it was not she.

In fact she was not here. The dreary truth dawned upon me at last, and with suddenness I lost all interest in the prospective corn-crop. My guide was swift to perceive my lagging interest, and he at once proposed a return to the camp.

As we entered the town again, he inquired politely, "Will my guest-friend shake the plum stones?"

"Waupeka reads the heart's desire of his guest-friend. Yet I have but small luck at the plum-stones."

He waived the disclaimer courteously and brought out the small gourd and the plum-stones, black on one side and white on the other.

I shook the gourd and cast, calling "*hits, hits, honesey, honesey.*"

The stones skipped and lay still on the ground, both whites up.

Waupeka's eyes applauded silently. He took the gourd, called "*hits, hits, hits, honesey, rago*" and lost on two whites.

Again I called "*hits, hits, hits, honesey, honesey.*" and again the two whites lay uppermost.

Waupeka shook and cast and lost on a "*rago, rago*" for the whites freaked up again.

I shook slowly "*hits, hits, hits*"—a sudden fancy took me—men had tried their love fortune before on the dice—let the two whites turn up once more and I win—the maiden. "*Hits, hits, hits, honesey, honesey*"—the gourd dropped over the stones, concealing the throw.

She stood before us.

She gave me one swift glance and beckoned Waupeka to her.

I caught one word, "*Singalusit.*"

Waupeka shook his head gravely. "He is my guest-friend," I heard him say.

"I tell you he is a foe, a spy," the girl returned passionately. "Were not the Senecas attacked this morning? He is a spy left among us."

"He is my guest-friend," returned Waupeka obstinately.

"And because he is thy guest-friend, shall the poison-tooth dogs be let loose upon us by his treacherous hands? My life against his, if he be not a spy. Let one of us die the bad death—I or he. My life against his!"

Smiling sternly, for it hurt a trifle that she should so urgently desire my death, I interrupted, "My cousin offers rashly. The stranger will not die the spy's death."

She deigned not so much as a flicker of the eyelids in my direction. "My life against his," she repeated coldly, as if she had not heard me.

Waupeka turned toward me and spoke reluctantly:

"Oh my guest-friend, the heart of Waupeka is good. From its depths doth he regret thus to suspect him who has eaten of our *sapaen* within our guest-house. Deeply doth it shame us that thy words should not be as truth to us, and thy face as the face of truth.

"But oh my guest-friend, my cousin saith discreetly that this morning was a surprise planned upon the town, and prudently doth she demand proof that thou be not a spy upon us."

I stood with my head sunk upon my breast,

Finally I straightened up and looked Waupeka in the eyes.

"Oh, my friend, you do right to distrust me, though," I added slowly, "the maiden wrongs me by so doing." I looked her fair in the eyes, and she threw back her proud little head, and looked me back, fire for fire.

"It is for me," I continued, "to clear myself. Come, I will show you what I shall show you."

"No! No!" cried the girl passionately. "Do not go, my cousin, it is ambush."

"*Ksin, cousin, ksin!*" answered Waupeka lightly. "Is one man worth an ambush? Does the sparrow spring the trap that is set for the raccoon? Waupeka goes alone. *Atam!* Let us go!"

We set off without further words. The girl stole silent-footed after us.

Just within the outer edge of the fringing trees was a blackberry bush that I knew well. I had couched beneath it not many hours ago.

Near this I stopped and making my words as clear as a stranger's may be, I told my tale.

"By the sun mid-high, two suns ago, a stranger comes alone across the plains. He is alone. He seeks a town. He follows a trail. It will lead to a town.

"I come. *Nillawi:* by night: in the dark. I couch. I perceive something lives, near. *Nenachihat:* I watch. At dawn, *makelohok:* there are many. I cry '*coo-wigh*' thrice. The town awakes. The many go. One and one more spring upon me. *Nihilla:* I kill. *Linquechinok!*'"

I pulled aside the blackberry bush, beneath which lay two brown bodies stretched one across the other, the faces black and congested, the swollen tongues protruding from the gaping mouths.

Waupeka bent over them closely.

"Uhl Uhl!" he said. "Eries. Saluted, I seek your pardon. You are Waupeka's friend."

"*Elangomellan,* I am your friend," I returned gravely.

The girl came out of the grove.

"*Elangomellan,* saluted," she said, "Pontilogah was wrong." But the fierce rage in her eyes belied the humility of her words. "Pontilogah's head is bowed to the knife of the stranger."

"Tschuk! Tschuk!" I returned, scarce able to keep from smiling. "The stranger wants

not the scalp of Pontilogah. Is the stranger an Erie, that he should take the scalps of women?"

"Will a wanderer scorn the scalp-lock of Pontilogah, daughter of the Sachem of the Senecas? Will a wanderer refuse to dip his insolent knife in her proud blood as one refuses it to a nameless one? Is it so little an honor to have taken vengeance from the noblest daughter of the Senecas? Ah!"

Waupeka stood by, mute, not interfering.

I took the girl by the wrists, firmly, and looked at her till her eyes unwillingly met mine.

"Did the stranger save Pontilogah's life yesterday that today he might snatch it from her?" Her eyes faltered and dropped. "Tschuk!" I laughed and freed her.

She darted away, like a wild thing.

I watched her flight with fading smile.

So! She hated me that I had once forced my passion upon her. She feared me that I might force it again upon her.

In truth, I did not mislike her hating me. In a woman hate is often a good omen. Yet because I had learned in France a thing called chivalry, I was sorry and chagrined that she should fear me.

IV.

The sound of the tom-tom roused me from my reverie.

I looked inquiringly at Waupeka, who had been standing motionless as a statue, observing me.

"The rest of the braves are returning," he replied to my glance.

I shook my head. "There is mourning." And indeed even with the words there rose the wail of women's voices.

"Huh," said Waupeka. "*Atam:* let us go."

In truth the warriors had returned. The clearing was thronged with them and their squaws, some still laden with the great packs of meat, others stretching their weary bodies in the midst of hastily dropped tent-poles and kettles and skins.

Everywhere was hubbub and confusion. Runners were being despatched to the Senecas, the Oneidas, the Mohawks, the Onondagas, and the Cayugas. Certain of the squaws were setting the untidy wigwams in order for the reception of the rest of the family of the Long-House. Some were painting their husbands with the black and

white of mourning. Some were already making preparation for the grave-digging. Others were standing in groups before the town-house, filling the air with lamentations. I made my way through the midst of the disordered crowd.

Before the door of the guest-house, upon a rude litter of buffalo hide, knelt Pontilogah, dry-eyed and silent, her hands playing uncertainly over the form of a dead warrior, dusting the dried swamp-mud from his limbs or seeking to straighten the tuft of scattered feathers on his head, or close the stiffened eye-lids. The dead warrior was not unknown to me. He and I and a great chief of the heron had stood in the ante-chamber of death one sunny morning, as men stand in your ante-chamber, Majesty. The heron and Sagehjowa had turned back, each to seek his mate, but the unknown brave had entered the grim door that opens inward.

And Pontilogah?—

"I should mourn my father more." I heard a young squaw observe spitefully, and I felt a sudden great compassion for the girl there, bearing her grief as she had hunted her bull—like a brave.

I went and stood beside her, and said, by and by, "Let me raise him that Pontilogah may wipe the dust from the shoulders."

"Yes," she said in a strained odd voice, looking up at me without seeing me. But as I bent down to raise the body in my arms, Waupeka sprang forward, and, with a word of apology to me, performed the office himself, and then went back to his wigwam, leaving the girl again alone. I also withdrew, and stood apart, letting my eyes dwell upon her from a distance.

Pontilogah—a name guttural to an ear used to the sweet-tripping names of maidens in the Land of the Song-Tongue, yet withheld having something of stateliness, and necessary to be translated more by a picture than by a phrase: Flying Clouds—tiny white clouds, shell-tinted, breeze-blown, fleeing across a sky sun-lit and blue—radiant April blue; all this, the name Pontilogah means: clouds like heaped and drifting flower-petals, white violets and heliotrope-tinged hepaticas and apple-blossoms; sky, lighted as the shy sweet smile of a girl, and blown as the fine strands of a girl's hair in the roistering winds of spring.

So she was the daughter of a Sachem. I

had rather she had been a nameless one; but the nameless ones are not built as Pontilogah, slender-limbed, slim and supple, with lines and girlish curves softly rounded, not too maturely.

I foresaw trouble for myself, a nameless stranger, in loving this daughter of Him-who-was-Sachem.

V.

Eshtumleah* is a handsome *keegsquaw*, of a dark southern beauty mellowed with soft passion. Her hair is thick and braided heavily with clay beads, red and green. Her forehead is low and straight. Her brown eyes, drowsy and heavy-lidded, give her the name which signifies "Sleepy Eyes." Her mouth is full and drooping at the corners and red as paint-root. Her white teeth are tiny and square like babies' teeth, and cruel. Her eyes and nostrils daringly lined with red, suggest, without comprising her as one of them, the women who paint their faces scarlet.

Eshtumleah is selfish, and as discreet as she is selfish. She has no husband, no children, and not a brave can boast her favor. Meanwhile she courts whom she will, works little, and lives a care-free life. Had I known of Eshtumleah's shrewd discretion, perchance, being not averse to the chatter of a pretty girl, I would not have passed by when she beckoned lazily from the door of her wigwam.

However that may be, when I again passed the wigwam and Eshtumleah again beckoned, I, who did not know her name, but perceived that one might address her easily, replied, "Come out, Eagle of Delight, and I will talk with thee."

Eshtumleah shook her head. "No, saluted," she replied placidly, "Men come to Eshtumleah when Eshtumleah beckons."

"Tschuk!" laughed I, idly, knowing what would happen when I turned away. Scarcely had I gone seven paces when there came a swift running of mokawsoned feet upon the dead leaves and a warm touch upon my shoulder. I turned. Eshtumleah stood before me. She was almost as tall as I, and her eyes looked straight into mine with audacious sweetness.

"Well?" I said.

"Who are you?" she asked directly.

"A sometime pursuer of slender-limbed game," I parried, "who ever prefers the doe

*Esh-tum-leef'ah

to be fleet in flight rather than too easily run down."

Her eyes showed that with childish inconsequence she had not followed the reply. One pretty finger of her soft lazy hand was tracing the stripes across my breast.

"Why does the stranger paint green and white?" she asked with the naivest curiosity.

"The stranger holds the belief that peace and harmony is to be the ultimate relation between brothers, and between those greater brothers, the people of the earth; that this relation was pre-intended by the Creator, and that all things are working together thereto. For thus was the stranger taught by the Holy Fathers. Therefore he wears the green and white peace-paint." So many great and learned words I had not strung together for many a year.

"Oh," she replied wide-eyed.

There was a pause. Then—

"Do you like women?" she asked.

"Uh! Well," I replied, "One."

Eshtumleah's sleepy eye-lids quivered.

"Eshtumleah?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Oh," said Eshtumleah again.

She wrinkled her brows over it for a few seconds, but finally smiled complacently, as if arriving at an agreeable solution.

"Then come into Eshtumleah's tent," she said coaxingly, slipping one warm hand through the stranger's arm.

"Well, no," replied I, removing her hand quite gently. "Pretty one, I admire the Eagle in the clear air, but I like not its nest."

"Is not the stranger coming?" she asked, pouting dubiously.

"Well, no, Eagle of Delight, to be frank, the stranger is not coming."

"Not today?"

"No, not today."

"Tomorrow?"

"No, never."

"Oh, yes! Sometime!" And nodding in blithe confidence, she ran gaily away.

I continued my slow walk down the length of the clearing, before the wigwams. Twi-

light was falling as I entered the dusk of the grove.

There was the girl of the heart's desire, resting wearily against a great tree-trunk, her head leaning back against the tree, her long black hair unbraided and falling heavily about her like a mourning garment. I stood at a distance and watched her with aching heart, for I knew nothing of comfort to do.

I thought she had not seen me, but at last she spoke, without looking at me. "Who are you? You stand by my bed at night, you wait upon my mat by day, you walk with me in the forest. Who are you?"

It was more as if she were addressing a phantom than a man of flesh and blood. She looked not at me, nor seemed to wait an answer. So I spoke very gently, lest I alarm her.

"I have no name among thy people, Pontilogah, but I am one whom in the land beyond the dawn men have sometimes called the Half King."

She seemed scarcely to have heard me, yet called me by name when she answered, "Your eyes—O Half King—why are they gray and strange, and what strange storm-fury is prisoned in thy pulses that their beat sets the blood in my veins rushing madly as a river beneath lashing tempests—"

"Cousin," I interrupted, "perchance the sun of other lands changes the color of the eye; as to the other, I pray you speak not of it, for your words are as those same lashing tempests to the fire-rivers of the Half-King's blood."

She seemed suddenly to awake.

"Oh, I hate you!" she cried breathlessly.

But I—I who loved her with my whole heart and soul and strength, knew that it was not hate that had stolen her breath away. Verily the ways of a maid with her own heart are strange. Why should hate be ever for them the first fruit of the seeds of love? Well it be for the man if he withhold his hand in patience from the bitter fruit, knowing that if he suffer this to fall of its own heaviness unplucked, another bearing will be sweet to the taste.

(To be continued.)

THE GATHERING CRY

By PHILIP BECKER GOETZ

THE graves of all the fallen dead are green,
And eyes of those who long lamented these,
Their husbands and their sons, are dim or closed.
The gaping seams of nature and of hearts
Have kissed themselves together in one sleep.
We later ones who heard not with the sense
The outward cries of anguish, hate and rage,
Move quietly within our narrow rounds,
And, pausing, hear tradition's faint report.
But one short generation since the bombs,
Blood-sputtering, limb-raping, ramped the field;
And yet we here, one kin, apparent live
Embosomed on one peace and to one aim
Alive; this open sky and level sea—
Hush for the daring of our searching minds—
Nourish within their hearts a fateful lull.
Methinks I hear their monitory lips
Meet in white fear and frantic augury,
Mid-aired, disthrone, and losing law's restraint,
To pour appeal into the souls of men.
I hear the rising voices of the crushed
Whose bony fingers pantomime their woe,

Who struggle but to learn new miseries,
Whose wakened faculties instruct new pangs
Their ancestors lived out in nightmare palsies,—
Assault the stony front of social pact
Impatient of its strong and silent stare.
It cannot be this fabric will endure,
Repel appeal of those who shout to us,
Our brothers near the trench a-hungering.
They shall not vainly beg us batter down
The barriers we build and hold secure;
For menace is the tooth of poverty
And vainly shall time's goad persuade them yield
To us that we may slaughter them like foes.
Nay, for their human cries make their cause just
And, clog our ears, the human beasts are there.
Beat down your gates, O once more slaves to Baal!
The sickened ire of myriad hosts lies here
Besieging desperate and slowly sure;
For in your hearts lives truth that shall prevail,
Betraying wrong of chill and solid might
Unto the starving brothers whom we forced
Thus to the open, thus imbruted quite
With morbid, foolish, grossest discontent
Until in common truce and amity
We put aside old banners and anew
Agree and exercise calm liberties
Allied and potent toward the best for all.

CASSIDY'S REGENERATION

By ORR KENYON

Author of "Amor Victor" and "What God Hath (Not) Joined."

CAP'N CASSIDY, foreman of a shift working on the great North River Tunnel, was a hard man. Even his mates agreed that the "Cap'n was a howler." Broad of shoulder, deep of chest, swarthyly muscular of arm and leg, nearly a head taller than the biggest man in all the gangs, bristly and rugged and rough, Cassidy was a man to inspire physical respect anywhere, and to suggest fear when he was in the least roused, or had more than half a gallon of "inspiration" aboard. But he was a tremendous worker; the men stood in awe of him, and actually did more positive work for him than for any other foreman in the Company's employ. Hence, when Cassidy was a little later than usual on Monday morning, the strict discipline of the Company was strained a trifle, and nobody appeared to notice his tardiness.

"He's too valuable a man to lose," growled the Contractor. "And the devil in him jumps so quick you can't blow him up. Might as well fire him and save your bones if there's to be any row."

The work on the tunnel had progressed beyond the experimental stage, and the public was greatly interested in it, and in the various devices used to overcome the tremendous natural obstacles to the undertaking. Accidents occurred, of course, but so far nothing had been reported from Cassidy's gang. The "Cap'n" was so alert; his eyes were on all sides at once; his resources were so great, and his personal courage so undaunted, that nothing seemed able to conquer him.

There was one thing, however, that proved more than a match for Cassidy, as it has with many better men than he; the bottle was his little god; at the bottle's shrine Cassidy worshipped. Most of his hard earnings soon found their way into the fat purses of the dive keepers along the river shore.

Cassidy was generous when "inspired," and reckless to the limit when really drunk. But his magnificent health and strength had stood the strain thus far, bringing him through many a fearful debauch, with only red eyes

and a bad headache to show for it when he came to work Monday morning. But woe betide the man or beast that got in his way for forty-eight hours thereafter.

"The Cap'n's all right after Wednesday," the men often remarked, "but he's the devil himself before that."

There was one man in his gang that Cassidy thoroughly detested. An Englishman named Thomson, addicted to drink, like his foreman, a broken down snob whose family connections were located in Ireland near to the spot where Cassidy first saw the light. When the big Irishman found out that Thomson belonged to the family of the hated landlord of his own district his eyes flamed with sudden wrath. His big hands knotted themselves together and he shook with a side-to-side movement, as if strangling an enemy.

"The dhrity blackguard," he growled, "it's mesilf wud loike to w-r-r-ing his thr-r-ottle. Blank-blank his blank sowl! Be the powers, Oi don't loike to look at 'im."

Thomson soon felt this antipathy, for Cassidy was a poor hand at dissembling, and the Englishman early had occasion to fear the gigantic foreman. The second day he worked in the tunnel, he was placing a short, thick beam as a support, and failed to get it evenly in position. Cassidy was beside him in a flash.

"Blank, blank your blank head for th' fool yez are," he thundered. "D'yey think Dinnis Cassidy'll let worruk loike that shtand in this tunnel?"

The heavy beam went into position with a jerk, and the foreman moved on, still growling and cursing. Thomson was white, but he only muttered under his breath. A few days later, when a similar scene was enacted, the Englishman swore roundly when Cassidy got out of hearing.

"I'll settle things for him, blank him!" he exclaimed. "Wait a bit and see."

At night Thomson drank heavily, and slept late next morning. This meant he was tardy at work, and was "docked" for the lost time.

Snarling and raging he went below only to encounter Cassidy, who was still suffering from his recent weekly spree. Even in spite of the noise made by the machinery, and the hissing of the compressed air the men heard Cassidy's oaths as he ordered the Englishman to take hold.

"It's Dinnis Cassidy thot ha-ates the gr-r-ound a blank-blank dog loike you walks on," he yelled, swinging his great arms like flails. "Shpake wan worrud, an' O'll ma-ash the face av ye, till your mother couldn't r-r-recognize ye fr-rom a gor-r-illa."

Thomson quailed before the giant, but later said significantly to his mate:

"I'll get even with that infernal fool mighty soon, and stop his mouth for good. He's only fit to eat the river mud," he added, pointing to the end of the drift where the partitions and the air driven machinery kept out the soft mud of the river bottom.

"Better let Cassidy alone," advised the man addressed. "He's too blank able to take care of himself. You'll get the worst of it."

"I'll be blanked if I don't fix him today," doggedly replied Thomson.

An hour after this remark the men were electrified by the appearance of a party of visitors in the tunnel. Three gentlemen connected with the work had come down to see for themselves just how things were progressing, and to the utter astonishment of the gang, a young lady accompanied them. In the light of the electric lamps they clearly saw a round, fair face, the forehead fringed with golden curls, the blue eyes gleaming with interest, and not showing a trace of fear; the figure enveloped in waterproof wraps, but showing strength and grace in spite of the awkward dress. They gazed at her open-mouthed till Cassidy roared:

"Moind yer worruk bi-ys! luk out fer anny danger; there's a la-ad-y to see yez do yer best."

Grace Cairns, daughter of one of the directors, herself half Irish by descent, caught the words, and glanced at the big foreman approvingly.

"Thank you sir!" she said, sweetly; "I am sure we are safe in your hands."

Cassidy straightened himself to his full height, and then bowed with a sort of clumsy grace.

"It's Dinnis Cassidy thot'll always do his best fer a la-ad-y loike yersilf," he said earnestly.

And then he sprang to the partition, where the men were striving to prevent too much mud getting through on the tunnel floor.

"Cap'n Cassidy is all right," remarked one of the party, who had heard the little dialogue. "We can trust our skins with him if we can with anyone. That's the reason I brought you down when he is on duty. He's a hustler, and the men stand round for him. Pity he will drink so hard. I am afraid he won't last much longer. Turns up now late every Monday, and we can't let that go too far, you know."

Miss Grace's eyes were full of interest at once.

"He must be reformed, Mr. Duncan," she cried impulsively. "Surely such a man can be touched somehow."

Mr. Duncan shook his head incredulously.

"He's only a big lout of an Irishman," he said, "can't do anything with such a beast. When they start down with the whiskey bottle, it's all up with them. Seen it too often." And Duncan turned away to watch the efforts of the gang.

In a few minutes Miss Grace found her way near the foreman, and in a lull in his exertions, she turned her gaze straight into his eyes and said:

"Captain Cassidy, won't you let me ask you to come to my Saturday evening class at the River Settlement Mission?"

Cassidy opened his mouth in astonishment.

"An phwat could a mon loike mesilf do there?" he asked.

"I want to help you to be a better man, Captain," replied the girl, directly. "Don't you want to do better?"

"Anny mon wud be betther fr-rom just shpakin' wid yez," replied the foreman, true to his blood.

Grace laughed merrily.

"How delightful!" she exclaimed. "You are a true Irishman I see, and that pleases me, for I ain half Irish myself."

"Sure an I thought yez looked loike an angel fr-rom the ould sod," protested Cassidy. "But Oi'm afraid there's no help for Dinnis Cassidy. It's whiskey's got the better av me.

Grace looked at him winningly.

"But Captain, you'll try to reform? Say you will, you'll do your best won't you Captain?"

"Yes Miss, Oi'll do me best to be a betther mon," suddenly exclaimed the giant. "Blank

me if I don't! I axes pardon, Miss; never anny mon shpoke to me loike thot before. For your sake, Miss, Oi'll do my best."

He sprang away to the gang, for his practiced eye saw that things were not just right. Thomson had been working behind the partition where the greatest care was required, and in setting a great beam had failed to secure proper support for a big cross-timber in the roof. One end of this timber dropped down several feet, and, as Cassidy reached the spot he saw like a flash that unless the fallen timber was raised immediately there was imminent danger of a blow out in the soft mud overhead. With an oath he struck Thomson aside and seized a prop to support the dangerous beam. But even while he did so the danger increased so rapidly that he instantly dashed to the side of Miss Grace, seized her bodily in his arms, and crying to the alarmed gentlemen to follow him, plunged into the air-lock at the end of the drift. Slamming the door the foreman himself worked the levers that opened the outlet from the lock, and pushed his visitors through.

"Hurry!" he cried hoarsely.

Then glancing through the bulls-eye in the door next the drift, he saw what blanched even his cheek.

"The roof's caving," he yelled. "Sind down help. Quick now; the min will dhrown."

Stumbling in their mad haste the visitors climbed the ladder in the shaft, crying loudly for assistance. Grace Cairns, looking back, as she started up, called in a clear ringing voice to the giant foreman who was preparing to close the lock and try to save his gang:

"Now Captain do your best. Save them all Captain!"

And Dennis Cassidy answered with a hoarse shout: "Oi'll do it, Miss. Oi'll do it."

It seemed an age to Cassidy before the air pressure in the lock allowed him to force the door opening into the tunnel. As he bounded through the men with one consent ceased their efforts to restrain the impending disaster, and started for the lock. But Cassidy yelled at them:

"Back to your worruk, min! back to your worruk."

In an instant he was at the point of greatest danger, where the big beam had fallen so that one end rested on the tunnel floor. Above,

in the space left by this timber, the mud and water were pouring down, and the space rapidly enlarging. Cassidy saw that if the beam could be raised and forced into position there was just a ray of hope. All his pride rose as he remembered that nothing serious had ever happened to his gang before, and with tremendous energy he lifted the end of the beam, calling to his men for help. The brave fellows responded instantly, and the timber was pushed up nearly into its place, although a small deluge of slushy water poured out over its edges.

Cassidy left his men to hold up the replaced end, and sprang to the other end, which he saw threatened to fall also. Thomson was nearest him, and Cassidy called him to help. In a moment it became apparent that it required the united strength of all concerned to hold the timber in place, and there was no one else to try to stop the flow of water. The men began to weaken, and, as a fresh rush of water fell over them, one workman dropped his hands and ran for the lock. Others followed, but before leaving their post, one of the strongest managed to stand a big prop under the beam. The next moment Cassidy and Thomson remained at their end alone, and the certainty that the timber would fall if either or both let go flashed across both minds at the same moment.

"Moind yer eye!" roared Cassidy. "Shtep over a fut, an' let go whin I give the worruk."

Thomson's evil genius whispered to him that his time had come. The men had all crowded into the lock, and were yelling to the foreman to come. The deluge was increasing. Thomson acted promptly and, with a sudden start, shot from under the beam and darted for the lock. The farther end of the timber fell heavily to the floor, and the deluge trebled in an instant. The Englishman had counted on the end he and Cassidy had sustained falling first, and crushing the foreman under its weight, and the rush of water could be depended on to do the rest, for he saw the men feared to reenter the tunnel.

The quick witted Irishman caught the whole situation in Thomson's glance and action. Like lightning he understood that the Englishman meant to kill him, stunning him with the falling beam, and then leaving him to drown like a rat in a cage. All his wrath flamed mightily within his broad breast, and, even as Thomson sprang aside, he acted.

The other end of the beam, thanks to Cassidy's tremendous strength, fell first, and, with one gigantic effort, the Irishman toppled the end above his head towards the lock, throwing it clear of himself, and leaping across it as it neared the floor. In the same instant the falling timber struck the running Thomson and felled him to the earth, pinioning him down in the muddy water, which was almost two feet deep already. The wretch shrieked for help, struggling to raise his head above the frightful death which was so close that he almost quaffed the filthy cup at his very lips.

"Hurry Cap'n," yelled several men, and eager hands were stretched out to drag the foreman into the lock. "We can't shut the door in half a minute."

Cassidy turned, right on the threshold of the door, and glanced at his enemy. The words started from his lips: "Served you right, you dhoity—"

But something cut them square off. Down the shaft he seemed to hear a sweet, strong young voice, calling:

"Do your best, Captain; save them all."

It was only the quarter of a second, but Cassidy did three things simultaneously. He grabbed a crowbar that stood in the lock, and, ordering the men to find another and prop the door against the flooding tide, he leaped to the side of his enemy, and thrust his bar under the beam, giving a mighty heave. The men were afraid to leave the lock, but with rising wrath the giant tore at his bar, got his shoulder under it, going down on one knee, the water at his throat, and covering the choking Englishman entirely. Another heave, and the timber moved slowly; Cassidy seized Thomson's arm, and with a powerful jerk, tore him from under the impending weight, and staggered towards the door of safety, dragging the Englishman after him. A dozen hands reached out to help, and, just as the whole end of the roof caved in, and a large portion of the North river descended to fill the cavity, the united strength of the gang closed the lock door, the men standing huddled close together, the dirty water at their breasts. But they were saved.

It required all their strength to get the shaft door open, but at last it was accomplished, and the gang slowly climbed the ladder, assisted by the men who had rushed to help when the visitors carried the alarm. Thom-

son's leg was broken, and the relief party hoisted him up in a sling; but Cap'n Cassidy, grim, undaunted, and with a strange look in his eyes, came up last of all. He limped painfully, and evidently suffered greatly from a terrible wrench in his back. Unheeding the praise that was roughly showered upon him by the crowd, he allowed himself to be taken in the ambulance, with Thomson, to the hospital, while the men vied with one another in extolling his courage and wonderful strength, not suspecting in the least the motives of Thomson in springing from under the beam, for, to an observer, that action seemed perfectly natural.

For two days the giant lay quiet, and seemed to sleep most of the time. Then he roused himself, and with difficulty rose on one arm, and gazed long and silently on the face of his enemy, who lay in the next cot, his leg splinted and bandaged. Under his scrutiny Thomson grew uneasy, and at length opened his eyes.

He started and flushed as he saw that Cassidy was watching him. Evidently afraid of the giant Irishman, Thomson began to speak, just as Miss Grace Cairns, and the gentleman who had spoken with her about the foreman, came into the ward to see how the men were progressing. Their approach was hidden by a large screen, and, as the voice of the Englishman sounded clearly in their ears, the young lady laid a finger on her lip, and stood still. They heard Thomson say, deprecatingly:

"Cap'n, I reckon I deserved what I got, but, Cap'n, I hope you don't think I meant—"

Cassidy stopped him with a threatening clenched fist.

"Quit thot, ye blank skunk," he growled, "an listen to Dinnis Cassidy before ye lie anny more. Oi saw ye, ye blackguard! Oi saw it in yer eye, the whole blank lot av it; so Oi did."

Thomson cowered down in his bed and held out one hand as if to ward off a deadly blow, but the giant continued:

"It's mesilf saw thot beam wud mash me in the mud; but the death yez meant fer me come on yersilf; an whin Oi see ye layin' there in the wather, Oi seys to mesilf, says Oi, Dinnis, it's you he meant to dhrown in thot black mud loike a r-rat; bad cess to him fer a blank, blank coward."

The Irishman paused, and the listeners

waited, breathless. Presently the rough voice went on, but there was a touch of tenderness in it.

"Oi promised the la-ady to do my best, an' to save all av yez. It come soundin' down the shaft loike the whisper av an angel. Thin, Thomson, Oi forgave ye, so Oi did, an' yez knows the mud wud have been thick in yer throat right now if it hadn't been fer the mon ye thried to dhrown. Oi says to meself, says Oi, yez promised the la-ady, Dinnis, to do your best, an' to save a mon that's just thried to dhrown ye is a job bigger'nanny Irishman iver tackled in the worruld. Now's yer chance, Dinnis, now! An Oi jerked ye out av the wather, ye dhrity schoundrel; but Oi that Oi'd tell yez av it, so ye can see ye can't fool Dinnis Cassidy."

There was silence for a moment and then a hoarse sob came from behind the screen.

"My God! Cassidy, I give up. You're a better man than me. When I get over this I'll try to show you I mean it."

The giant stretched out his great arm across the space between the cots.

"Shake mon," he growled in a kindly way.

Grace Cairns moved from the other side and approached the men just as they grasped hands.

"I am so glad to find you both better, and such good friends," she said cheerfully, trying to hide the tears in her eyes. "I just wanted to ask if Captain Cassidy will come to my River Settlement Class; the doctor says you will be able to get about in another day or two. And Mr. Thomson must come too when he can walk. Won't you, Mr. Thomson?"

Cassidy rose upright in his bed and took the lady's proffered hand.

"O'll be there, Miss," he said earnestly. "But it's a new Cassidy that's talkin'; O've got to get betther acquainted wid meself Miss. But O'll come shure; an' so will Thomson, or O'll break his leg again, an' his neck into the bargain."

THE PROBLEM

By ALICE CALISTE WILSON

THE Intelligence office was alive with business upon a certain May afternoon. Its reception room was crowded with well-dressed women of all ages. There were some who possessed an air of familiarity with the place. They moved about, peered cautiously into the waiting room where sat the applicants, and then asked questions of their acquaintances. The air was oppressive, and there was the usual buzz and hum which accompanies a gathering of women. A faint odor, as of a mingling of perfumes, and ripples of laughter, pitched in a high, feminine key, floated through the door, as the women gathered together in little groups, and talked over their common troubles with their domestics.

One heard snatches of conversation above the general murmur.

"And really! She was the worst thing!—so slovenly," or, "She absolutely refused to

wear uniform," and again, "We just fed the whole family. Why, it was scandalous!"

In the adjoining room sat the applicants. A few were in neat, trim costumes, but for the most part it was a heterogeneous mass of colors, cheap ribbons, shoddy silks and satins that were, to say the least, appalling. In this room silk skirts crackled instead of rustling, and the fragrance which floated from the room was a mixture of boiled onions, bologna sausage, sauer kraut and musk.

In the main reception room, at her desk, was the secretary, a tall, dark woman with straight, hard mouth and a crisp, decisive manner, who answered questions and asked them almost automatically.

A woman, younger than most of the servant hunters, stepped up to the desk.

She seemed to rest one's eyes, in her soft, gray dress—such a contrast to the rainbow costumes about her. Her bright, brown

hair waved back from a smooth forehead under her saucy little grey hat, whose bit of a pink rose matched the other in her smooth, round cheek.

"I want a maid," she told the secretary, in her low, distinct voice. Her manner showed that the place and the situation were new to her, but she had the air of one who is perfectly self-possessed.

"What qualifications?" responded the secretary in a machine-like tone.

"I should wish her to be thoroughly honest and perfectly willing."

The secretary waited patiently for her to enumerate. The little woman in grey hesitated, the color in her cheek deepening, "I am not so very particular about other things—only, that I think I should rather she should be young because—because she would be more easily trained."

The secretary lifted her straight black eyebrows. This was a new idea. She looked the little woman over from head to foot—from the tip of her patent leather shoe to the bit of waving feather on her coquettish grey hat, and then called her assistant. "Send in Miss Schmitt," she said.

As the assistant disappeared, a tall, angular woman in a startling green gown, and a Hugh, purple hat, pounced upon our friend.

"My dear Mrs. Randall, do let me advise you! I wonder what you can be thinking of to ask for an honest, willing girl. Why, they will send you the most impossible person. Some of these girls know absolutely nothing!"

"That's what I want, Mrs. Cranney."

"My dear child, how can you be expected to know what you want? You, a young married woman with a green, inexperienced girl! What can you be thinking of? Think of the card clubs and literary clubs, and art clubs! Think of your calls, of the parties, and receptions and dances! My dear! You don't want to bury yourself!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Cranney," said Mrs. Randall with a queer, little smile playing around her mouth, "but I think I should prefer a willing, trustworthy girl, even if she is rather green."

"But, Mrs. Randall, let me advise you as a mother. You don't want to bury yourself in your home. Think of your social duties and how much the world demands of you."

A mischievous twinkle had crept into the

corner of Mrs. Randall's eye, and a rebellious little smile struggled around her mouth.

"I'm sorry to disappoint the world," she said, "but I still think I want a girl that I can train to do things my way."

Mrs. Cranney smiled a superior smile, and in a worldly-wise tone responded.

"Dear Mrs. Randall, you will get tired of that—but while the fit lasts, *do* get a good cook. You will starve!"

"Not I!" laughed Mrs. Randall.

"But who is to cook while your honest paragon of greenness is learning, I should like to ask?"

"I will," and Mrs. Randall's smile bubbled into a good-humored little laugh. "Come and see me, if you don't believe it."

Before Mrs. Cranney had recovered from her astonishment, the assistant returned accompanied by a large German girl, all hands and feet, who smiled ecstatically and blushed furiously.

She spoke in broken English, but her honest good nature shone in her face, and her willingness beamed in her smile.

One felt instinctively that she knew no more about the management of a modern kitchen than she did about Greek verbs. Her big hands spoke eloquently of incompetency, but Mrs. Randall smiled into the big blue German eyes, held out her little, gloved hand to take the big, red one, and they were friends.

A few minutes later Mrs. Randall walked out of the Intelligence office followed by Christine, wreathed in smiles, carrying her worldly possessions done up in a huge red handkerchief, and clattering after her new mistress amidst the smiles of the servant hunters.

"Whatever could she want of such a monstrosity!" whispered Mrs. Cranney to her neighbor.

* * *

The sun was intensely hot. A severe rain the night before made the atmosphere heavy. A steam rose from the sidewalks and the pools of fresh rain water. Men mopped their foreheads over their work and even children and dogs played lazily under the shade trees.

Mrs. Randall's kitchen seemed to be a superlative form of the hot, steamy atmosphere outside. Christine in a neat, calico dress and generous apron was hulling strawberries by the open window.

In some indefinable way one felt the change in Christine. Whether it was the well-fitting dress, the smooth braids of hair coiled around her head, or the bit of blue bow at her throat it would be hard to say.

Perhaps it was a combination of all these things together, with the influence of a refined, thoughtful woman as mistress.

The air was fragrant with the odor of strawberry preserves. Mrs. Randall was bending over the gas stove. Her brown curls were gathered damply above her forehead, the sleeves of her gingham dress rolled elbow high as she stirred a steaming kettle of luscious, red fruit with a long handled spoon. Now and then, she consulted a book on the table, and again, a small, chateleine watch. Once or twice she made a trip to the cupboard and returned with a cupful of sugar, which she stirred into the foamy mass.

"Did you try all the mason jars, Christine?"

"Yes Ma'm!"

"And did you put new rubbers on every one?"

"Yes Ma'm!"

"I think these will be done presently and then I will show you how to fill them. Perhaps you—" A thin, little tinkle sounded through the room. Mrs. Randall's eyebrows lifted.

"The bell, Christine," then glancing at the fruit, "Oh, dear! What shall I do! You'll have to look after it, Christine. Keep it cooking, and when it boils over turn off the gas and put it in the cans. Now remember! Screw the covers on tight."

While giving these directions, Mrs. Randall had slipped off her apron, pulled down her sleeves, gave her hair a hasty pat as she passed the mirror, and with a last, longing look at her fruit, she disappeared through the swinging door, leaving Christine with a puzzled look on her face.

Her caller, Mrs. Cowen, was a talkative, leisurely woman who settled herself comfortably in the easiest chair as if she intended to spend the afternoon. Mrs. Randall talked animatedly for twenty minutes about the weather, the new minister, the last linen sale, and then, she began to wonder about Christine and the strawberries. It was so still in the kitchen. Surely that fruit must be done by this time. She talked bravely on for another twenty minutes. The clock pointed toward five and she remembered that

Fred had asked for an early supper. She began answering questions at random. A strange smell began to issue from the kitchen and strange sounds followed.

"What is Christine up to?" She said to herself while aloud she avowed her preference for Tennyson rather than Swinburne.

Finally, Mrs. Cowen rose to her feet. Mrs. Randall involuntarily uttered a sigh of relief.

"I guess your fruits burning, Mrs. Randall. By the way, how do you like your green girl. Mrs. Cranney was telling me about her," and a malicious, little smile played about Mrs. Cowen's mouth.

Mrs. Randall straightened herself and replied in a cool, sweet tone, "Christine? Oh, she is very satisfactory. She learns rapidly and is getting to be so responsible."

"Well, I hope you won't get fooled. I'd as soon have an elephant on my hands as a green girl. Why, is that Mr. Randall coming down the street? It must be late! Pardon me for staying so long. Do come and return my call soon. I'm always home on Wednesdays, and I'm simply dying to hear about your paragon of a girl."

Mrs. Randall smiled and thanked her with outward composure. Inwardly, she was frantic with anxiety and apprehension. Hardly had the door closed when she rushed through the house, which was filling with an ugly burnt smell, to the kitchen. As she opened the door, her heart sank. The stove and the floor were covered with a dark, red mass of fruit. Christine stood in the middle of it, tears streaming down her face, trying to scoop up the fruit with an iron spoon. The gas was still burning and the little fruit remaining in the kettle was burnt to a crisp. The kitchen door was open and swarms of flies were hastening to the banquet.

At that moment in walked Fred Randall.

"Glory! Nell, what kind of a barbecue is this? Do you mop the floor with strawberries or is Christine taking a bath?"

At these words Mrs. Randall burst into tears, sobbing, "Oh, my berries,—my berries. Christine, how could you? Why didn't you call me? Fred, I think you are too mean for anything!"

Fred Randall, big and broad shouldered stood, looking helplessly at the two sobbing women. The twinkle died out of his eye, and a look of mingled sympathy and remorse

took its place. With a quick movement he turned out the gas and said, "Christine, you clean up this infernal mess some way or other. Dry your eyes like a good girl and get to work."

Then, picking up his wife, he walked away with her into the library.

* * *

Fred Randall pushed his chair back from the table, folded his napkin, and began fingering his mail. He turned one letter over several times, as if very intent on examining the seal, the monogram and the long, angular writing on the envelope. It was clear that there was something on his mind, and that he hesitated about saying anything. He looked across at his wife in her cool, blue, gingham dress. The thought came to him that she made a pretty picture as she stirred her coffee and in her turn, fingered her mail,—a dainty collection of letters and invitations.

Her brow was smooth, and there was such a contented look in her clear eyes—he hated to trouble her and to bring the anxious lines into her face. Nell Randall glanced across at her husband.

"I'm slow this morning, I guess, or else my appetite's growing." Then as her glance noted his breakfast, hardly tasted, she added with quick concern, "What's the matter? Fred, you've eaten scarcely anything. Is there anything the matter? Are your muffins cold? Let me ring for more."

"No, no! Nell, that's not it. The breakfast is all right—delicious. I—I was thinking—"

"Some business trouble?"

Then after a pause, "Come, Fred, you really must tell me. Your silence worries me more than any trouble." Mrs. Randall had risen and walked around to her husband's chair, her hand rested on his shoulder. Mr. Randall fidgeted with the breakfast things and then said nervously, half laughing.

"Mother's coming to visit us, Nell. That's all. I don't care only its tough on you, little girl. Mother means well and she has a heart when you get underneath her veneer of aristocratic notions. If she could forget that her ancestors were direct descendants of the Stuyvesants, and that for unnumbered generations the women of her family had been the most perfect housekeepers, why, mother would not be at all bad. She does forget it once in awhile, and then you find

out what a trump she is." Fred stopped a moment and put an arm around his wife, for a frightened look had come into her blue eyes and crept up over her face.

"Now, Nell, dear, don't you worry a blame bit. It will all come out in the wash. You can win mother's heart. Why you could make a wooden Indian love you. Mother'll be easy."

Nell smiled back bravely, and promised not to worry, but all that day and the intervening days before the much-dreaded visit, she carried in her heart an image of a haughty, distinguished woman who towered above her in jet and black lace. She had seen her only once and that was when she and Fred were married. Mrs. Randall, Sr., had stayed only a few hours, witnessed the ceremony and hurried away.

Nights she would shut her eyes tight, trying to forget the cold, forbidding face, and, as she remembered the perfunctory kiss, she pulled the coverlet over her head and shuddered.

But Mrs. Randall's time was not spent in hours of useless dread. She and Christine, armed with mops and brooms and innumerable cloths went over the immaculate little cottage, and scoured every nook and corner. Then they descended into the kitchen, and there was such cooking, and baking, and frying as can hardly be imagined.

Mistress and maid gloated over the loaves of sweet, light bread; the dark, luscious cakes, the pies—crisp and flaky, the sugar cookies and doughnuts—but the pen is inadequate.

At last the much prepared for, much dreaded day came. A telegram had reached them that Mrs. Randall, Sr. would only stay over night and would be there for dinner at six and breakfast the following day. The agony if acute would not be protracted.

At five o'clock there awaited the aristocratic dame, a cottage of unspeakable cleanliness. Every thing that should shine, shone with a resplendent glory. Every fly, every speck of dust, every infinitesimal atom which good housekeepers frown upon had folded its tent like the Arabs, and silently stolen away.

Further, awaiting the guest was a young mistress in a spotless linen suit—so crisp and stiff and white, it seemed to defy crumpledness or soil. She was fresh and immaculate from the saucy bow on the tip of her white,

canvas shoe to the wave in her smooth roll of hair. The only bit of color was the bright flush in her cheeks.

Christine, too, was all that could be desired in a maid,—in black, muslin dress with her dainty white apron and cap.

The hands of the clock pointed to five-forty. The train was in. Mrs. Randall started as she heard the whistle. She walked to the window, and smoothed out an imperceptible fold in the curtain. The clock ticked on remorselessly.

Five minutes to six Christine smoothed out the rug on which she sat. It seemed to the two women that their eyes were trained to see nothing but specks, wrinkles or flaws.

The clock struck in clear, decisive strokes. Mrs. Randall moistened her lips. The sound of wheels came through the open window, and then the front door bell sounded through the painful silence in the room. There was no retreat. She must face the dragon. Afterwards, Nell Randall wondered why she had dreaded her mother-in-law, but just at this moment when she seemed about to be weighed in the balances, and found wanting, she felt as if the crisis of her life was reached.

The dinner started smoothly. Christine served well and each dish seemed perfect, even to Nell's critical palate. Christine had brought in the salad, and was returning with the dinner plates when Mrs. Randall, Sr. asked:

"And where did you get your maid, Elinor?"

"Why, I consulted an Intelligence office and got her without any difficulty."

"An Intelligence office!" repeated Mrs. Randall raising her eyebrows with an expression that spoke volumes.

"Yes, I took her when she was entirely inexperienced, and I have been training her the past few months."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Randall's tone changed perceptibly. It was not so frigid. There was almost a note of approval in it.

Turning to her son and quite ignoring Nell, she said: "I have been looking for a competent maid for some time. This Christine suits me very well. Surely, Elinor with her youth and health would be willing to train another girl and to let me have Christine. You would, would you not, Elinor?"

The pure audacity of the woman took Nell Randall's breath away. She did not notice the angry light in her husband's eyes, nor the start that Christine gave as she took away the salad plates. The table became a blur of china, cut-glass and flowers. The only distinct vision was her mother-in-law's cold, refined face and the slim, ringed hand that toyed with her teaspoon.

It was only a second, however, that she hesitated, then the thought came that perhaps she could win the friendship of her mother-in-law by sacrificing Christine.

"Why, yes, mother," she said at length. "I think I can spare Christine if—" But the words were never finished. There was a crash, then a cry like that of a wounded animal came from the kitchen. All three started to their feet and hurried into the kitchen. Christine was walking up and down crying, and pouring forth amidst her sobs, a jumble of German, broken English and alas! profanity.

It seemed that Christine had overheard Nell's remark about letting her go with Mrs. Randal, Sr.

She paced up and down the room declaring she would never go with the old lady, cursing her roundly in German and then in broken English and afterward breaking wildly into sobs.

Nell vainly tried to soothe her. Christine shook her fist vindictively at Mrs. Randall and protested that she would never leave her mistress. Fred had suddenly disappeared.

Afterwards when Christine had been quieted and Nell had administered smelling salts to Mrs. Randall, they found him doubled up on the sofa in paroxysms of laughter.

That evening, Fred and his mother were closeted together in the library for several hours. Nell never knew just what happened, but the next day when Mrs. Randall, Sr., started away she took Nell's face between her thin, white hands and kissing her warmly on both cheeks said, "You are a daughter of which any woman might be proud."

As the cab rolled away from the door, Christine who was vigorously beating rugs on the back porch shook her fist fiercely at the departing guest, then gathering her rugs up in her arms disappeared into the kitchen, and the door banged noisily behind her.

THE HOUSE OF CONTAGION

By ISABEL GRAHAM BUSH

THE medical staff had gathered for consultation in the little office of the hospital. Dr. Pressly, their chief, stood in the middle of the group his brows wrinkled in a perplexed frown.

"If it had been anyone but Dana, cooped up at his desk all day—the only case in the city, too—strange!" Suddenly the doctor looked around at his assistants. "He must go tonight, and the nurse—we must have the most experienced; getting soaked in that downpour yesterday put the odds against him—where's Miss Creel?"

"She's on 'her vacation,'" replied the youngest assistant. "Won't be back for two weeks, and Miss Sawyer has just taken that typhoid case."

"There's Miss Brewster," ventured Dobbs at the door.

"The very one! strange I didn't think of her before," a light broke over the disturbed face. "Call her."

Dobbs slipped away noiselessly.

The professionals of Kernal hospital had but a brief month's acquaintance with Priscilla Brewster, but in that small space of time she had won a large place in their esteem, their approbation being tempered with not a little awe. This was clearly evident, when, in response to the doctor's summons, the young woman entered the room without a rustle of skirts or footfall to announce her coming. Four pairs of eyes were turned approvingly on her as she stood before them. The conventional blue and white, which on the ungainly figure of Miss Creel was a clumsy badge of office, hung in graceful lines and curves around a well-proportioned slenderness. Miss Brewster was plainly a self-poised, dependable young person.

The old doctor with his accustomed conciseness explained the situation, concluding with that same betrayal of concern in his tone: "Mr. Dana is a personal friend."

There was an answering nod of intuition; the dark eyes had not once left the doctor's face. "I will be ready; at what time?"

"Twelve tonight. Dobbs will accompany you; he is an old hand in such cases."

The warden in the tower of the central station had droningly announced the twelfth hour and relapsed into gloomy silence, when an ambulance with drawn curtains followed by a cab, moved slowly through the dark back streets of the city, across the long, high-arched bridge which gave back in sharp iteration the heavy tread of the horses' feet. The two vehicles with their silent, mysterious occupants, threaded the dim by-ways whose clamor was suddenly hushed by the spell of darkness. Now and then a group of roisterers, a weary messenger boy, or a badged dispenser of charity eyed them, briefly curious.

Farther on, the narrow streets widened. Shop and warehouses gave way to great looming shadows set in the midst of wide grounds; then gradually dwindled to smaller ones gathered closer in neighborly proximity. They seemed to stretch endlessly ahead in the darkness. The carriage lamps threw out little waves of light which intensified the gloom as the country road was reached. A level stretch of ground was followed by a gradual ascent. At the top, a late moon, large and full, looked down upon them from a sudden rent in the darkness above; it revealed on the opposite slope, a long, low house, set in a straggling growth of pines. A high, board fence shut the lower windows from view.

The vehicles halted; a man stepped stiffly out, produced a bunch of keys and inserted one in the padlock of the tall, barred gate; it swung back with a dolorous creak. The building was dimly lighted as though there had been previous preparations for occupancy. A litter was removed from the ambulance and with gentle hands carried slowly through the door which opened to receive it.

The stars were adding their quota of brightness to a clearing sky as the gate closed on the attending physician; the House of Contagion was silent and as free from intrusion as though built upon a desert isle.

Thurston Dana's life, like many another, had been a struggle with fierce odds. Though early fatherless, he had his mother—the cheeriest, most courageous little body that a son ever idolized—so the bitterness of that time was not without a certain saving sweetness which left a lingering fragrance in his memory. To him it was sufficient reward that after years of drudgery and self-denial he was able to provide her with every comfort. It was for her that he toiled, that he lived; he had no eyes for another woman's face, and when she suddenly slipped from that useful life he had made for her the sun was obliterated from his sky and he groped alone in the darkness. Weeks and months passed, unreckoned save as periods of labor, for still the days found him at his desk every nerve keyed to its highest pitch, until there came a sudden suspension, and to his poor numbed brain time stood still.

Then his eyes opened in a low, cool room, his mother's face bent tenderly over him, but she was young and fair as when she soothed him in his childhood days—there were no wrinkles on her brow and her hand was soft and smooth. He laughed aloud for joy that she had come back to him, and then the vision faded. The summer breezes crept through the casement with the softest whisperings, but the gaunt, sheeted figure within heeded them not; light and darkness were alike to the soul wrestling in mighty travail like some wounded creature who finds no response to his dumb appeal for relief.

A light shadow, the nurse moved about the room with a careful skill. A troubled look had begun to creep into her eyes. Bit by bit, Priscilla Brewster had learned her patient's history from the lips of Dr. Pressly. Outwardly it had made no impression, but inwardly she compared it with her own bereft state, and a great wave of pity surged up in her heart. After all life was a complex affair, a piecing out, here and there, of odds and ends which seemed to fall into the sewer's lap with no human volition. What would it amount to when the work was at last completed, would it be unbeautiful to look upon or might there be a saving grace of harmonious coloring with all the bungling stitchery? Priscilla Brewster shook her head soberly over the vexing problem then went bravely on with the task dropped into her willing hands; to her professional skill had

been added a warm sympathy for her patient.

The man lying before her in the repulsive stage of a loathsome disease, brought to keenest memory another, the one to whom she had clung with a daughter's devotion. Then the contagion came, and spread until it became a plague and her father's name was numbered among the list of victims while she emerged from the pestilence as fresh and fair-skinned as an infant. Perhaps it was the remembrance of those days which had decided her in the choice of a profession.

In that darkened chamber Priscilla Brewster fought silently, but with a grim courage, and at last there came a time when the awful, hovering shadow grew less and less until it finally vanished altogether. That morning Dr. Pressly, after a silent examination, looked up into the nurse's face a smile breaking over his worn, rugged features. "We have won out," he said.

"Yes," breathed the young woman gently, her tired eyes aglow with the light of victory.

For the first time, the overworked physician scrutinized her closely. He noticed the perfect mould of cheek and chin, the whiteness of the brow which the soft rings of hair touched so lightly and a certain freshness of coloring, at which he marvelled, thinking of her long vigil. "Jove!" he said to himself, "Jove, she is! Strange I hadn't noticed it before!" And with this enigmatical declaration he troubled himself no further about his patient, calmly sleeping, but with another glance at Miss Brewster left the room.

Only one more week and August would follow her summer sisters. Through the hot months the other rooms in the House of Contagion had remained empty; there were no sounds to jar the quiet of that upper chamber whose windows, turned away from the city, caught the beauty and coolness of the hills. Thurston Dana, propped against the pillows, looked at them with a languid interest. He was slowly coming back to life, a new life in a new world, and, like the newly-born, the strangeness and wonder of it all dazed and bewildered him. His legs felt very long and wobbly whenever he thought of using them; his arms with their slim, lean hands looked helpless enough; his size seemed terribly out of proportion to his strength. He smiled feebly up into the nurse's face, as a babe might into its mother's eyes, with a restful content.

As his brain cleared and he grew in health and strength, a change, scarcely perceptible at first, came over him. He had always been a quiet, unobtrusive man—only one woman had ever sounded the depths of the still, shining pools of his nature. Now and then, the nurse caught shy, surreptitious glances which caused her to suddenly avert her face; but he closed his eyes and faint flushes crept into cheek and temple when she hovered over him in her gentle ministrations.

As his strength outgrew the billowy props behind his shoulders, and from the vantage point of an easy chair, life broadened into wide, wonderful vistas, an elixir pulsed through his veins, and the hills rising through the purple haze seemed to touch the skies of Paradise.

At this crisis, Dobbs became very much in evidence—Miss Brewster had suddenly found something to occupy her attention in an adjoining room, still her patient could not complain of neglect. He knew now, by the tokens, that it was near the time for his departure, but where, and to what? Home was home no longer, and the old steady, monotonous grind would be intolerable—unless—unless the hope which had budded in that house of contagion should blossom into a glorious maturity.

He was in such debatable mood when Dr. Pressly called one morning. That busy person's visits had gradually been growing less, and today his professional air dropped from him and he leaned toward his patient boyishly.

"Well, Dana," after a cursory inspection of a very healthy tongue, "there's no use of my keeping up this farce any longer. You're a well man, sir, so far as disease is concerned—not a pock mark on you—skin as smooth as a baby's, thanks to that nurse of yours. By good rights I should take you back to town with me," the doctor smiled quizzically, "but I suppose it would be better to allow you the usual three days of grace."

There was no happy response in the convalescent's face. "I will put it to the test," he was thinking, "but what if it fails—what if—"

With an attempted chaffing at the long face he pulled, the physician left much puzzled.

The second day after the doctor's visit, the lowered temperature suddenly soared until the breezes which had romped through the room in the morning hours, were stifled

and a weird stillness mourned their absence. Dobbs had gone to the city on an errand. Miss Brewster came in with a vase of bright blossoms and placed them upon the table before her patient.

"Where did you get them?" he inquired with a determined resolution in his eyes that followed her quick little gesture. "What, on that mound over there by the fence?"

She nodded.

"Looks rather graveyard. Small pox?"

"Yes, talked too much and had a relapse," with a twinkling eye.

But Dana caught her hand. "Don't!" he cried. "Oh, don't! You know that I love you—you know it!" he went on passionately. "You brought me back to life and I thought it was my mother. God knows she would have left Heaven itself to come to her boy, but she could not and so she sent you. I know it; you are so like her!" and his reverential eyes swept her face. "Dearest, dearest!" as the girl sank to her knees and hid her face against his arm with a little sob. Outside, the scorching glare had faded leaving a strange, yellowish light, but the two heeded it not.

* * *

Dobbs had left the city; he strolled along in a happy mood—there was no necessity for haste and it was too sultry for needless exertion. The thin, gray hair straggled damply around his temples, but Dobbs had been born with a cheerful indifference to outward discomfort and an inherent love for outdoor things. The kind old eyes roving the fields descried a clump of yellow blossoms at the bend of the river. He sprang over the fence without a moment's hesitation—Miss Brewster loved flowers. The intervening space was nearly traversed, when a heavy gust of wind swept his hat across the field. In the distance, out of a coppery sky, a huge, cone-shaped cloud appallingly threatening, rose and fell with a mighty impetus as it swept toward him. The old man stopped short with bulging eyes. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" he moaned helplessly, his lips stiffening with fear. Nearer it came, bearing down upon him like some instrument of destruction from the infernal regions. Another blast nearly took him from his feet; it also reminded his bewildered senses of the necessity for immediate action. He looked wildly around for some place of safety.

Below him, on the river bank, a canoe was drawn up. He reached it with a series of agile bounds and lying flat, pulled it over him—not a moment too soon. The earth trembled, there was a crackling and crashing as of great trees uprooted and hurled through space—as though the universe itself had become a seething chaos. It grew louder and more vehement—a raging fury—then there was a sudden silence. Dobbs peered out cautiously; the danger was past but only the high, overhanging bank had saved him.

Weakly picking his way through the scene of ruin and desolation he reached the curve in the road and stopped aghast in dizzy, speechless horror. A ruinous heap topped with levings from the surrounding country, stood where once had been a red-roofed building. Slowly, in what seemed an eternity, he dragged his trembling limbs to the pile and began to pull away the lighter portion of the debris. Strength returned; he tugged and strained at timbers and fallen tree trunks. Suddenly he heard the rattle of wheels along the highway; he rushed out, waved his hat and shouted hoarsely, but the occupants of the vehicle, seeing the wild-looking figure fleeing from the ruined house of pestilence, whipped their horses to a plunging gallop, swerving here and there to avoid the greater obstacles in their path. Baffled, Dobbs watched them, but only for a moment; he must have help, but no passer-by would come to his assistance he well knew. If he could only reach Dr. Pressly, but he dared not take time to return to the city; perhaps there might be life beneath those ruins—there had been greater miracles.

"Send help, Lord! send help!" he implored working with renewed haste. The words had hardly left his lips when through the shattered gateway a carriage wheeled into the yard and Dr. Pressly sprang out—behind him was a wagon, and men with hatchets and crowbars. Already on his way from the city, he had remarked, in the distance, the path of the cyclone and called to his aid some returning laborers caught in the edge of the storm.

The doctor led the labor of clearance with no unnecessary words; they worked like tigers, alternately hoping and fearing. The wings of the building were crushed like an egg-shell, the upper story had been swept away as clean as a knife—only the posts stood

grim and bare. Dobbs looked at them with a shudder. He could see Dana now, in his chair by the south window, and Miss Brewster near him. Where they were now God only knew—perhaps miles away caught up ruthlessly by the merciless, unresisting force. If they could have seen the cyclone's approach in time to have reached the first floor—but Dana was hardly strong enough for the effort even if it had not come upon them like the Day of Judgment.

The lower story of the upright was partially intact; it was their only hope—a very feeble one; there was the barest possible chance. The doctor shouted again and again in a strained voice no one would have recognized, but the place was silent as a charnel house.

"Dobbs," the physician gripped the old man's arm. "To think that I saved him for this!" the voice broke.

But Dobbs fiercely shook off the hand. He was thinking of a fair, gentle face as he had seen it three hours ago; she had never had anything but kind words for the old man who had taken many from the rough, old world—why he would have died for her!

The door was impassable—a fallen pine before it, but he hacked his way through the prostrate branches, and attacking the riddled screen with his hatchet entered the room, the others following. There were great cracks in the wall through which the light streamed, and the floor was covered thick with plastering, but the place was vacant. Dobbs hurried to an inner door; it yielded with effort; the staircase was open to the sky, and at its foot, surrounded by a chaos of wreckage, lay the objects of their search.

Priscilla Brewster was evidently assisting her patient down the stairs, and on the last step had come the shock. She lay against an overturned chair; one arm stretched shelteringly over Dana's head had intercepted a piece of scantling hurled downward through the opening. Dr. Pressly hurried to Dana's side, but Dobbs knelt by the young woman. With trembling hands he pulled a pillow from under a heap of rubbish and laid her head gently upon it; her pulse beat tremulously—there was still life. The doctor stooped over him and raised the white arm.

"It is broken," he said after a moment's examination, "but they will live—both of them—by Heaven, it is a miracle!"

HEART THROBS OR THE PARSON'S PRAYER

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER

"**T**HEM'S the things—O Brother Man!
Give us all of their 'lift' yer can;
Pump out yir bilge of its sophist pride
An' ride on the swell of some Anthem tide,
Flying God's auriflamme!
Don't keer if yir brain ain't ballast'd by clod—
S'long as yir mind's thet nigher t' God,
An' yir heart t' His Common Man!"

That's the 'Tonic' to 'tone' your souls—
Sound us the 'Key' to the Joy it holds!
Make the blood leap, singing past
To the trump of some resurrection blast!
Cheer the trudge of the drudging throng
By the clarion ring of a tramping Song!
Let the weary and toil-oppressed
In the swing of that Music find their rest.
Those who faltered and fell by the way—
Sing for them here a comrade's lay.
Fill with fire and daring high
Discouraged hearts lain down to die.
In their failure and grief and tears,
Bring them Thy comfort—calm their fears.
Grant us the while we work and pray
Time to wonder and dream and play.
In the shrouding gloom and the pitiless rain,
Black with slander and scandal's stain,
Help us forgive and forget the wrong—
Keeping Love's faith still sweet and strong.
For we would relumine this Temple of Thine
By a Beauty revealed in some Vision divine.
'Neath features Time's masked under ugliness' guise
An eternal, ineffable Loveliness lies.
And when Hope's spark grows dim to sight,
In the doubt and the dark of Sorrow's night,
Oh, somehow give us to understand
That Fate holds safe in the Master's hand.
While over the ashes of Wisdom's dust
Clings ever confiding sweet childhood's Trust.

When the tempter's charm would dazzle and lure
Make man's spirit brave and pure.
Nerve ambition to disdain
Crafty guile's ill-gotten gain.
Those who have wandered far astray—
Lead them back to the happy Way.
Unfetter their feet from the maddening press—
Guide them again by Thy peace and rest.
In the hard, grim grind of the bitter strife,
Where base, brute forces ravish life,
Chant above shame's gilded grime
Honor's hallelujah line!
Grapple the clutch of hell's gorgon greed
With the conquering Cross of a Christian creed!
Shout the charge! Crime's cowards cringe!
While tyrants tremble to battle Hymns.

But should ours be never the Victor's cry—
To fight for Glory, and nobly die—
Mid the blare of bugles and beat of drums,
The clash of sabres and boom of guns,
Yet there's a Grandeur as great and high
In some sad heart's ache as the days go by.
For many a soul in an unheard prayer
Whispers its secret of dumb despair.
Through the failure and pain of the agonized strife
Some heroes of God live a silent life!
Forgotten and nameless, unknown to renown,
These cross-bearing martyrs march on uncrowned!
But somewhere, I know, God has saved them to Fame
Though the world passed them by without honor or name!
O cruel enigma of man's mortal breath,
Life denied them that homage accorded by Death!

And so, when its Shadow around us shall fall—
Deepening and darkening and hushing all—
In a Slumber-Dream so bright and fair,
Waiting its Wakening over There,—
Oh, then—dear Father—we would cry
Draw unto us very nigh.
Soothe us with a kind caress—
Show Thy mercy's tenderness.
Through life's last, long, quiet hours,
May we feel Thy hand in ours.
Leave us not unloved and lone—
Come Thyself to take us home!

WHEN HEINY LED THE BAND

By WILL GAGE CAREY

PROMPTLY at seven-thirty the second-alto player, with his horn under his arm, climbed the long, rickety stairway leading up to the band room.

Lighting the three dismal-looking lamps, he seated himself in his accustomed place behind the long, wooden music-rack, and spreading his music out before him, proceeded to turn loose a series of "um-ta, um-ta, um-tas!" that resounded throughout the building and far out on the still night air.

The Bloomfield Cornet Band was about to assemble for weekly rehearsal. Seeing the lights in the band room, and hearing the defiant challenge to the fray as issued by the second-alto, the other members began straggling up the stairway.

Amidst the awful din of blaring horns that straightway filled the air, Heiny Unger, the big, good-natured leader arose and rapped on his rack for order: "Take your seats, gentlemen," he said, "and be quiet one moment!"

Gradually the noise subsided, ending with one last reluctant "um-ta" from the alto-section.

"Boys," continued Heiny, "we will play number 24 in the blue book, just for a curtain-raiser,—then there is a matter of importance I wish to bring up for your consideration. Already now! Sound off, Shorty!"

The selection chosen was old "Montrose Quickstep."

Ask any bandman of fifteen years ago if he remembers a band piece by that name! He will tell you that it was the pride of every country band then in existence; very probably he will add that it had a dash and a swing to it, not excelled by any march to this day,—and that it had a bass solo that would make one's blood fairly tingle.

The selection finished, the members of the band laid aside their instruments and sat waiting for their leader to speak, and Heiny after reading through several important looking papers, arose and addressed them.

"We have been engaged to play here next

week at the County Fair," he said impressively. "The committee in charge say that Rockdale being in this county, they thought it only fair to engage them also, to play one day at the fair. Now here is a proposition they have presented to us," and Heiny began reading aloud from the letter in his hand:

"We desire to announce on our bills that on Thursday of next week a grand band contest will be given in the public square, the participants being the Rockdale Cornet Band and the Bloomfield Band; the successful contestant to receive \$100 cash, and complete new uniforms throughout."

"There's the proposition," said Heiny, "what do you think of it?"

Instantly the room was in an uproar. Exclamations arose from every side of every description, but above all could be heard the voice of the second-alto player.

"Let 'em come! let 'em come! we'll eat 'em alive!"

Heiny rapped and expostulated for several minutes before any semblance of order could be restored.

"One at a time please, boys; let me hear just how you feel about this."

The baritone player, always steady and reliable, was the first to arise.

"Boys, I don't think we ought to undertake this thing; we are out-classed." (Cries of "put him out! put him out!"—from the alto section.) "You all know me," he continued, "I've stuck to this band through thick and thin, and I always intend to. I believe that taking it man for man, Rockdale hasn't got anything on us; but she has her watch factory employees to draw from,—and they have got more men, better instruments, better uniforms. They have three saxophones, we haven't any. They have everything we have, except that they haven't got as good a leader. In my opinion they would simply show us up, and I think the best thing for us to do, is to tell the committee we are willing to play next week, but that we are nix to this contest business."

Shouts and exclamations both of approval and otherwise filled the room as the speaker sat down. In an instant the second-alto player was on his feet.

"As some of you may have heard me remark, I say, let 'em come! we'll meet them for any purse they want to hang up, any time, any place, fight to finish, winner take all, weigh in at ring-side ten minutes before fight! Our old friend Baritone here, says they've got everything most we've got! It ain't so. In the first place they haven't any such *baritone* player as we've got—(cries of 'hear! hear! good for um-tal!')—an' there isn't another such in the whole country,—an' I say it with all modesty! We've got good strong leads; four jam-up trombone players, with jammed-up trombones; we've got a good reed section even if we haven't any saxophones. An' as for our altos,—oh, well! you all know what our *altos* are! So once more let me urge upon you,—let me add my feeble voice and implore you, to let 'em come an' accept this challenge to a contest."

Never was such a stormy evening passed in the little band-room. Finally a decision was reached; a decision to meet the Rockdale band, each member promising faithfully to do all in his power to win the money, the new uniforms,—but most of all, to preserve the honor of Bloomfield,—and the rehearsal was resumed with renewed energy and enthusiasm.

* * *

The following Thursday dawned clear and bright in Bloomfield.

The crowds at the fair had been large all the week, but everyone conceded that Thursday, the day of the band contest, would be the big day in point of attendance. Not even the most sanguine, however, looked for half the throng that crowded into the little city.

Early in the morning they began to pour in, from all sources.

The farmers for miles around came in big farm wagons, with wives and children and huge lunch baskets. Solemn and sedate old horses pulled the wagons, that had seen far too many such gatherings to show any symptoms of friskiness at their stage in life. The steeds driven by the young swains and their sweethearts, were, however, young and mettlesome, cavorting madly, shying at every

strange sight, and neighing incessantly,—which with the barking of dogs, the music of the bands and the laughter and shouts of the ever increasing crowds, helped to swell the general tumult as all pressed forward to the Fair grounds.

The early morning trains also brought multitudes from the neighboring towns, and throughout the county, as the contest had been thoroughly advertised.

The members of the Rockdale Band, resplendent in showy uniforms, were early on the scene and serenely confident of themselves and the ultimate out-come of the day, marched arrogantly up the main street straight for the grounds, midst the flying of banners and the loud huzzahs of their adherents.

Steadily the interest in the big event increased as they day advanced.

The festivities at the grounds, including the races, began at an early hour so that all would be over in time for the contest.

Heiny was late in taking his band out to the grounds. He was well content that the rival organization should receive the greater share of the attention during the day,—and likewise do the greater part of the playing,—while he saved his men for the more trying ordeal of the day.

The conditions and rules under which the contest was to be given were by no means complicated. Each band to play two selections, one while on the march and the other standing. A committee of three selected from nearby towns were to decide the merits and declare the winner.

For the marching test, the band was required to stand at the head of the street, then at a given signal march down the street past the judges' stand playing, then form a circle and finish the selection standing.

The Bloomfield band practiced repeatedly on this maneuver, simple as it was. During these practice marches they used one of the band's members as a drum-major to direct their movements; later they decided that he could not be spared from his regular position, and so decided to get along the best possible without a drum-major.

By three o'clock the events in the Fair-grounds were over for the day, and the crowds swarmed out, and pushed eagerly forward to the public square to obtain the best positions possible to witness the contest.

The excitement had steadily increased and was now at fever heat, as the hour was almost at hand.

The Rockdale contingency, elated by the conspicuous showing made during the day by their band, brought forth big rolls of bills which they offered at odds of two to one on their favorite. These wagers were accepted with such alarming alacrity that the odds were quickly removed, and many bets were placed at even money.

An ardent Rockdale supporter flashed a big roll and exclaimed excitedly:

"Boys, let's start in and clean 'em out of all they got!"

"Waal, be mighty sartin' ye don' start nothin' ye can't finish," drawled out old Uncle Billy Glover, digging down deep in his jeans and bringing up four greasy dollar bills.

Uncle Billy, one of Bloomfield's oldest inhabitants, had been trying for years to break up the whisky trust by absorbing the entire output as far as he was able. No one imagined that he had any other interest in life, or any pride whatever in local affairs. But now the light of battle gleamed from his watery eyes as he paraded the street, cheering vociferously for Bloomfield.

Substantial business men also caught the contagion of frenzied enthusiasm. The mayor of the city sought out Heiny and grabbing him impulsively by the coat exclaimed:

"You *must* do it, Heiny! Beat these roaring Rockdale rioters and I'll add fifty dollars to the prize out of my own pocket!"

The noise and tumult in the street became deafening and the hour for the contest was at hand.

With the complacency born of sublime confidence the Rockdale Band took its position before the stand of the judges, for the first selection.

The leader of the band tapped on the rack before him for the attention of his musicians, then raised his baton and launched them easily and gracefully forth on the strains of a beautiful overture.

Well the leader knew the audience he was to play to. He chose with great skill a selection that could be understood and enjoyed by all, at the same time offering splendid opportunities for showy effect on each of his best instruments. He realized the superiority of his band's instrumentation over that of

the rival organization and used it with telling effect.

On through the different movements they played, with brilliancy and precision, working up gradually and smoothly to a spectacular climax.

It was over, and cheer after cheer from the Rockdale crowd rent the air. Bloomfield, also, joined generously in the well-earned applause.

Once more the crowd became stilled as the local band took its position before the judges.

Heiny, also selected an overture for his first piece, but one far less pretentious than the preceding number. He knew his band's limitations; rather than risk something intricate, he decided not to attempt too much on the first test,—but to make his greatest effort on the last.

The piece began with a bugle-call, an echo from which being simulated by the second cornet with a mute placed in the bell of the instrument. The solo cornetist was easily the band's best performer, and the selection had been chosen with this point in mind.

Heiny raised his baton, and brought it down gently in the direction of the soloist.

Clear as a bell the silvery call floated out over the vast assemblage, re-echoing throughout the square, prolonged and augmented by the second cornet. A brief pause, and again the spiritual call rang out, higher and more accelerated than before. Then a tremendous crash of drums and symbols, followed by a loud passage by the entire harmony section in unison,—a brief pause, and they glided into the soft strains of a waltz.

Soothing, restful, graceful as tiny waves dancing in the moonlight. Never had the people of Bloomfield heard their band play like this.

A cadenza by the clarionette followed, then a brilliant triple-tonguing solo on the cornet. With a short, melodious finale, the selection ended.

It was light, dainty, sparkling as sunbeams playing upon dew-covered foliage. In point of excellence and intrinsic value it could hardly compare with the Rockdale overture. Heiny knew that the unprejudiced judges were well aware that it did not.

The selection seemed entirely satisfactory to the Bloomfield crowd, however, and they cheered loud and long.

Partisan feeling broke out afresh and more intense than ever.

Uncle Billy was jubilant. Incensed at the old man's eulogistic encomiums a Rockdale rooter sought to annihilate him completely, and waiving a bunch of bills exclaimed:

"Say, you old bag of wind! I'll just cover your money. And to show you what I think of your band, I'll bet you five to one!"

"Yer on, my philanthropic but misguided old citizen!" responded Uncle Billy, and the money was posted.

The Rockdale band took its position at the head of the street and stood waiting the signal from the judges. The crowds pressed in eagerly, and the police found it difficult to open a passage way for the march.

The signal was given and the band came marching down the street, with the drum-major in dazzling uniform stepping proudly in front, gracefully whirling his huge glittering baton.

Down the street they came, the splendid uniforms and fine silver-plated instruments glistening in the sunlight.

On past the judges' stand they marched, formed a circle and finished the selection standing. It was a creditable performance, but nothing especially fine except in a spectacular way.

Possibly the members of the band were a trifle over-confident. Undoubtedly many of them were somewhat played down, from the earlier exertions of the day. The band's adherents cheered them to the echo, but it was apparent to many that the marching test was a disappointment.

Again all eyes were turned to the band at the head of the street. There stood Heiny and his little band calmly awaiting the signal.

No dazzling drum-major stood in front with glittering baton.

The sun's rays fell upon instruments old and battered, and made of brass; upon plain and worn uniforms of faded blue. But there they stood, firm and undaunted, determination written on every face.

The noise in the street increased, and many pressed about the band offering encouragement and words of advice. Uncle Billy was right at their side and in a tremendous state of excitement. To his somewhat befuddled mind it seemed that success or failure, the honor or fall of Bloomfield now depended

entirely upon Shorty Davis and the big drum, and rushing up he wrung Shorty's hand convulsively.

"Thump 'er, Shorty!" he implored, "thump yer gol-dernest!"

Suddenly an uproar started at the far end of the street. The crowds swung back on either side and a small figure, a child rushed hurriedly through,—a small boy of five years, with yellow hair, the reddest of cheeks and big blue eyes now ablaze with excitement.

His little dress was torn and soiled. On the yellow curls rested an old battered band cap, and in his little hand he carried an old scarred and dented cornet of ancient model.

Through the surging line of humanity he passed. The crowds pressed about him, shouting at him; but he neither saw nor heard them.

Heiny Unger turned to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and beheld—his son, Heiny, Jr.

Straight up to the band he came.

"*I want my fader!*" was all he said.

The crowd yelled and cheered; on all sides arose the shouts of the throng:

"Hoorah for little Heiny!" "Heiny, Jr!" "Let little Heiny lead the band!"

The thought came like an inspiration. Little Heiny lead the band? Why not! For countless generations his fore-fathers had been musicians; the music he so dearly loved came as naturally to him as the air he breathed.

All the past week, with eyes aglow he had watched the band in those wonderful, wonderful marches; he knew every move and turn made by the drum-major on those stirring occasions.

Heiny turned and faced the band.

"Boys, can he do it?"

Before any one could replied, little Heiny settled the matter by placing himself directly in front of them at the position of "attention!" just as he had seen the drum-major do.

Heiny glanced at the judges' stand and saw the signal ready to fall.

Hurriedly he addressed the band:

"Boys, we will not play the piece just selected. Turn to number 24 in the blue book,—we'll stand to win or lose by old Montrose,—and little Heiny!"

The signal fell in the judges' stand.

"Let the drums sound off!" shouted Heiny, and the march began.

Down the street they came, with little Heiny marching bravely in front, swinging the old cornet and keeping perfect time.

The crowd shouted, and cheered and yelled in delight at they passed. But above all the noise and din arose the profound and animating strains of old Montrose; never had the grand old march shown up like that before!

From the front rank where marched four abreast, the slide trombone players, with the slides of their instruments gliding in and out in perfect unison, back to the last row with Shorty and the drum, every man was playing his best, producing a mighty and irresistible wave of harmony.

On, on they came, the strains growing louder and louder. Past the stand they marched and formed a circle with little Heiny in the center.

When the band ceased playing, the scene was one such as had never been known in the history of Bloomfield. Someone grabbed the diminutive leader and he was tossed from one to another in a manner that would have frightened an ordinary child into convulsions.

The judges arose to render a decision, but no one paid much attention; all knew what it would be,—there could be but one verdict.

The members of the Rockdale Band, though naturally chagrined and disappointed were game, and generously applauded the winners.

Gradually the throngs dispersed. The farmers and wives, swains and sweethearts, sedate old horses and frisky young colts, all were homeward bound, and the greatest day Bloomfield had ever known was over.

There were many happy people in the little city when the shades of night hovered close; but there were three who were happier than all the rest!

One was an old, old man, known as "Uncle Billy Glover;" another a young man who played the "um-ta" music on the alto horn, and the third,—a quiet, little German mother in whose blue eyes glistened silent tears of joy and pride, as she tucked away to rest a small and very tired boy,—and softly murmured:

"My little Heiny!"

A LITTLE ROAD

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

O LITTLE road beyond the hill,
Your vagrant winding ways I know:
And why you wander soft and still
And loiter in one valley low
Where, Maytime called, the violets blow.

Your byway nooks with joy are rife.
It is because the world outside,
Those crowds of men whom we call life
Have not invaded you with pride,
Nor led you where the paths divide.

O little road, forget to learn!
And for the measure of my days,
Let here no wheel of torture turn,
No gaudy signboard stand ablaze;
But keep the comfort of your ways.



CUTTING DRAINAGE DITCHES IN THE COASTAL PLAIN OF TEXAS
The Forerunner of Fruit, Garden Truck and Rice Growing

THE RUSH INTO THE SOUTHWEST *THE FIRST GREAT MIGRATION IN PALACE CARS*

By FRANK PUTNAM

FOR the first time in the history of the human race, a great migration is taking place in Pullman cars. The springs that converge to form this tide of humanity rise in a dozen northern and eastern states. They form huge streams flowing through the southwestern gateways at St. Louis and Kansas City. The tide pours down into and through Oklahoma and Arkansas into Texas. Two nights each month out of St. Louis, and two other nights each month out of Kansas City, special home-seekers' trains of five Texas railroad systems start southward in from three to five sections, of from six to ten cars each. At the height of the movement through St. Louis, just before the banks began issuing picture cards in place of real money, the nights of the first

and third Tuesdays saw twenty-five train sections, with a total of close to 200 coaches, real plush-lined Pullmans, leave for the Texas Southwest crowded to the roof. Crowded, understand, not with poor immigrants, but with prosperous northern farmers, for the most part. Men able and willing to pay \$6 each for the privilege of stretching their legs two nights in the air-tight bunks that the Pullman company humorously describes as luxurious beds.

Who are these people? Well, I went up into the north central states a few weeks ago to find out who they are. I talked with land agents, with railroad passenger agents, with public officials and with agricultural experts, all of whom are watching this migration with a strong personal interest in it.

South Texas Cabbages that earn \$200 an acre annually on land worth \$50 an acre



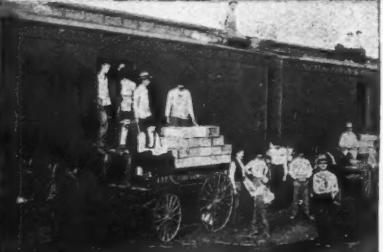
Home-seekers from Dakota in an Orange Orchard at Alvin, south of Houston



Rice field and canals, Houston District: First Crop taken from the Sod



Shipping Winter Strawberries from the Houston District by Express Freight



Picking Strawberries in February in the Houston-Galveston Fruit Belt for the Northern Markets



A Sleigh-ride in South Texas



I learned that the north central states and some of the states farther east have entered upon a new era, agriculturally. The farm lands of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, northern Missouri, southern Wisconsin and Minnesota and northeastern Kansas have risen in value to an average of \$100 an acre. The old style of farming won't earn a profit on the land at these prices. The old style of farming was done by a forty-acre man on a 160-acre farm. He knew nothing of soil chemistry and he kept no books of account. He usually raised wheat, or oats, or corn, on one piece of ground until he worked it out of the elements that produce that grain. He rotated his crops on hearsay advice from older men, and let his farm machinery stand out in the rain and snow. Not all of the last two generations of north central states farmers operated in this way. Each little community had its exceptions, who prospered beyond the average. Hundreds of these exceptional farmers, who took the trouble to learn something about the details of their soil, who bred their stock up instead of down, who studied the markets intelligently and kept books of account carefully, who used their profits buying more land from the less methodical—hundreds of these exceptional men have "moved into town"—the little villages that dot the agricultural regions of the north central states—and have become bankers and financiers. In a good many cases they transmitted their characteristics to sons who now adorn the village and small city banking, legal, mercantile and manufacturing branches of human activity.

What with the multiplication of agricultural colleges, thanks largely to Uncle Sam's generosity and wise forethought for the "feeders and providers" of the land, a new breed of farmers have come to the front in the states grouped about the northern watersheds during the past dozen years. These new farmers know their soil as a merchant knows—or ought to know—his stock. They keep accounts on every detail of their business—it has become a business, and a scientifically conducted business, in their hands. By the right use of fertilizers, by the right selection of breeding stock, by the utilization of by-products, by the conservation of machinery and energy, by the keeping of correct accounts and the shrewd

investment of income, this new breed of northern farmers have been able to make their high-priced land earn big profits.

Not unnaturally, they have been buying up the farms of the old style fellows who hadn't time to learn the new methods. Scores of thousands of old style farmers have within a decade sold their farms at prices averaging not less than a hundred dollars an acre. A quarter century ago most of the land was worth not more than one-fourth that. Some of it was worth one-half, but much of it sold for \$10 an acre and upward. With the proceeds of the farm sales in hand, or in bank at home, the sellers of northern lands have been prospecting the northwest, the west and the southwest for low-priced high-grade lands. A good many thousands of them have gone into Canada. They were used to cold winters and they knew how to raise wheat and stock. Some that went across the line into the Dominion have come back. Oklahoma got a million people inside her doors within twenty years. A good many of them were drawn from the ranks of these migrating northern farmers. The stream didn't break across the Texas line in any volume until five years ago. Too many people up north remembered General Sherman's humorous remark, prompted by the summer heat in the Rio Grande country, that if he owned hell and Texas, he would sell Texas and live in hell.

During the five years last past the tide into Texas has risen steadily. In the northern, the northwestern, the western and the southwestern portions of the great state are scores of thousands of northerners. They have lately begun discovering the gulf coast country. Colonies of them are growing winter fruit and truck in the regions tributary to Brownsville, Corpus Christi, Victoria and on eastward to the Sabine river. They are discovering that this coast country will grow oranges, figs, grape fruit, kumquats, lemons, berries and garden truck as lavishly as Southern California, and there is now a veritable rush to get coast lands.

The pioneers in the coast country have been up against something they didn't count on and didn't know how to remedy. It was something, too, that had to be remedied before the coast country could be made profitable or even habitable for the millions of



Peaches and Oranges in a Grove South of Houston



Budding Young Fig Trees on a Coast Country farm, at Algo, Texas



Burning off Cactus Thorns so that Cattle can eat the Plant, a Feature of the "New Farming" in Central West Texas



Sheep Ranch in Central West Texas

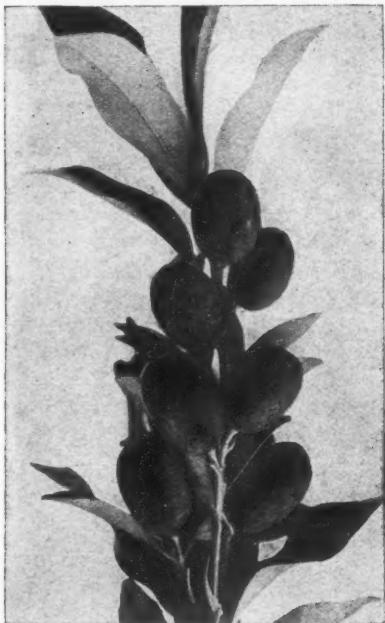


A Scene on the Cotton Wharves at Galveston



Field of Winter Onions near Houston

small farmers that ought to be living there. The thing that has barred the way is the lack of drainage. The whole Texas coastal plain slopes down to the gulf for a hundred miles with an average fall of a foot to the mile. Several times each winter the country gets rainfall of from two to six inches in



BRANCH FROM A KUMQUAT TREE

Picked in December, south of Houston. The Kumquat is about the size of an English walnut, has the skin of an orange, the body of a lemon and is eaten whole tastes like solidified lemonade.

less than twenty-four hours. There are not enough water courses to carry the rain-floods off to the gulf rapidly. The country is covered with a thick growth of wild grasses. These impede the recession of the rain floods into the bayous and rivers. The land is therefore under water for days at a time after each such rainfall. The soil grows cold and sour. It takes ten acres of it to sustain a grazing steer, and the animal that grows fat on this grazing has to possess an uncommonly cheerful mind, coupled with a habit of laborious application.

Now wherever a man, or a group of men, have dug ditches that will carry off the rainfall quickly, and have broken the ground and

left it to mellow for a year in the sun and rain, they have learned that it has remarkable fertility. As a rule it is a sandy loam, deep and porous. Here and there a man or a little colony has taken land that cost from \$4 an acre up to \$25, and has made it earn yearly net profits running from \$100 to \$1,000 an acre. It is the story of southern California over again, with a touch of Florida and southern Georgia. Nearly half a million acres of this coast land have been planted in rice. The single county of Jefferson, only 26 by 32 miles in extent, gets \$2,000,000 a year for its rice crop. Beaumont, and Spindle Top, located in Jefferson County, are better known than the rice farms, but Jefferson County is certain to make more money out of its rice farms, in the long reach of time, than it has ever made or ever will make out of its famous oil wells and refineries. For Jefferson County has three times as much land suited for rice production as it is now using in that industry, land that is steadily being brought under cultivation.



ONE-YEAR-OLD SATSUMA ORANGE TREE
in the Houston-Galveston District

Rice farming, or any other kind of successful farming or fruit-growing, in the Texas coast country, means drained land. Success is not possible on any other terms. The traveler through this region, if he takes time



HOUSTON'S FIRST MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE

It is also first in South Texas, that looms in upper Main Street as oddly as if it had wandered away from Michigan Avenue and got lost.

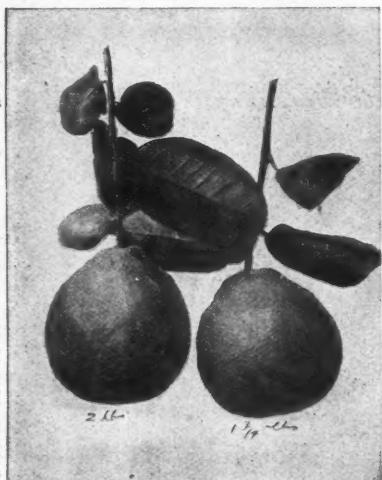
to get off the train and go into the interior occasionally, will come across places where the individual operator has diked his land on the upper sides, turning the floods off his ground, and has ditched his property toward its lower levels. One such place that I visited a fortnight ago lies half way between

Houston and Galveston. The owner bought his ground seven years ago for \$22.50 an acre, 200 acres of it. He broke the soil, diked and ditched after plans prepared by a competent engineer, and set out oranges, grape fruits, lemons, kumquats (a Japanese cross between a lemon and an orange), that

you eat skin and all, and that tastes on a hot day like a solidified lemonade) figs, roses and other sub-tropical winter fruits and flowers. That man holds his land today at \$300 an acre; you couldn't buy it for that. He says he will make it worth a thousand dollars an acre. He is a business man, and an expert horticulturist. He is moreover a hustler. All around his place, as far as the eye can reach, is land of precisely the

the ancient prejudice against new-comers continued. It is noticeable even today. Men that are successfully farming in this region will tell the home-seeker who comes prospecting there that the land is worthless for agriculture; that the winter floods spoil it; that it is fit only for grazing. If the first man on the ground can scare away later comers, his free range remains undisturbed. A lot of the country is held in huge tracts by land speculators. These men don't wish to sell. They don't wish to pay for improvements, such as drainage or roads. All they want is to be left in undisturbed possession of their holdings, virtually tax-free, until the pressure from without for access to land, any kind of land, sends the price of their properties high enough to make them millionaires. There is another class of knockers in the coast country—the fellows that have started on a small scale, have failed to make good, have got saturated with malaria from countless mosquito stings, and who honestly believe, measuring the possibilities of the land by their own failures due to ignorance and shiftlessness upon it, that the country "will never amount to anything."

Four years ago State Senator Griggs of Houston, working with State Senator Masterson of Galveston, crowned fifteen years of



LEMONS GROWN IN HUNDREDS OF HOUSTON GARDENS

same kind, for sale in any quantity at fifty dollars an acre. It is all subject to winter overflow from the clouds. I suppose the reason it is so cheap is that there is so much of it and so few people there ready to work it.

But hundreds of northern farmers and investors have bought land in this Houston-Galveston region during the six months last past, and others are coming in ever larger numbers.

A good many times during the last twenty years far-sighted legislators have tried to get the Texas general assembly to pass a law enabling the people in the coast country to bond their lands for money to build drainage systems. The old free-range sentiment always defeated these well-meant endeavors. Long after modern methods of producing beef, in the north, had taken the profit out of grazing longhorn cattle, or any other kind of cattle, on these vast south Texas plains,



THREE-YEAR-OLD FIG TREE AT ALGOA
South of Houston. Thousands of acres of figs and oranges are planted in this district

missionary work by getting a vote of the state on a constitutional amendment (that carried) permitting the formation of drainage districts in Texas. Messrs. Griggs and Masterson drew an enabling act under this amendment and the first drainage law was passed three years ago. The lawyers serving

the free-range and non-resident land-owning interests picked flaws in this law, and no districts were formed. Last winter a new law, providing for the formation of drainage, irrigation, road and waterway districts, was drawn up by Messrs. Griggs and Masterson, received the approval of the state's legal department and was passed. Under this law, now in force less than a year, a score or more districts have been organized, some for irrigation, some for roads, most of them for drainage. The stringency in the money market has prevented the offering of any of these district bond issues for sale up to the time of this writing. Armed with the guarantee of the attorney general of the state, these issues will, it is believed, find a ready market in the East. Private drainage has so often and so uniformly doubled, tripled and quadrupled the value of the lands drained that this feature of the case has come to be regarded as axiomatic.

At Beaumont, in middle January, I helped organize the Gulf Coast Drainage Association of Texas. Delegates were present from all the cities and towns along the coast. Mr. Peek, a sturdy farmer living between Beaumont and Port Arthur, and the man



SATSUMA ORANGE TREES, THREE YEARS OLD,
which transform \$40 acres into \$500 acres.

that organized the first drainage district under the Texas law, was elected president of the association, and other practical men, farmers and civil engineers, completed the list. This parent association will advise the local associations on points of law and engineering, will try to frame the local schemes into a

general plan for the whole coast country, and will help the local districts to fight their way past the opposition of the free range grabbers, the non-resident land-owners and the malarial mossbacks. There is every indication that this movement, now well begun, will within ten years result in the drainage of most of the gulf coast country of Texas. Just as certainly as it does, the world will see here another such marvelous development of



WINTER FRUITS FROM THE HOUSTON-GALVESTON DISTRICT

population and of new riches taken from orchard and garden as that one which has made southern California lands rise in a quarter century from a dollar an acre to a thousand.

It puzzled me at first to understand why the railroads and their thousands of sub-agents were pushing the Panhandle lands so much more vigorously than the other regions in east Texas, southeast Texas and the middle coast country. I learned that the roads got nearly all of their state land grants in the sections they are now advertising. Naturally they wish to sell their own lands first. A few years ago the group of big men that control the Rock-Island Frisco system bought several million acres of raw lands in the Brownsville region, along the Rio Grande. They have been advertising those lands persistently and intelligently and have brought in many thousands of buyers, most of whom are doing well and are satis-

fied with their investments. There is no doubt that when irrigation systems have been completed the Rio Grande region will be the richest producer of sugar and other sub-tropical staples on the continent. Brownsville is only fifty miles farther north than Key West. It is almost never visited by even a light frost, and is the only section of our continental area in which dates can be grown successfully.

At the Texas State Fair in Dallas, last October, I saw an exhibit of farm products



WINTER GOLF AT HOUSTON

The members of the group in the picture, from left to right, are: Colonel Hampton Cook, the best known journalist in Texas; Bolling Arthur Johnson, the prince of Southwestern story-tellers and the foremost figure in American lumber trade journalism; Frederick Upham Adams, novelist and magazine writer; Colonel Louis J. Wortham, editor of the Fort Worth Daily Star and one-time celebrated member of the Texas Rangers

brought from the heart of the Great American Desert. That is, it is located in the Desert as the geographies still in use in New England show it. A huge oval strip of country is indicated on the map with tiny dots, supposed by the dreaming small boy twisting his legs in a school seat to represent grains of sand. In this exhibit, which was hauled out of Deaf Smith County, sixty-five miles from a railroad, there was corn as big and

as firm as any I ever husked in Iowa, the crack corn state; there was cotton that would make the black waxy lands of the Dallas country hump to match it; there were beets and turnips and carrots two feet long, and other things that no man would credit until he saw them for himself.

"How did you do it?" I asked of the lean and kindly faced man in charge.

"Irrigation," he replied.

"Where do you get the water?"

"Wells."

"Flowing?"

"Some gushers; some we pump with gas engines."

"How long have you been there?"

"Five years."

"What is your land worth?"

"Fifty to sixty dollars, under water."

"Any more like it, not yet irrigated?"

"A few thousand square miles."

"What is it held at?"

"Two dollars up to twenty."

Then he showed me some bales of alfalfa—Kansas or Colorado never produced any of finer quality. "We cut this seven times a year," he said; "we get a ton to the acre each cutting—seven tons a year to the acre—and it's worth from \$9 to \$12 a ton in any city market in Texas. We can't send it out now, lacking a railroad, but we're feeding it and letting it walk out in the form of beef."

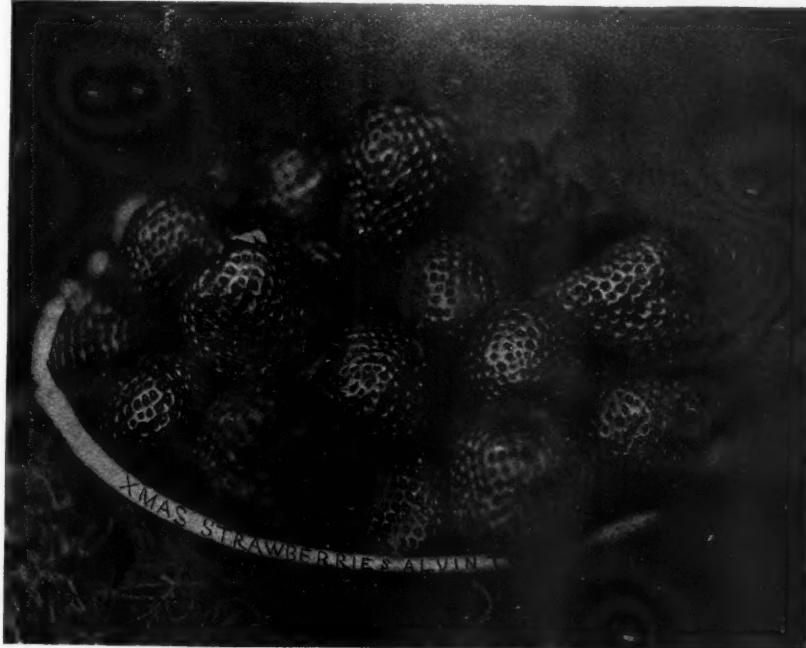
Peach-growers from Michigan are taking up the sandy lands of East Texas. One man set out 30,000 acres of peach trees. Others who came in before him say that is the best peach country in the United States.

They are building up rich fruit and truck-growing communities in that part of the state.

All over the north central states, in every little village and in every railroad station, are placards setting forth the merits of Texas lands. Agents are active. They or their principals buy the land, most of it in the arid or semi-arid belts, at from \$2 an acre up to \$6, and sell it at \$18 or \$20. They run land advertisements in hundreds of country weekly and daily newspapers. Fully one-half of the men they send into Texas go back disappointed. Luckily most of them are disappointed before they buy. They fail to find the kind of soil and climate they seek. What they want is here, in some part of the state, but the agent doesn't show it to them. He



THE WRITER AND MR. FRIEDMAN OF HOUSTON, AN ORANGE LAND SPECIALIST
Examining Texas Grape Fruit, the Last Specimens of the Crop of 1907, Picked from the Trees at Friendswood
in April, 1908, in Perfect Condition



CHRISTMAS STRAWBERRIES IN THE HOUSTON DISTRICT



ROSE GARDEN IN DECEMBER, ON A COAST COUNTRY FARM, AT ALGOA, TEXAS

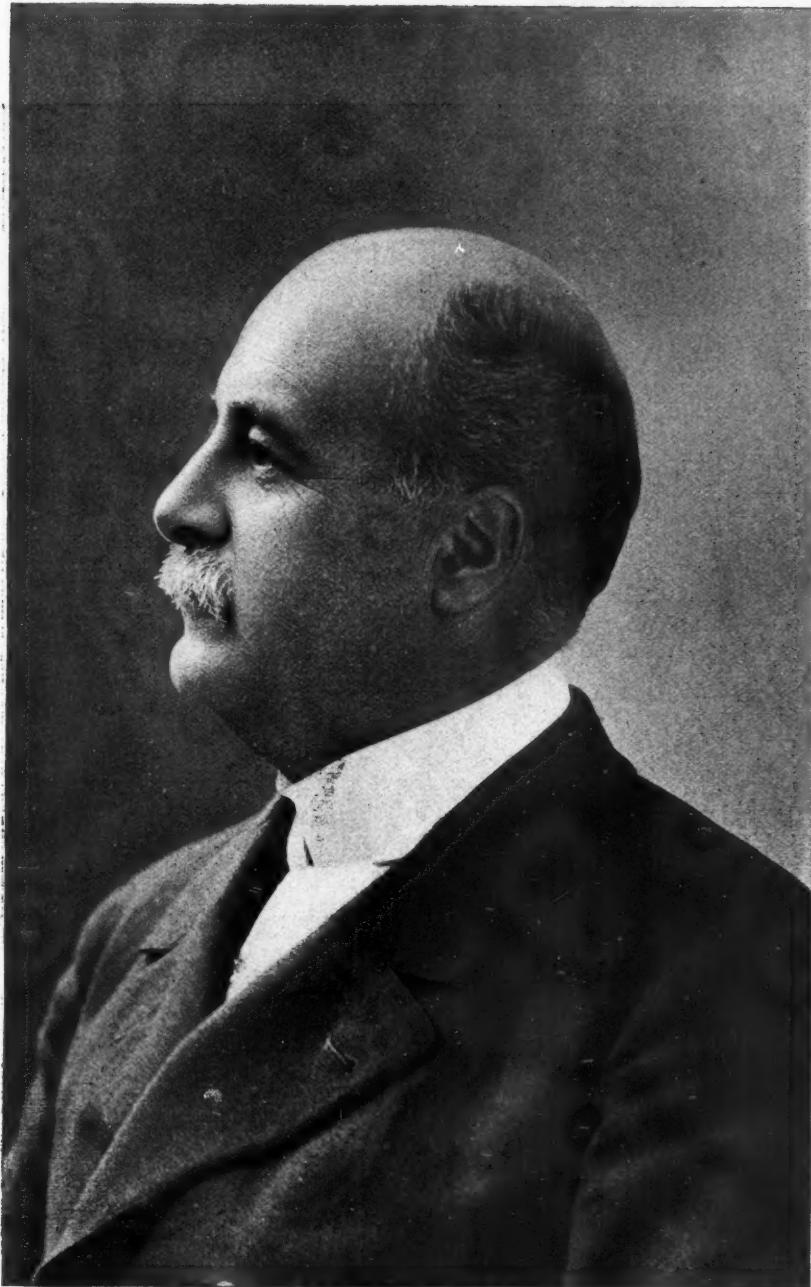
shows them what he has for sale, and he makes the biggest profits off the poorest lands. The official map of the artesian belts of Texas show that most of the arid and semi-arid regions have water under them, at depths ranging from 500 to 2,000 feet. It costs \$500 to \$2,500 to get a well. The average well will irrigate ten acres. A good gusher will serve twenty or thirty acres, and in a few instances a gusher has poured out a surplus that forms a lake in the nearest depression.

The railroads interested have told in their advertisements the wide range and variety of successes that have been made on Texas' raw lands by farmers from the north. These stories are all true, but they are not all the truth. The other half of the story is that of the northerners, who, because of their ignorance of farming, or because they didn't understand and failed to adapt themselves to new conditions, have lost what they invested. Texas today offers the migratory Anglo-

Saxon the last large area of available low-priced, high-grade lands within the bounds of the nation. But these lands are like all other new lands in this respect, that if a man is to win success upon them he must possess a working knowledge of the soil, the climate, the markets and, generally, of his trade. Some clerks and others unskilled in any kind of farming have gone on five or ten acres of the coast land in the Houston-Galveston district, or on the irrigated lands around San Antonio and Corpus Christi, and have put money in the bank raising berries, fruit and truck, but they are the exceptions. Fitness is here, as elsewhere, the condition of success. The northern land seeker, happily, comes into Texas with ample means to start his new operations on an economic scale, if he stays, and with money enough to leave on if he doesn't.

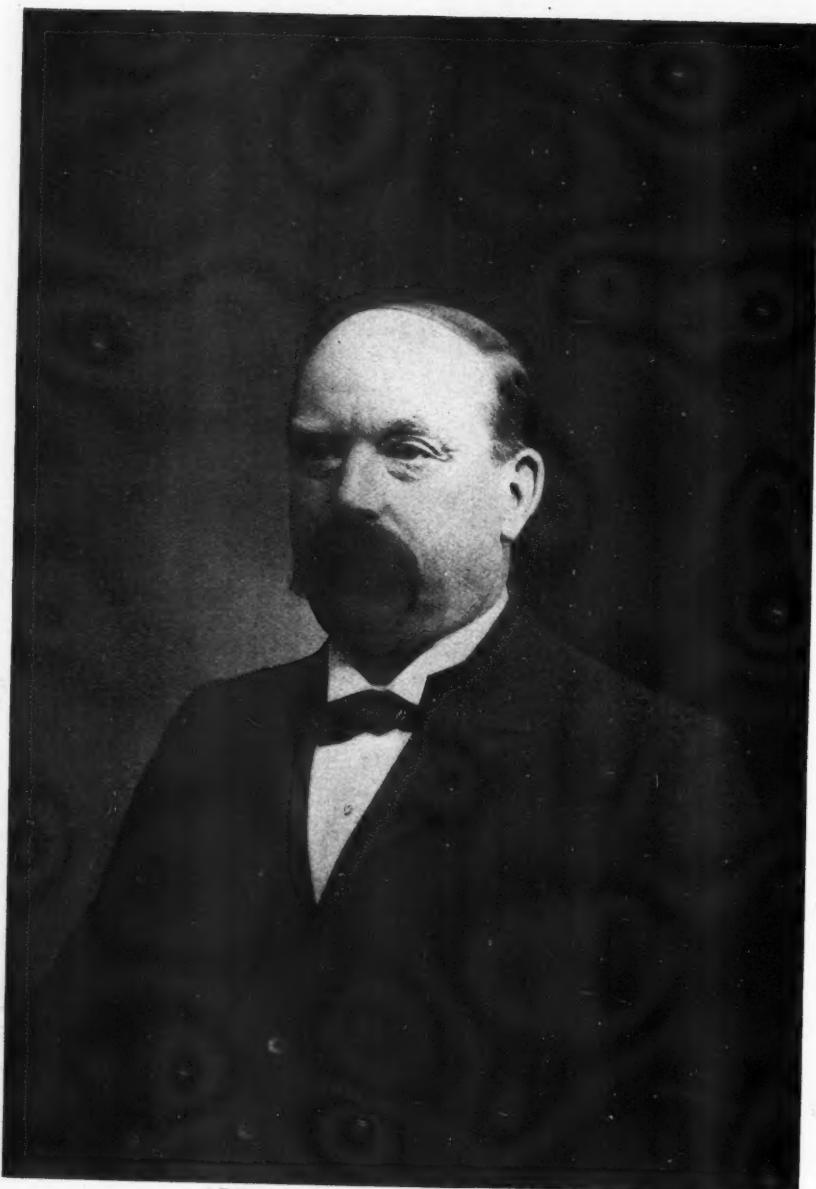
It is, all things considered, the richest migration in history, as well as the only one that has been chiefly conducted in palace cars.





LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR EBEN S. DRAPER

Who has so ably filled the position of Governor of the Commonwealth during the serious illness of Governor Guild. His prompt and efficient service in behalf of the Chelsea sufferers has endeared him to the hearts of the people of the old Bay State who will make him their next Governor



DAVID BAIRD OF CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

THE STORY OF DAVID BAIRD

By MITCHELL MANNERING

SWEEPING the horizon in search of men who are types of our times, men who have "done things," men whose influence and power have made an impression upon our national life, through the kindness of Congressman Harry Loudenslager, I met Mr. David Baird, of Camden, New Jersey.

It is not necessary to tell anyone in New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey anything about David Baird, for he is well known there as a virile, strong type of adopted citizen, whose life-story is fascinating and inspiring.

A red-cheeked, Irish boy, after the death of both his parents, in the sturdy strength of his seventeen years, he set sail for the new land of promise, where "there's bread and work for all." For eleven weeks that sailing vessel careened with the tossing waves, buffeted by the winds of the Atlantic, but at last, in August 1856, the Irish lad landed in New York. His story, since his birth in County Derry, Ireland, April, 1839, reads like a romance, and is as thrilling as the history of the defence made by that famous city of his home county, when the resolute citizens starved behind their strong walls rather than relinquish what they believed to be a righteous cause. Mr. Baird is animated by just such a spirit as was possessed by the daring young apprentice who with his own hands closed the gates of Londonderry, and commenced the siege that has gone down into history as one of the most resolute defences ever made for home and religion.

At Port Deposit, Maryland, the young Derry lad worked on a farm known as Brick Meeting House, where he earned \$6 a month and his board. The panic of 1857 came and it was evident that there would be no more work for the Irish lad, even at low wage. He was about to set forth in search of work when the good wife of the farmer pleaded with her husband to let "David stay and work for his board. He is such a good boy and always gets things done," she said. So David remained until the spring of 1858, when he was employed by Gillingham & Garrison in

rafting logs on the Susquehanna River, at a wage of \$16 per month.

At a luncheon recently given at the Union League Club, in Philadelphia, it was affecting to hear this man, who has long since reaped success beyond his wildest hopes, pay a tribute to that good wife who made an effort to save him a winter of hardship. Nothing could have more plainly indicated the warm heart and splendid qualities of the man who in youth, was accounted a good "log sailor."

On this same occasion a suggestive tribute was paid to Mr. Baird himself at the Union League of Philadelphia, by the Republicans of Southern New Jersey; that banquet was an event in the history of the party and state. The greeting to the honored guest of the occasion expressed the feeling of his friends in a very charming manner:

"It seems the whole durned country
Has come around tonight
To celebrate your doin's
In the great South Jersey fight,
To take you by the hand, old man
And say, 'Dave, you're all right.'"

"Dave's all right," seems to be the general opinion, even when expressed in a more conservative but not less positive manner by Philadelphia's prominent business men, with several of whom I talked; his political associates also chime in promptly with the sentiment, "Dave is a good man."

Mr. Baird hails from the same town as Walt Whitman, and many other celebrated names come to mind in connection with the state, deepening the conviction that New Jersey is the right place for training and keeping the best men, whether in literature, politics, business, or billion dollar corporation.

Mr. Baird is one of those men who never forget a friend, and when in later years he returned to Port Deposit his first care was to go in search of the farmer's wife, but the patron saint of Brick Meeting House had passed to a wider sphere of work. The grateful lad invited the bereaved farmer to come and see him in his prosperous days at \$16 a month, and afterwards visited the Old

Brick Meeting House to assure himself that the good farmer lacked nothing, for the successful young man never forgot those who had shown kindness to a homeless lad.

It was probably his early experience which moulded the opinions of David Baird and made him an ardent Republican for life. The hard times on the farm and the panic of 1857 taught him by bitter experience what the days of "ten-cent Jimmy Buchanan" meant to the working man, and made him in after years a consistent adherent of his party—irrespective of his own business affairs.

Those happy days on the Susquehanna River are still recalled by Mr. Baird; it is delightful to hear him tell of the swirling rapids, the rolling logs, the seething waters that are as fresh and forceful as that rich brogue, which he declares is "as good now as ever." As he talks, one almost sees the logs coming down the Pennsylvania primeval forests. It is easy to see that then as now he loved America and American institutions, and already promised to be what he has since become—a type of those men who have created wealth and influence from the latent opportunity of a new country, and have used their acquisitions to help their fellowmen, rather than for personal aggrandizement.

In 1859 Mr. Baird came to Camden, New Jersey, and his sincere loyalty to the firm for which he worked soon advanced him to the position of foreman, in which he had charge of rafting lumber on the Susquehanna and delivering it at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and New Haven. During the panic of 1873, when he felt that his employers were paying him a salary that he was not earning, he insisted on embarking in business for himself, with a capital of less than a thousand dollars, which represented his entire savings, and that is a story by itself.

In 1868 David Baird married Christiana Beaty, an Irish lass; in 1873, when the hard times came it was his wife who had ready for use the savings that started Mr. Baird in business, and what a tribute he paid to her, who had stood by him in all the struggles of business and political life, always understanding his purposes, and always inspiring him with the highest ideals and the brightest hopes. Never have I heard a more beautiful tribute paid in so few words, and while he spoke I realized what a heavy loss the husband sustained in the death of such a wife.

Despite the fact that he began business in the teeth of that panic, Mr. Baird began to make money, aided by his former employers who told the bank that "David was to have anything he wanted." In the years that followed the young man started in the business in which he had formerly been employed, and had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of his sometime employers warm expressions of gratitude and appreciation, who were always ready with a "good word" for a loyal worker who has since become one of the richest men in the community in which he resides.

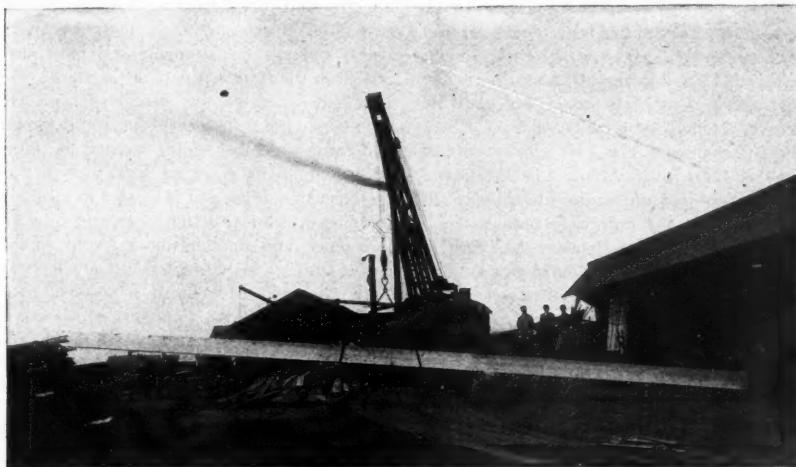
Early in life the young Irishman showed a decided aptitude and liking for politics, and even before he had a vote he allied himself to the party and principles for which he has been a lifelong worker. After he had entered into business he was asked to become a candidate for the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the County of Camden, in 1875. The matter was discussed in the humble, two-tenement home that had been provided by their own earnings, and it was the bright-eyed Irish wife who encouraged him to take up his duties as an American citizen. The young man called the attention of the lady of the home to the fact that "it cost money to be elected," for at that time "the bright metals" were somewhat scarce in that household. Mrs. Baird promptly went to a pillow that was her especial pride and from it took the savings that furnished funds for David Baird's first campaign. He was popular with "the boys," and when he made the fight it was to win, though in the beginning he was somewhat hard pushed. He was elected for four years and was a member of the Court House Committee during the time of his membership. Mr. Baird's activity in the interests of his party and loyalty to his friends soon became known throughout the state. He was interested in everything that concerned New Jersey and Camden County and helped to build the Insane Asylum, in Blackwood, and the new county office building. He was nominated as sheriff of Camden County, after a bitter contest at the polls, where he was opposed by one Democratic candidate and two Republicans. Mr. Baird was the only Republican candidate elected in the county at that time. After an interim of two terms he was again nominated for sheriff for 1896 and was chosen at the

same time that William McKinley was elected president. He enjoys the distinction of being the only man ever elected more than once for the office of sheriff in Camden County, and was also the only sheriff who was successful in having his deputies elected to succeed him, which is suggestive of Mr. Baird's loyalty to his associates.

As a delegate to the National Republican Convention in Minneapolis, Mr. Baird was an active factor in securing the nomination for Benjamin Harrison, also in the election of Governor Griggs in 1896, of Governor Voorhees in 1899, of Governor Murphy

in 1905, and is still a member being at present president of this board.

Mr. Baird was a devoted admirer of General William J. Sewell, United States Senator, and his tribute to his old chief emphasized the fact that to be a leader one must know how to serve faithfully. Mr. Baird is truly a leader of men, and holds the position of political chief in South Jersey. He did much to forward the election of Mr. Jess, a Camden County boy who became speaker of the House of Assembly, and also active in securing the election of Henry J. West as State Comptroller. His successful work on behalf of



PLANT OF THE DAVID BAIRD LUMBER COMPANY AT CAMDEN, N. J., SHOWING HOW THE MAMMOTH SPARS ARE HANDLED

in 1902, and of Governor Stokes in 1905 and lastly of Governor Fort in 1908. In 1900 he was chosen as national elector for president and delegate to the National Convention to Chicago, which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for president. At the St. Louis Convention, when President McKinley was nominated, Mr. Baird was active in the selection of Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey, for vice-president. He secured the delegates from Alabama for Mr. Hobart; that state being the first on the roll call it had much to do with influencing results. A democratic governor appointed Mr. Baird as member of the State Board of Assessors in 1895, which office he resigned to become a nominee for sheriff. In 1901 he was again made a member of the same board and was also appointed

friends emphasizes his strength as a state leader of his party. In several campaigns he has been prominently mentioned as a candidate for United States Senator. He is especially suited to fill public office, because there is nothing of importance, either for the betterment of the state or the city, that fails to secure his attention and aid. Large hearted and charitable, he has always been a contributor to churches and is particularly interested in the Young Men's Christian Association, an institution to which he gives largely; he especially delights in assisting young men, and expends money and time to secure their advancement in life. He has not forgotten the struggles of his youth and one of the greatest factors in his career has been the fidelity to his word when once given.

His promises, whether in business or politics, are always kept, no matter at what sacrifice to himself, and he evidently is one of the old-time men who "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Hard work and fidelity to duty have been the keynotes of his successful career. He is frank and self-sacrificing and does not hesitate to inconvenience himself to fulfill a promise to a humble friend. He candidly acknowledges a mistake, and is eager to make full return for any favor received; he says: "My heart was in it; I would have felt an ingrate to do otherwise."

Mr. Baird is a fine example of manhood, and has all the prowess of the raftsman; he is stocky and powerful in build, wears a heavy mustache, and has keen blue eyes; Mr. Baird has an emphatic way of bringing down his fist that emphasizes his conviction. He is peculiarly devoted to his family, and his affection is equalled by theirs for him. They believe absolutely in him, and when in former days his wife said: "You will beat him, Dave," there was not a dissentient voice all along the line. "I may have been wrong," he said, "but they were always with me."

Mr. Baird has a beautiful home in Camden, but is one of those men who has never been envied because of his modest success—sharing it far and wide, doing good to all, and everyone is welcome to a share in his prosperity. Mrs. Baird was noted for her philanthropy and her warm-hearted way of helping others.

In early days Mr. Baird won distinction in other lines than politics, he had the honor of towing the first raft of spars from New York to Boston; its value was \$25,000 and the safe conduct of such a raft was considered an impossible feat until achieved by the enterprising young Irishman. He also towed valuable rafts from Lake Michigan to Buffalo, through the Erie Canal, down the Hudson River to New York, and to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk. For many years Mr. Baird purchased spars and piling from Alger, Smith & Company, of Detroit, Michigan, and his business relations with, and tribute to General Alger aptly exemplify that "comrade" spirit which prevails in the lumber trade, in which the men are always ready to help each other during troublesome times, when the worth of friendship is tested. At such periods David Baird has always been a true friend.

The enterprising man from Derry has also dealt in timber, lands, saw and planing mills in Pennsylvania, New York and the South, and knows the quality of timber as well as he does human nature. He seems instinctively to recognize sound wood and a good man and it is this insight which has created his fortune, combined with his doing and daring things that other men never attempted. His feats in raft transportation are well known in the lumber trade, and represent a saving of thousands of dollars, owing to the expert methods employed.

Mr. Baird is active in commercial life and is interested in the financial institutions of his city, and in building associations, which have been in existence more than twenty-six years, and are the strongest and most successful in the southern part of the state. He is president of one of these societies. He succeeded John F. Starr, war congressman and former member of the district, as president of the First National Bank, which was established in 1855, and is located in a stately building of colonial design, surrounded by an iron fence, and standing in the center of the city. During his presidency the deposits have doubled. Mr. Baird is also director of the Security Trust Company of his home city, and is loved and revered by his fellow citizens in Camden—his home—where his "boys" and friends all agree "Dave is a real man."

Some five years ago he purchased an extensive property in Camden at the foot of Pearl Street, where in 1859 he found his first employment in Camden; he has now on this site a large lumber, saw and planing mill and spar manufacturing business and has also an extensive spar making establishment in Brooklyn, New York. This enterprise is known as the David Baird Company and those interested are: Mr. Baird, his two sons, Irvine Baird and David Baird, Jr., bright active young men, and E. F. Van Stavoren who came into Mr. Baird's employ some twenty years ago.

At all times there can be found at this plant some of the largest timbers and spars that are to be had in any section of the country. The large stock includes yellow pine from the South, white pine, fir and oak from various sections, in fact almost everything in the lumber or spar line is to be found in the large and varied stock.

THE ELDER'S SERMON

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

THE elder was tall. This is an elastic term, but in this instance its use has not been violated. A good six inches he stood over the fair six feet, which in themselves justify the use of the word. And straight he was with a clean, boyish face and the confident, easy carriage of the true soldier, for this happened in '63 and the elder was the color-bearer of the 'steenth Indiana.

Partly because of his appearance, partly because of his ancestry, but chiefly because of the beautiful antithesis of the term, was the title of "Elder" thrust upon him; for of all the mischief lovers of the old steenth, the Elder easily stood premier. After the fall of Vicksburg, when the cords of war were relaxed through the comforting knowledge that a great deed had been greatly done, the steenth were gathered in camp and the young blood which had been heated in conflict, was allowed to bubble over in rollicking mirth. Jokes were the order of the day, and while most of the luxuries of life were lacking, the toughened bodies, the rugged constitutions, and the habitual patience of the tried campaigner glossed everything over and made Camp Morton a pleasant spot in which to dwell.

One morning a colored uncle of venerable appearance, courtly ease, and that differential air which is relished by none so much as by the radical advocate of universal equality, was ushered into the tent of Colonel Milton. Grasping his hat by the back, taking it off in a flattering way which in itself was a ceremony, and holding it obsequiously at his side, he said in the musical notes of natural melody: "Marse Gin'r'al, kin you-all let me see yo preacha?"

"Preacher?" snorted the Colonel. "Well, just at present, this outfit is short, just one preacher."

"I beg yo pahdon, Marse Gin'r'al, I's done heahed a heap o' you-all's Eldah. Can't yo let me see him?"

"Why Uncle, the Elder is the toughest man in the regiment. Don't you have any deal-

ings with him or he'll make a joke of you."

Not discouraged, the old darkey sought his quarry from tent to tent, always hearing the same discouraging report, but resolutely refusing to become discouraged; until at last he found the object of his search, drew him to one side, and taking off his hat said wistfully: "Marse Eldah us colohed folks havn't had no preachin' fo a mighty long spell, an' we'd sho be obleeged if you-all 'd come down an' give us a rousin' sermon—Hell-fire an' evehlastin' to'ment an' all; case we sholy is wallowin' in the miah ob sin."

"Well now Uncle," said the Elder with overpowering earnestness, "I should feel supremely emulated to accomodate you; but I'll tell you how it is. I've been fighting for you people, I've been wading through blood for you, and now I'm weak—spiritually and physically, I'm weak. Now if you folks could fetch me in a few hams and some honey and corn-pone and such-like mundane munifications, for a week or so until my strength comes back, I'll be flamboyantly felicitated to give you a work-out that will harrow up your soul, stirpulate your immobility and render you fit for the day of judgment."

The pompous words boomed along on the Elder's sonorous voice and the old man was smiling joyously as he turned to leave. "We'll do that, Marse Eldah, we sholy will." And he was as good as his word. That very afternoon the bounty began to arrive. Sweet potato pies, boiled hams, honey, hoe-cake, sidemeat—even butter, until the comrades of the complacent Elder stood about with their mouths watering and their eyes taking on a homesick, wistful glaze. Without the slightest disrespect to the heart, a man's stomach retains the home feeling the most faithfully.

As soon as he was left alone, the Elder proceeded to regale himself as though he could recover both his spiritual and his physical strength in one afternoon. He was the soul of generosity and his comrades gathered about expectantly.

"Not a bite," said the Elder decisively, "not even a smell. Do you think that I am going to risk my immortal soul to fill your bellies? I am going to fatten up in a conscientious manner, and if grace does come after meat, I'm going to give those darkies all the Hell they are able to digest. But you're not in on the deal. You tried to spoil it by libelling my fair name, and furthermore, I believe that you are all thieves at heart, only waiting for an opportunity."

After eating to his full capacity, the Elder whittled a toothpick and strolled jauntily down the tented street. Meeting the captain of his company, he saluted gravely and said with the easy composure of the humored scampgrace, "Captain, I'm going to make thieves of every man in your command."

The captain having found hidden dangers in asking former innocent questions, merely smiled and the Elder sauntered on until he found a comfortable log, on which he sat to ponder over the unexpectedness of his recent blessings.

Day after day, the program was thus carried on. The grizzled uncles, the fat mammys, and the shinéy pickaninnies brought their tribute to the Elder's larder, paused a moment with proprietary privilege to watch him regale himself, and then left him alone. Alone with his ambitious appetite, his bountiful provisions, and his envious comrades who stood afar off, gazing. After he had surfeited himself, he would whittle the toothpick which each day grew in length and importance, and would then stroll in a deliberately ostentatious manner while he glanced superciliously from right to left.

As soon as his retreating back had completely disappeared, his fellows would rush jubilantly forth and devour all that remained. Of a truth, thievery in company "A" was an assured virtue.

At the end of a week, Uncle Clem, the original ambassador drew nigh unto the tent of the Elder and opened to his approving gaze, a pair of fried chickens. Brown and luscious and savory, they smiled up into his grave, boyish face, with its twinkling eyes, and the heart of the Elder warmed in his breast. With a practiced hand, he sought out the daintiest pieces and ate them with the dreamy criticism of a man to whom hunger is no longer a personal matter, while Uncle Clem looked on in gratified pride.

"Marse Eldah, yo sutinly is gettin' fat, yo sholy is. You cheeks is pouched out, an' if you wasn't so inspeakable tall, I'd sholy say 'at you was gettin' chuffy. Isn't yo strength all come back yet?"

For answer the Elder rose to his feet, took the little man by the elbows and held him out at arms' length, while he smiled good-naturedly, "Well Uncle, I'm getting so I can be about pretty much all day now, and as a rule I can keep a tolerable fair amount of solid food on my stomach. Of course, I'm not what I used to be, but I'm picking up, I'm picking up."

"You sholy is! indeed you is!" cried the delighted darkey as he looked with unfeigned admiration at the man who had handled him in such a care-free way. "When yo goin' to give us ouah discou'se Eldah? We sholy is wanderin' in the wilde'ness, but we's waitin eage'ly fo' the light. When yo goin' to preach to us Eldah, when you goin' to preach to us?"

In order to accommodate his tastes in the way of private entertainment, the Elder was perforce a consummate actor. A deep shade of resignation crept over his fresh, wholesome face, and he placed his hand affectingly upon his heart. "In one week more, brother, I expect to be able to bring you words of hope and cheer."

"It ain't hope an' cheeh we want," said Uncle Clem hastily. "It's wrath an' jedge-ment! We's been flounderin' in sin so long—especially them young men an' the gals—that what we need now is suthin' to stir us up, suthin' to rouse us, suthin' to' scialh us. What we need is repentence an' tribulation. We's been cheered up too much lately—especially them young men an' the gals."

"Well then brother," said the Elder decisively, "in just one week from tonight, I'll come down and give you a talk. Tell 'em I'm out of practice and won't be able to put up much of a harangue, but I'll give 'em all the shudders I can—and if I can find a Bible, I'll read 'em a chapter out of it. But," as the old man started to leave, "don't forget the importance of keeping my strength up."

"We'll keep you eatin' right along, don't you neveh feah, but Eldah, ef you'll scuse de liberty, I feel obleeged to say 'at I neveh would 'a' believed 'at any one man could 'a' consumed all them victules what yo-all has. Yo sholy must be a powerful man when you're in full form."

All the next week, Company "A" lived upon the fat of the land, of a land too which every foraging party in the regiment was willing to take oath had long since been fried to the cracklings. The Elder ate and sauntered and grew sleek and joyous, and slept in perfect peace with never a twinge of conscience and never an ethical shudder.

A few days before the one set for the preaching, however, another person called at Camp Morton to see the Elder. This was the representative of an entirely different class. A beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, mounted upon a black horse. Both of them bore traces of privation and both of them illustrated the term, thoroughbred. There was no chaffing of these two. The girl's bright eyes looked into the faces of the men with perfect composure not altogether unmixed with mild contempt, and she was so absolutely confident of the treatment which would be accorded her, that, as is usually the case, it was accorded her without question. She finally came upon the Elder just as he was putting the finishing touches upon one of his famous feasts.

The girl drew up at the door of his tent and looked at him—just looked at him. From toe to cap, her leisurely gaze traveled and then dropped back to his eyes, where it paused while she concentrated the batteries of her scorn upon him. He tried to return her look with passive unconcern, but was not able to do so, and rose to the salute covered with unwonted confusion. Again her eyes traveled the journey from his soles to his curls and again she paused to pour the fire of contempt upon his already burning features.

Never was there a more pleasing journey for maiden eyes to make, but when at last she spoke, the sneering taunt in her low, perfectly modulated voice, stung like a whip: "And so you are the Elder? You are the man who has stooped to turn the holy traditions of religion into a bait to catch provisions with. Clem told me about you and said that you had an appetite like the plagues of Egypt. But do not be alarmed, he thinks it a cause for pride. Some way, you have much the same appearance as I should suppose the spirit of famine must possess. I am glad to have seen you. It makes me understand some of the other outrages which you Yankees have perpetrated. It seems a

shame that with all the good material used in your construction, there was none from which to form a brain or a heart. Now do not waste any of your valuable time in answering, but go on with your meal, and be thankful that you have been mercifully blunted to all the finer sensibilities, for their possession would only make you despise yourself."

She looked upon him and had spoken to him with much the same candor that one uses in discoursing of a caged reptile, and after a final glance, she turned and galloped away, as graceful as a deer and as beautiful as the dawn. The Elder looked after her while a dull red mottled his cheeks and in his heart, he acknowledged that he had been slapped by the iron hand of chivalry. He lowered his eyes and noted that in his hand, he still held the ham-bone from which he had been eating. It was not an esthetic sight. He looked up and saw half a dozen of the boys grinning at him, it was not soothing. He raised the ham-bone and hurled it into their midst, it was not polite, and then he stalked off alone to the oak woods, which was not sociable.

The Elder did not find the succeeding days quite satisfying although his contributions were increased, rather than diminished. One striking item in the varied subsidy was brought by a small, jet-black, little pickaninny with her hair tied up in witch papers. It was a small trough such as a favored pig is fed from. It was daintily wrapped and bore a card which said: "with the compliments of Miss Cynthia Sinclair." The package also contained two bottles: one bearing the legend, "for the appetite," and the other, "for the digestion."

The Elder had many of the bad traits of the truly masculine man, even as he had some of the good traits of that wonderful creation, the feminine woman. He was emphatically masculine now. Having been convinced that he was in the wrong, his very obstinacy compelled him to brazen it out. Armed guards could not have prevented him from accepting the contributions which continued to materialize from an apparently aching void; fire nor water could have kept him from holding the promised meeting, neither moldering ages nor boundless space, could have blotted out the face of the girl who had shamed him before his better nature.

and in the sight of his friends. For it is thus that man accepts the stinging truth when it is thrust upon him.

When the night finally arrived, Uncle Clem was at his post. In a big covered basket, he brought the finishing feast which was to supply the robust Elder with the fuel which would later thunder forth in mighty exhortation, and waken the slumbering souls of his people—"especially the young men an' the gals." As the Elder recognized the fact that it would be utterly impossible for him to consume a fifth of that bountiful meal, he told Uncle Clem to retire to the verge of the forest and await him as he desired to spend the remaining time in meditation. He called in four choice spirits and told them that they would have to accompany him and lead the singing, as part payment for all the tribute which they had confiscated; and when they had finished, the five started forth; the Elder with his curly hair combed as flat as possible and his face newly shaven, while in his left hand he carried a New Testament and in his right, to lend dignity, a staff.

It was rather a long walk through the oak woods, quiet and mysterious and filled with vague, indistinct murmurs. The happy-go-lucky spirit had deserted the Elder and in its place had come a disconcerting, retrospective mood which sadly interfered with the even tenor of his way. Thoughts of the old home kept crowding in upon him; thoughts of the father, whose gentle heart rebelled at the rigid creed his stern theology compelled him to preach, and whose sermons on future punishment were always given with quaint and unsuspected apology.

It had been an unswerving and dogmatic religion upon which the Elder had been fed, and while it had been somewhat tempered, it had been administered without adulteration. In the army, he had met with many free, or rather reckless, thinkers, whose bold scoffings had obliterated the fetters which freedom from home environment had already loosened, and for many a month, the Elder had floated complacently in a new orbit of his own finding.

But tonight, in spite of himself, the old order had come crowding in upon him. Looking back along the path of memory, he saw the pleasant vale of childhood, through the mists of love and yearning, all the hard lines were softened, the rigid justice of his

father, the tender virtue of his mother—the blessed peace of his home itself—all seemed a part of this stern religion upon which his untried reason had seen fit to break a spear, and as he stalked silently through the dark forest, a hollow craving in his breast seemed to suck up the strength of his nature and the cords which bound him to his best beloved, seemed about to be torn asunder.

His active mind had never been his slave, it had always sought its own walks without awaiting the consent of his will, and now he could not restrain it. It hurt him to think that it was not some vague, impersonal religion which he was soon to burlesque, it was the religion of his father, it was the religion of his mother, it was the most sacred thing in both their lives and he was about to profane it—to drag it ruthlessly through a mire of mockery, partly as a joke, partly because it appealed to his theatrical nature, but finally, because he was pledged to it. The word of the Elder, once given seriously, was a chain of steel and his was not the power to break it. So all the way he waged his spiritual battle in silence, while his quartet, reveling in anticipation fathered by past experience, made jocular allusions and crafty comments upon the coming meeting, but the quiet of the Elder impressed the watchful Clem and in his simple heart, he rejoiced to see that the preacher was taking his task so seriously and so reverently.

When they reached the center of the glade, where stood an old, deserted log-cabin, they found at least three hundred darkies gathered together. They were of all shapes and sizes and Clem, who appeared to be the unquestioned master of ceremonies, wasted no time. He stepped into the doorway of the cabin which was raised about two feet from the ground, and addressed the meeting: "Now all you niggahs get quiet right away. Seat yo-selves whah you's gwine to stay until this heah meetin's oveh, an' recollect Ah don't want no disturbance, er Ah'll bust somebody's head. The Eldah, who has purt nigh recoveh his strength agin, will now address you."

A large number of torches, which had been fastened to the trees and to stakes in the ground, lit up the scene and made it weird and strange. The dark faces before the Elder, looked up into his eyes with a pathetic faith which was oddly disconcerting. As he

stood before them and saw that they expected something which would still the clamor in their hearts and draw them back to the ways of peace, he felt a strange warm wave sweep up through his bosom, and fill him with a great desire to help them. The war had all along, in spite of its bloody battles been something of a lark to him. He had never thought deeply of the people whom he was fighting to make free; but as he looked into the sea of upturned faces, which seemed to surge on and on until it embraced all the others of their class, a great pity for them filled his heart.

Aliens they were in a strange land and aliens they must ever be. No matter what their political status might become, a great gulf must ever yawn between them and the people who had brought them from the freedom of the savage to the savagery of the slave, and who were soon to turn them adrift upon a barren desert of surface liberty, whose limitations would be all the more galling because they would be set by the eternal gulf of personal characteristics, rather than by the less humiliating stigma of forceful suppression. He saw that education would not extend to them the privilege of unchallenged equality, but would only bring them to a realization of the cross which nature or its God had laid upon them. They could never hope to sit with the victors after the tourney was over. The greatness of their deeds might be recognized, but they must leave their sacrifices upon the Altar of History and silently withdraw once more into the gloom of exclusion, while the lamps of fraternity glowed above the complacent laurels upon the brows of less deserving heroes.

The Elder did not reach these conclusions through the slow process of thought. His emotional nature was as finely adjusted as the heart of a good woman, and in his nervous stimulation, he beheld with the eye of an ancient seer the long vista of the future with its answerless question. He felt in the tense hush which rested upon his audience, that they were eager for strong words, that there was a real hunger in their hearts for something which their own lives failed to give them, and their blind faith in him and their dumb hope in him and their reverent silence before him, wafted away the lighter fabric of his nature, and bared the deep, broad love which is oft times the foundation in the

character of the scape-grace. He had intended to draw the most sulphurous picture of an actual Hell, which his imagination could evolve, but when he faced these people, doomed for all time to climb the hill of sand, weighted down by the clog of an irrevocable handicap, he wanted to give them love, love and peace and the hope of a beautiful life beyond the cold, gray sea. For the first time in his life he saw the majesty of spirit towering above the pretense of intellect, and his face seemed to glow as from a light shining within.

"Friends," he said softly, and there was a caress in the word which touched each heart like a cooling hand upon the fevered brow. "I cannot open this meeting with prayer, for I dare not stand before you tonight as one fit to act as mediator before the Throne of Light. The cry which goes up from my heart as I stand before you tonight, is: 'Lord be pitiful to me a fool.' You have been charitable to me. I was a stranger and ye took me in, I was hungry and ye fed me, and I know that there must be much love in your hearts—and that is the one important thing in all this life. Don't worry too much about the future. If you live just one day at a time, as well as you can, you are already dwelling in eternity, and when each setting sun finds you with a good day behind you, little else can matter. Just remember that each day is a stone in your temple, for each life is but a temple raised to its own God."

His voice was deep and mellow, a new light, humble, earnest, and loving, shone from his eyes, and the hearts of the listeners were joined to the heart of the speaker in that mystical union which ever marks the communion of sincerity. His quartet looked at the Elder in amazement. In a sense, he had betrayed their confidence, but they too felt the harmony of the meeting and when he asked them to sing, they took up the pleasant old song, "In the Sweet Vales of Eden." The four young voices floated out through the oak trees, the audience took up the strain, and full and rich and peaceful, the melody wafted up into the violet, star-set sky, bringing quiet to the heart and joy to the soul, until that little glade became indeed, "a temple not built by hands."

After the song, the Elder read the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, that

wonderful symphony upon the possibilities and the certainties of life, using the simple, homely word, love, in place of the worldly word, charity. It seemed to him that he had never read the words before and it seemed to them that they had never heard them. There is a grandeur about earnest simplicity which provides its own atmosphere, and there were no "glory" and no "amens." The light from the torches fell upon reverent faces and the words from the Book fell upon reverent hearts.

"Why do you wish to be preached to?" asked the Elder with a quiet smile. "You all know when you commit a sin. If you are truly sorry, that is the best prayer you could offer, and if you right the wrong, that is the most acceptable form of repentance. It is not the worship which is seen of your neighbor which counts, it is what goes on within your own hearts. It is the spiritual worship which really lifts you out of yourselves and puts you in touch with everlasting goodness. Be cheerful, that's religion. When you're all tired out and aching, with rheumatism perhaps, and yet do something to help your neighbor, that's religion—that's fine religion, that's the kind that weaves you robes of spotless white and puts the stars upon your golden crowns. Don't worry and fret because you cannot hold a meeting at which to find the Lord. Just sweep out your hearts and leave the door standing open, he'll always come where he can, but he can't stay in a heart which is filled with bitter thoughts."

"But every time you do a kind deed, you can feel him dancing in your hearts for joy. When the wrong is so great that you cannot square it with the one you have injured, be extra sure to forgive heartily those who injure you, and to be extra kind to every one you can, and it will all come right. You won't be judged so harshly for slipping into sin now and again, as you will for refusing to help those who are weaker than yourself."

The Elder was warming up and getting his composure back to normal. His sentences began to roll forth without pause or doubt and he swayed them like a zepher on the ripened rye. Now and again they sang, with the quartet leading, until finally the lateness of the hour compelled the Elder to draw the meeting to a close. He hoped that he had done his listeners some good—he knew that he had spoken mostly to himself.

"Friends," he said in closing, "I have a confession which I must make to you. I was not honest with you at first. I am not an elder, it all started as a joke and I did not intend to speak to you at all. I only wanted the good things to eat, and I did not even eat them all myself, I let my comrades have most of them. But tonight when I started to you, I could not keep from thinking of my father—he is a minister of the gospel; and I kept seeing the face of my mother—she's the best woman on earth, and when I stood up to speak to you, a strange feeling swept over me—I can't tell what it was, it seemed as though something within me awoke and made me do the best I could. I never felt this way before and I can't tell what it is, but—"

"It is the Spirit of the Lo'd," said the solemn voice of Uncle Clem, as he rose in his place with hand upraised and reverent expression.

"Glory, Glory!" exclaimed a white haired old Auntie in the front row, and all the others cried, "Amen."

The Elder stood looking down upon them with glistening eyes and radiant countenance. Row after row, they sat upon the grass before him, their faces shining, their mouths open in awe, while their eyes were distended with the wonder of having themselves seen the miraculous power of the "Spirit."

"I can't repay you in money, but I ask you to forgive me and to believe that I should like to make it up to you in some way. Any favor any of you have to ask of me at any time, come right to the camp and ask it. I know something about doctoring, I know how to set broken bones, maybe I could write or read a letter for you. But no matter what it is, come. This meeting tonight may not have helped you any, but it has done me a world of good, and I want you to know it, and now I thank you, and as it is late, we shall just sing the good old song, 'God be with us till we meet again,' after which you must hurry home at once."

They sang the song, a few of the older ones came up and shook the Elder's hand, and after they had all gone but old Clem, the Elder turned to his quartet and said: "Now you fellows go back with Uncle Clem. I feel sort of unstrung and I'm going to stay here a while longer. Go on now, I know the way back—and boys, I wish you'd leave out the jokes about tonight. Some way, I don't

believe I could take 'em in the right way."

"I don't think you need to worry," said the tenor. "We got touched a bit ourselves."

They filed silently into the oak and the Elder sat in the doorway of the old deserted cabin, while the torches flickered and died away and the night creatures stole out of the woods and chirped and twittered and scampered about him in fearless assurance. His mind, still tremulous with the deep waves of emotion which had swept through it, turned back to the old home in the North. Once more he sat in the little stone church, while his mother beside him lifted up her gentle face, sweet with loving confidence, to the stern rebuke of his father from the pulpit, the bees droned in the honeysuckle beside the open window, and the soft breeze wandering up the creek and over the clover, caressed his cheek and lulled his restless spirit into peace.

It was from this faraway dream, that he was awakened by a light touch upon his sleeve and a soft voice saying: "I don't know just how to do it, and I'm suah I neveh thought I could do it, but I just have to apologize to you fo' what I said the other day. I am right sorry."

The Elder sprang to his feet with a burning blush as he recognized the face which, for the past few days, had been sneering in his waking reveries and jeering in his dreams. It was not sneering now. In the soft light of the fading torches, a beautiful radiance shone upon it and the eyes which were raised to his, were eyes of trust. The Elder, usually so ready of speech, had not a single word left in his vocabulary. He simply stood with his eyes riveted upon the eyes of the girl, but the look of shame gradually retreated before an expression in which frank admiration was the predominating element.

"I thought the other day," resumed the girl after a long pause. "That the la'gest man I had eveh seen had been guilty of the smallest trick, but tonight, you have lived up to your stature. It's a big thing for you to apologize to these poor simple folks, and the talk you gave them was sincere and helpful. I must confess that I did not think that one of you—you—"

"Oh, call us Yankees if you like. The name isn't nearly so insulting as you seem to think. The fact is, we rather take pride in it." The Elder was rejoiced to find his

voice once more and to note that aside from his rapidly beating heart, his circulation was resuming its customary regularity.

"Well then, I did not think that you Yankees had sufficient chivalry in your natures to do so gracious a deed, nor enough fineness to see it, and—and I want to shake hands with you."

"Well you are certainly candid and thorough," said the Elder whimsically. "You hurt nearly as much in pulling the sliver out as you did in sticking it in. But you have missed my attitude altogether, I own up that I greatly enjoyed those viands of half forgotten luxury, but I did not sell my honor to get them. The joke of the thing was the real prize, and I did not see the truth of the case until tonight—although I must confess that your little discourse the other day was the starting point. Now you must not—"

"You had betteh not elaborate, or you will become humble and it would not suit your size at all. I can see it plainly now, I see just the kind of a mischievous boy you were—before tonight—and I have shaken hands with you. Is not this a sufficient victory? Now I must go home, Good night."

"Mischievous boy! One would suppose you to be an aged empress, while the truth of the matter is, that down there with the curls blowing about your face, you resemble ever so much more closely, a beautiful princess, a fairy princess in fact, who has come to the heart of the great woods to punish the naughty giant. Mischievous boy! Why I could put you in my pocket."

"Well, but you must not do it, because I really have to hurry home now, but I am right glad I met you—the real you."

"Well at least, I am going to see you home. It would never do—"

"Oh yes, it will do perfectly. I am on Crusader, and what would not do at all is for one of you Yankees to find out the residence of such a horse. But no, I was only jesting. I do trust you now, some day I hope that we shall meet again, and until we do you can rest assuahed that I have every confidence in you and expect you always to be a man."

They stood for a moment silently looking into each other's eyes. Most men would have called her tall and slender, but she seemed only a tiny bit of a creature to the Elder. He could not know the bitter re-

sponsibilities which had given her a certain masculine frankness, and he half resented her independence while at the same time he was filled with a deep longing to take care of her. There was also a half hidden wistfulness in her clear brown eyes, which strongly appealed to his rugged strength, but after a long silence, they clasped hands once more and she turned away.

Something held him as she stepped lightly across the dusky glade, lit by the glow from the last flickering torch, something held him

as she led the black horse to a stump and lightly mounted, something still held him as she turned and waved her hand in farewell, and as she swiftly blended and was lost in the gloomy oak, something soft and warm and tender tugged at the heart of the Elder, and the term, mischievous boy, seemed to belong to a far distant past.

"Cynthia Sinclair—Cynthia Sinclair," murmured the Elder as he slowly started for camp. "After the war is over, I shall have something to say to you, Cynthia Sinclair."

A MODERN DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

By WILLARD PACKARD HATCH

CLOSE in my arms, my own
With none to say me nay.
We lived, in that hour alone,
A long sweet year away.
Lived! Ye Gods it was life—
Lived! May I that way die,
In the arms of my dear one,
Kissing away her sigh.

The touch of her lips, how it thrilled me!
So warm, so vibrant, and sweet,
Red portals of love, how it filled me!
To drink where those soft lines meet—
Drain from those red lips of love,
An essence that floods my soul—
The lids of my eyes lay trembling,
The blood to my finger tips stole.

Then we sailed away, on the wings of love,
Into a Heaven of our own—
Naught asking of men, or Gods above,
But to let us enter alone—
A Heaven of Love, and Life, and Light,
Woven from kisses, and sighs, and smiles,
Treasured forever with dear delight—
And safely locked in our hearts' defiles.

PRISONERS OF WAR

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

JACK thinks that I am exhibiting symptoms of insanity by writing this story. He is such a dear, old sobersides that the telling of one incident in our private life astounds him, and moreover, he thinks the part I played in the incident is not one to be proud of. We differ on that point.

Last May, three months before Jack Loring and I were married, Violet Brierley and Kitty Kinnard came down from New York to stay at my father's house. To this day our family are wondering what prompted the visit. We had never seen the girls before. Violet Brierley's mother and dear old mummy were school friends forty years ago, but they did not correspond after Hetty Bingham married Brierley the Wall Street operator, so we received a great surprise when a letter came to inform us that a twenty-three year old daughter of Mrs. Brierley would pay us a visit. As for Kitty—well, Jack said that Kitty went along to see that Violet came to no harm through viewing Nature at close quarters. Judging by Miss Brierley's astonishment when she surveyed the village and its inhabitants there was more excuse for Kitty's presence—that is if Jack's surmise was correct—than there was for Violet's. We are not lacking in hospitality, but we object to be considered in a prehistoric light, and Violet's lorgnette when she lifted it and regarded us critically, pushed us back into the Stone Age. I will admit that a great number of the villagers have never seen a skyscraper or a Broadway dude; Sis Wiggins is the only one who has visited Coney Island, and quite a few of us picture Fifth Avenue as a marble-paved thoroughfare along which newly-manufactured millionaires wheel pushcarts full of greenbacks to prove that they are entitled to a residence in the street. At the same time, we have much the same feelings as people who have seen tall buildings and hustlers, and many of us had never faced a lorgnette at close quarters till Violet Brierley tested our courage.

Those two swooped down upon us in

creations that resulted from the wild dreams of mad poet-dressmakers, and their luggage promised such a continuation of the dream-work that our little circle, with the knowledge that Fate had smitten them hard, rushed home to furbish up cheap waists and ill-used skirts.

And Fate had mixed us a stiff brew. Out of the trunks, new suits leapt with alarming frequency, and they gazed so impudently at our muslin and cotton contraptions that the more sensitive of my companions refused invitations to little picnic parties organized in honor of the visitors, preferring to remain at home than act as foils for the two strangers. I didn't blame my companion—I envied him. I couldn't sit at home. Those two overdressed New Yorkers were our guests, so I was martyred in the sacred cause of Hospitality. I had to drive with them and walk with them, so that the performances of those dear old martyrs, who, in ancient times, faced lions and tigers rather than renounce their religion, paled before the heroic deeds performed by me. Please picture me in a two dollar waist and a three fifty skirt jammed in between two creations that were manufactured in the de la Paix for the purpose of concentrating stares on Fifth Avenue, and then try—just try to imagine my squirmings. It was fearful. I tried to eliminate myself. I prayed daily that I might become invisible, and each night I was awakened from dreams in which piles of Frenchified lingerie were crushing the life out of me. If you do not understand my feelings at that time, you have evidently walked arm in arm with Luxury during your earthly sojourn. If you have made one waist, one hat, one coat or one pair of boots do the work of six, listen and judge between Jack and me.

Just when I contemplated running away from home as the only escape from my martyrdom, Fate performed a kind service. I sprained my ankle. It was done so easily that I abused my own intelligence for not prompting me to purposely commit the

damage to my limb some weeks previous, but still, I was grateful. As they helped me into the house I prayed fervently that the limb might not regain its suppleness till the Louis Quintze heels of Miss Brierley and Miss Kinnard were again clacking down the side-walks of their native city. I was crushed, ashamed, indignant and I was wicked—d downright wicked. I pushed the remnants of charity into a crevice and let spleen flood my soul. I had suffered fearfully.

It was on the afternoon after the accident that this incident occurred. I was lying on a couch in our little front room while Kitty and Violet lolled around and passed nasty spiteful remarks about the country and the inhabitants of the country. Whatever made them stay on was a mystery to all our folk who were forced to listen to their comments.

"I wonder how people live down here," said Violet, tapping back a yawn with well-manicured fingers.

"One cannot live," murmured Kitty; "one can only exist."

"With a contented mind," I said angrily, "one can live—"

"Oh, yes, that is all right for you," remarked Violet scornfully, "you have grown up amidst the silence, the darkness and the drowsiness."

I swallowed spasmodically but remained silent, mentally thanking heaven for inflicting the injury to my leg that confined me to my couch.

Presently, Violet Brierley, sitting near the window, uttered an exclamation and started back.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed fretfully, "that stupid fellow, Loring is coming up the garden path."

She rushed to the mirror, and Kitty followed her.

"We cannot see him as we are," cried Violet.

"Gracious, no!" replied Kitty. "We are not fit to be seen—even by country people."

Both rushed to the door leading into the hall, with the intention of retreating to the bedroom opposite, but, as the front door was open, they thought Loring would see them if they attempted to cross. Finding escape in that direction cut off, they rushed back and sprang into a little room adjoining. This room has only one door so they were making themselves prisoners for the time

that Loring would stay talking to me, I being the only other person in the house to entertain him. Incidentally, the room has only one wee window that will never open, and, on that account, it is dark and stuffy.

I attempted to make their position plain, but Kitty Kinnard interrupted me angrily.

"Look at our hair," she cried, turning on me fiercely. "How can we see anyone like this?"

From their voice and gestures one would imagine they were flying from an untamed tiger. I was disgusted with their capers. I knew Jack Loring a little better than they did, and I was certain that their coiffures would interest him little.

"Tell him we are out," ordered Violet Brierley, disappearing into the shadows.

"And get rid of him as soon as you can," supplemented Miss Kinnard. "I hate Loring."

I clenched my hands and made an attempt to speak, but Kitty slammed the door, and I was left alone.

I couldn't move. My ankle was stiff and swollen. My mother and father were out, so I was thrust into the peculiar position of entertainer to a young man, who would be under the impression that I was the only person in the house, although two other girls were prisoners within hearing distance. Jack Loring had been a visitor at our house since he was a little boy, but the thoughts of those New York ears waiting upon our countrified conversation, made me uneasy. The shadow of some happening was detected by my imagination and I moved restlessly on the couch.

"Come in," I cried, when Jack called out from the verandah. "Come right in."

Jack Loring is a big, good-natured giant, standing over six feet high. He marched in with a smile on his sunburnt face, and looked coolly round the room before speaking.

"All alone, Nelly?" he asked. Jack's voice is an open air voice. When used in the house it starts currents that swirl round disturbing the pictures.

"Yes," I stammered. Then, after a little pause, I leaped across the Rubicon with a single breath. "Miss Brierley and Miss Kinnard," I said, "have walked down to the village."

That great silly fellow gave a monster sigh of relief, and my heart pounded fearfully.

"I'm real glad," he cried joyfully. "I'm tremendously glad; I'm extra—"

"Jack!" I shrieked. "Jack!"

He stopped and looked at me in astonishment.

"What is up?" he asked. "I'm only telling you how glad I am to find that New York—"

"Stop!" I gasped. "Stop at once!"

It was positively dreadful. A person out on the road could hear that stupid giant speaking, and I pictured the faces of those two girls in the little room. I felt sick as he tried to explain.

"What is wrong, Nelly?" he queried plaintively. "If I don't like fashion plates—"

"Oh, don't! Don't!" I wailed. "Please don't!"

I wanted to cry. The great big silly. He stood at the door and when I glanced at him, he pursed up his lips and made a peculiar whistling noise. My brain was paralyzed.

"Isn't it a—a beautiful afternoon," I gurgled.

"It is," he affirmed solemnly. "I suppose the sunshine coaxed Fifth Av—"

I gave a little shriek of rage and buried my face in the cushions, and he stopped abruptly.

My imagination threw me into a purgatory of dread. I thought of telling him the truth, but I knew how despicable my conduct would appear to him, so I refrained. The rage of those two girls who had put me in the awkward predicament, was a minor consideration.

Jack Loring walked across the room and touched me on the shoulder.

"Nelly, tell me your trouble," he said quietly. "Have the pair of 'Fluffy Ruffles' been trying your nerves again?"

I collapsed and sobbed outright. I couldn't help it. Then, that outspoken giant flopped down beside my couch and propounded about two hundred questions concerning my health and troubles without giving me a chance to answer one.

"Are you in pain?" he cried. "Are you ill? Have those two been annoying you?"

I was in pain. I was in mental agony. An inspiration came to me. I lifted myself upon my elbow and pounded the couch on which I was lying.

"Pull this out into the dining room," I

cried. "It's too warm—it's too—too cold here."

That clumsy giant rushed madly to obey my order. He grasped the end of the couch and exerted all his great strength. One of the legs of that old mahogany affair came off in his hand, and he went crashing backwards while I toppled off and rolled over near the door leading into the little, dark room. My ankle hurt me fearfully, while Jack nearly fractured his skull against a big Japanese jar.

He picked himself up and rushed to my assistance, muttering what I took to be curses upon the maker of the couch, although he said afterwards they were apologies to me. I was hysterical.

"Please go home," I sobbed. "Please go away and leave me alone!"

"I won't," he said doggedly. "Your nerves have been shook up by those visitors from skyscraper town. Don't break down, Nelly."

"Go away!" I cried madly. "Go right away!"

He stood silent, feeling his head ruefully and looking angrily at the broken couch.

I got a reviver then. I have the hearing of an Indian, and from the little room I heard the sounds of suppressed laughter. It acted like a tonic on my jangling nerves. I turned to Jack and pointed to the couch.

"Fix that up," I said quietly. "Fix it up anyway you can and help me up on it. And you need not go away, Jack." I clenched my fists and glared at the door. I think I could have killed those two girls at that moment.

Wondering much, Jack went to work to fix the leg, while I lay on the floor listening. I could hear much better on the floor. Their little mice-like squeals maddened me.

Jack lifted me back on the couch and then sat down beside me. I glanced up at his face, and the peculiar mixture of astonishment and alarm depicted thereon started me laughing.

I could not stop laughing. I went from one convulsion into another, and Jack, with a dim idea that I had been joking, joined in with a great hearty laugh that startled me as it rolled round the room.

"Were you joking all the time, Nell?" he asked.

"All the time," I said, and I laughed again.

I was afraid that I would never be able to stop laughing.

"And you don't want me to go away?" asked poor old Jack.

"Certainly not," I cried. "You can stay—you can stay till Miss Brierley and Miss Kinnard return from the village."

He smiled his thanks and sat rubbing the part of his head that had assaulted the Japanese jar.

"I wondered what was wrong when I came into the room," said Jack. "I wanted to tell you how pleased I was at finding you alone, but you wouldn't let me speak."

"It was just my fun," I laughed. "You can tell me now—you can tell me anything you like." All the wickedness in my nature came to the surface, and I started out to repay those two.

And Jack, sitting at my side holding my two hands in his, told me many things that I will not repeat here, and I did not interrupt him once. And, as I looked at his smiling, good tempered face, I wondered how anyone could hate him as Kitty Kinnard said she did. Jack Loring's good nature is a byword throughout the country. At all times he is at the service of the widows and orphans and those in trouble, and if I started to tell of his good deeds this little story would be longer than Dad Wiggins' yarn of Chickamauga. Pondering over this as he sat talking, I felt an unholy joy in the knowledge that those two selfish butterflies were prisoners in that little, dark room. I thought how uncomfortable it was, pictured the wee window that would not open, and the hard chairs, and I laughed so heartily that Jack was alarmed.

When the sun was setting, he began to wonder what was delaying the visitors.

"Fifth Avenue must have found something interesting at last," he said.

"That big window of Granny Slocum's store has been newly decorated," I murmured, "or, perhaps, Green's tame shoat is doing a stunt for their amusement." I felt just a little bit of shame but I stoked my

tongue with the memory of those three weeks of agony. And Kitty Kinnard said she hated Jack Loring, and Violet Brierley had called him a stupid fellow.

Just when the moon was climbing up behind Mount Sherman, Jack moved closer to me and, for the first time in his life, he tried to speak in a whisper.

"Nelly," he said, "I wanted to say something to you at the picnic, but Violet Brierley sent you hunting after lemons, and I did not see you when you returned."

I smiled grimly as I remembered that three mile errand, and I made no effort to stop Jack.

"Nelly," he continued, "the new house is finished, and I want you to be my wife, girly."

There were no frills of speech. He said it in plain Jack Loring style, and I saw his big eyes glistening in the dusk as he waited for my answer.

"Jack," I answered, "I am only a little country girl reared in the silence and the darkness and the dowdiness,—" I nearly laughed outright repeating those words of Violet Brierley's,—"perhaps you might care more for some stylish girl from—from New York."

"What!" cried Jack. "I wouldn't if—if—if—"

I did laugh then, and he stooped down and nearly crushed me in his great arms.

About four hours after, I remembered the prisoners, and, after sending Jack home, I informed them that they could come out. They went straight to their room without speaking to me, and next morning they left by the early train for New York.

I told Jack about the imprisonment after they had departed, and he said that I should be ashamed of my conduct, but I am not. A girl who could hate good-natured, inoffensive Jack Loring should be shut up for a year. And those three weeks of martyrdom, when I was jammed in between the two creations from the rue de la Paix, haunt me still.

THE OCEAN MAIL BILL

By J. H. GALLINGER

United States Senator from New Hampshire

EARLY in this session I presented a bill of 1891 which, in my judgment, will establish satisfactory steamship communication between this country and South America, and also across the Pacific Ocean to the Philippines, China, Japan, and Australasia. The bill, as amended by the Committee on Commerce, reads as follows:

That the Postmaster-General is hereby authorized to pay for ocean mail service under the act of March 3, 1891, in vessels of the second class on routes to South America, to the Philippines, to Japan, to China, and to Australasia, 4,000 miles or more in length, outward voyage, at a rate per mile not exceeding the rate applicable to vessels of the first class as provided in said act.

In his annual message to the two Houses of Congress at the beginning of the present session the President warmly advocated legislation along the lines now contemplated, and the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor strongly approve of the bill now under consideration. Secretary of State Root has also convincingly pointed out the inadequacy of our mail service to South American countries. (See report of Senate Committee on Commerce made February 3, 1908.)

The bill raises no new issue, introduces no new principle. It leaves existing and prosperous steamship services exactly as they are now, and without changing one iota the tried and approved methods of the present law, increases the compensation on routes which sixteen years of experience have conclusively proved to be inadequate—the long, costly, and important routes to South America and the Orient, the routes where our lack of steamship service is severest, and our need of such service most imperative.

A DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

Not one American steamship of any kind now runs to Brazil or Argentina or Chile or Peru. An American mail service to those Southern countries is absolutely nonexistent. Not one American steamship now runs from either our Atlantic or our Pacific coast to Australasia. The mail service to both of these

continents must be created from the very beginning.

Last March there were fifteen American steamships plying across the Pacific Ocean. Now only eight are left. Since the shipping bill of the last Congress was defeated almost one-half of our feeble American Pacific naval reserve has disappeared, and when Admiral Evans steers up through the Golden Gate from the Straits of Magellan we shall have the grotesque disproportion in the Pacific of two battle-ships to every commercial vessel engaged in foreign trade—a sight which has never yet been seen beneath the sun.

Let us see what has happened since the defeat of the shipping bill last March.

In the first place, on March 9, five days after the adjournment of Congress, the Oceanic Steamship Company of San Francisco notified the Post Office Department that it should withdraw its line to Australasia. One thing more has happened which ought to open the eyes of the American people. Soon after the bill of last winter was defeated the Post Office Department was compelled to notify American business men that hereafter the United States mails for South Brazil and Argentina would have to be dispatched by way of Europe.

And this is not the worst. The most smarting and humiliating episode of the entire year is the revelation which the Pacific cruise of the great battle-ship fleet is affording, that our merchant marine is now shrunk to such a skeleton that it does not contain enough ocean-going steam colliers to provide the indispensable fuel for our battle ships on their voyage from the American port of Hampton Roads to the American port of San Francisco. We have barges and coasters, hundreds of them, but almost no deep-water freight ships of the kind requisite to accompany and supply a battle-ship fleet. So the Navy Department has reluctantly chartered foreign steamers to perform this national service, and to the humiliation of

the absence of our own commercial flag from the ports of South America which the battle-ship fleet will visit is added the humiliation of the presence there of these attendant colliers, flying the flags and manned by the subjects of European governments.

WHAT OTHER NATIONS PAY.

The total cost of the existing contract for ocean mail lines of the United States in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, was \$1,481,915.86. Since then the Oceanic line to Australasia, whose mail pay was about \$283,000 a year, has been suspended. This leaves the present actual expenditure of the United States on its contract and ocean mail lines about \$1,200,000 a year. This is actually less than the sum (\$1,330,000) the German Government gives in mail pay to a single steamship company, the North German Lloyd, for a service in 15-knot ships to Japan, China, and Australasia. It is less than the \$1,650,000 which the British Government pays to a single British company, the Peninsular and Oriental, covering much the same routes. Yet it will not seriously be denied that the United States has even more at stake than Germany or Great Britain in the commerce of the great countries bordering the Pacific Ocean.

Altogether the present British and colonial expenditure for postal and admiralty purposes, exclusively to British steamers, is now close to \$6,000,000 a year. In the last sixty years Great Britain has expended from \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 in payments to her great ocean mail lines, now numbering about thirty and encircling the entire world.

France is paying about \$5,000,000 a year on her ocean mail lines to her colonial and foreign markets. Japan is now expending about \$4,000,000 a year for the same purposes.

If all the new ocean mail lines suggested in the report of the Committee on Commerce were established by the United States, the maximum expenditure on these services would be \$3,630,370 a year, which, added to our present expenditure of about \$1,200,000, would be about \$4,800,000 a year, or less than either Great Britain or France is now devoting to her ocean postal service, and but little more than is now paid by Japan. It would be but about five per cent. of the present annual expenditure upon our fighting

navy, and less than one-sixth of one per cent. of the annual value of the foreign commerce of the United States. And it must be kept in mind that the amount will be considerably reduced by the withdrawal of pay from foreign steamships and the increased postal revenue that will necessarily result from the establishment of American steam-ship lines to the countries with which we desire to increase our trade.

NUMBER OF SHIPS REQUIRED.

To equip fully the postal lines that would most probably be established under the terms of this bill to South America and across the Pacific Ocean, would require from twenty-five to thirty 16-knot steamships of the auxiliary-cruiser class, as follows:

	Number of ships.
*Atlantic or Gulf coast to Rio de Janeiro (5,000 nautical miles)	5
*Atlantic or Gulf coast to Buenos Ayres (6,000 nautical miles)	6
*Pacific coast via Hawaii to Japan, China, and the Philippines (7,800 nautical miles)	6
*Pacific coast direct to Japan, China, and the Philippines (6,300 nautical miles)	6
*Pacific coast via Hawaii to Australasia (7,300 nautical miles)	4
Total.....	27

THE SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP TRUST.

And now I wish to call the attention of the reader to another phase of this subject. The trust question has been uppermost in the minds of the American people during the past few years. An American trust can be dealt with through the instrumentality of American laws, but a foreign trust is beyond our reach. That the commerce of South America is dominated by a foreign steamship trust is well known—a trust that can give rebates at pleasure, and that can and does lower and increase prices according to circumstances. I recall the fact that last year when this subject was under debate the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Lodge, called attention in a very emphatic way to this foreign steamship trust.

This trust is so powerful that not one American steamship and only fourteen American sail vessels took cargoes from our whole Atlantic coast for Brazil and Argentina in the first six months of 1906, and matters have not improved since. So far as steamships are concerned this important American trade is now, and for several years has been, monopolized by a foreign

* Fortnightly service † Service every three weeks

shipping trust or combination, whose weapons are rebates, discriminations, and boycotting, and whose policies are dictated from Liverpool and Hamburg.

The following special cable appeared in the New York Herald of the 16th instant, only a few days ago:

HAMBURG, Saturday.—The conference held during the last three days in London by representatives of all the German and English steamship companies engaged in the trade between North America and Brazil, during which Herr Ballin, director general of the Hamburg-American company, acted as chairman, is reported to have resulted in an agreement by which the rate war, which has now lasted more than one year, is terminated. It is added that a community of interests in which all the companies participate has been created.

Some months ago Brazilian merchants, exasperated by the greed and inefficiency of the European steamship trust, whose meeting is described above, started a steamship line of their own in rather small, slow steamers, running once a month from Rio de Janeiro to New York. The European ship trust, that has long monopolized our carrying trade with South America, instantly declared a rate war on this Brazilian line, and sought to destroy it. It is this rate war, which temporarily on the days just before the sailing of the Brazilian steamers has brought freight rates down to a low figure, that is now ended at the meeting of the trust described above. It is, therefore, apparent that the trust rates of freight between the United States and Brazil will go back to their former high figure, a figure repeatedly complained of by American consuls and merchants as extortionate.

This meeting of the European steamship trust, just when this ocean-mail bill was coming up in Congress, brings out vividly the fact that English and German merchants, controlling entirely the steamship communication between this country and South America, are able to sit down in conference and dictate the terms at which the flour and provisions of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska and the agricultural machinery of Illinois are to be sold in the chief markets of South America.

Herr Ballin, described in the New York Herald dispatch as presiding at this meeting of the European ship trust, is the head of the great Hamburg-American Steamship Company of Germany, the greatest ship corporation in the world, which is said to be unsubsidized, but which has the powerful backing of the Imperial Government. Through

Herr Ballin the Imperial Government at Berlin is able to say how much the manufacturers and farmers of America shall pay in freight rates to foreign steamships, in order to sell in the markets of Brazil and Argentina American products, competing with the products of Germany. It was this same Herr Ballin who, in our war with Spain, took several fast steamships out of his New York service—ships built for the American service and supported by the patronage of the American people—and sold them to the Spanish government, to “burn, sink and destroy” the commerce of the United States. One or two of these ships formed a part of the fleet which Spain fitted out at Cadiz, under Admiral Camara, to attack the squadron of Admiral Dewey, after the victory of Manila Bay.

The Hamburg-American Company, of which Herr Ballin is the head, is at this very time being accused before the Interstate Commerce Commission of maintaining a trust or combination “in restraint of trade” in our commerce with the northern ports of Europe. To this complaint of American merchants, Herr Ballin, through distinguished counsel, has made reply that the Interstate Commerce Commission has no jurisdiction over his company, or, in other words, that the United States Government is unable to protect its citizens and its trade against the oppressive acts of these European steamship trusts and combinations. It is directly at this South American trust or combination, that this present bill is aimed. If it passes it will break this foreign ship monopoly by creating a line of American steamships, far superior in speed, regularity, and efficiency to the ships of the foreign trust, between the United States and South America. And these American ships, built, owned, and run by American citizens in American interests, and with their officers domiciled in this country, will be responsible to American law, and will have everything to gain by playing fair with the American people and working to increase American commerce.

The issue is clear-cut between this European steamship trust on the one hand and the provisions of this bill for the upbuilding of an independent American steamship service to the great ports of the Southern hemisphere on the other hand, and it is for Congress to decide the issue.

National aid to ocean mail lines is not a new policy in America. It was first adopted in 1845, more than sixty years ago, and it is a significant fact that the public men who took the initiative in that legislation were vigorous, able and patriotic Southern men. President Polk urged the policy, and under the legislation then enacted three steamship lines were established to Europe—one to Great Britain, one to France, and one to Germany. Lines were also established from New York and Southern ports to the West Indies and the Isthmus of Panama, and also in the Pacific from the Isthmus northward to California and Oregon. About \$2,000,000 a year in mail subsidies was paid to these lines when they were established. Their competition reduced freight rates enormously. The question was not a partisan one, Southern men in Congress, as before suggested, being the most earnest supporters of the legislation. Unfortunately the matter was drawn into the sectional controversy of the period preceding the Civil war. In 1856 the system was broken down, and in 1858 the repeal of the laws was entirely effective. Commodore Vanderbilt then tried to run trans-Atlantic steamers

without postal subsidies, but even his genius was not sufficient to enable him to compete with the annual subsidy of nearly \$900,000 paid by Great Britain to the Cunard Line. Thus the American flag practically disappeared from the steam routes of the South Atlantic before the breaking out of the Civil war.

New Hampshire has but twelve miles of seacoast, and the ancient harbor of Portsmouth, immortalized by John Paul Jones and the *Ranger*, will probably never again become an important commercial port. My State has no selfish stake in this matter. My appeal is for the country and the country alone. I can not see a nation that leads all the countries of the world in wealth, in manufactures, in mining, and in agriculture lagging behind every other maritime nation in the matter of her merchant marine without exerting myself to restore the American flag to the oceans of the world. I have unbounded faith that the bill now before the Senate will become a law, and I believe that under its provisions the first great step toward the complete rehabilitation of the American merchant marine will be taken.

SPRING CHARMS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O WHAT warm fireside like the flaming breast
 The robin bears through vernal skies along?
 What soul that basking in its cheer of song
 But sighs contented, glad to dream and rest?
 O what bright brooklet flows with such rare zest
 As this quick zephyr moves the flowers among?
 O naked and bathing in its current strong,
 What soul but gladly owns its waters blest?
 O what dear native land like April kind?
 What mother worthy of a love so high?
 O what four walls so sturdy as her wind?
 What roof-tree glorious as her wide blue sky?
 What wife so lovely at the woodland door
 As just the Lure of Spring forevermore?

THE PROHIBITION WAR IN "DIXIE"

By W. C. JENKINS

NOBODY seems to be entirely clear as to the origin of the name, Dixie, which has become famous and memorable from the old war-time marching refrain,—

"Then away—then away—
Then away down South in Dixie."

Dixie being at war again, there is a revival of the old magic name and its stirring memories. What is this war in Dixie that has drawn the eyes of the whole nation and even of the world at large, and has furnished no end of discussion in the public press?

It is a war begun and waged by the forces of prohibition against the use of liquor by the Southern people. It is a fight against whiskey. And a very serious, determined fight it is. Within a twelve-month prohibition in Dixie has made great and rapid advances. The picturesque newspaper correspondents liken it to a tidal wave or a prairie fire, and neither simile is without truth and force. The "dry crusade" has swept over the South with almost uniform success, so that more than three-fourths of the vast territory below Mason and Dixon's line is, at least technically and legislatively dry. Georgia and Alabama have adopted statutory prohibition. North Carolina, Mississippi and Tennessee seem at this writing strongly inclined to follow suit. Prohibition is also able to show important gains in Kentucky, South Carolina, Texas and California—although Kentucky recently defeated the Democratic candidate for governor on account of his party's stand with Prohibition. Aridity largely prevails, if we may believe the Anti-Saloon League map-makers, in Florida and Louisiana. The movement is therefore general in the South.

In the field of contest Opelika, Alabama, projected itself into a storm-centre of the Prohibition war in Dixie, in this way: A publication of large circulation had scattered broadcast throughout the country an account of the Prohibition campaign in Alabama, written in a picturesque style, and containing the following:

WANTED.

100 Boys for New Customers. Most of our Old Customers are Rapidly Dropping Out.

10 committed suicide last week.

20 are in jail—8 are in the chain gang.

15 were sent to the poorhouse—one was hanged.

3 were sent to the insane asylum.

Most of the balance ain't worth fooling with they've got no money.

We are just obliged to have new customers—fresh young blood.

Or we will have to shut up shop.

Don't make any difference whose boy you are—we need you. You will be welcome.

If you once get started with us we guarantee to hold you. Our goods are sure.

Come early—stay late.

OPELIKA SALOON PROPRIETORS.

The effectiveness of this as a Prohibition weapon is felt at a glance, and indeed I may say right here that some of the leading advocates in Alabama told me that it was one of the most powerful things ever devised in aid of their cause. Though it was devised—made out of the whole cloth—faked, as the newspaper men say; I doubt if it will ever be overtaken.

For the moment I need only say that I am a believer in *true* temperance, that I hold alcoholism to be one of the most terrible foes of the human race, and that I would make war upon it with every weapon sanctioned by reason and justice. At the same time I do not think it wise or commendable to serve God with the Devil's weapons—it is a long time since the Christian conscience repudiated the doctrine that the end justifies the means.

The author of this canard has denied that the statements were meant to apply to Opelika in particular.

His idea was, he said, to make a sort of object lesson of the effects of drink for his Sunday school class, and he wrote the thing on his blackboard almost identically as it

was afterward printed. The leader of the Anti-Saloon League in Alabama, happened to drop in that Sunday and copied the "lesson" for his paper, whence it was lifted by the picturesque writer in the publication of large circulation. These things, and worse than these, he remarked, were true of the situation at large, and it was to that he had meant to point his moral. But others with a keen eye for points, lifted his poetical fancy, giving it a local application and helped it to large publicity. And thus an effective canard was set upon its legs—legs that will probably outwear the best pair in Alabama today.

I was assured in Opelika that the only lawless period the town had ever known was some fifteen years ago when it was under Prohibition and "blind tigers" flourished in defiance of the law.

In the South they drink far too much whiskey. In fact they seem to drink it as a beverage, almost as men drink beer in the North. Comparatively little beer is consumed outside the big towns; in such places as Mobile, Birmingham and Montgomery, its use has been steadily on the increase, because good beer is, or was, to be had there and also because in cities men are under stronger necessity of respecting the laws of temperance than in the country, while they soon learn to discriminate between a drink like whiskey, containing forty to fifty per cent. of alcohol, and one like beer containing less than four per cent. No one who makes use of his eyes and ears can doubt that it is whiskey, and whiskey alone, which has invited and given impetus to the unparalleled success of the Prohibition movement.

This is confirmed by journalists who both oppose and favor Prohibition. Those who would advocate regulation instead of Prohibition holding the latter to be impracticable, agree in this one point with the Prohibitionists that the increasing use of whiskey with the evils which naturally accompany it, has brought on the present agitation.

In the midst of a perplexed and shifting controversy this is at least solid ground. No amount of sophistry will change the fact, which is admitted even by representatives of the liquor trade who are compelled to witness the legal destruction of their business and the confiscation of their property.

We have always known that certain kinds of men made a point of voting for Prohibi-

tion to keep up their standing in the community, while secretly purposing to violate the law for their own gratification.

We have not known so well—perhaps have not known at all—that a more numerous class of men liking whiskey too well, have voted against it in order to be rid of the temptation.

Some of the results of the recent election in Alabama help us to understand this curious contradiction. The city of Birmingham, called the "Pittsburg of the South" from its extensive manufacture of pig-iron, with a large working population and all the elements that would seem to make for our Northern ideas of liberal government, went wet by a scant three hundred votes, the same being overcome by a large majority in the county (Jefferson). On the other hand, both Ensley and Bessemer, where the big furnace plants are located and where the bulk of the vote was cast by men who it has been said cannot possibly do without drink,—went dry.

I accept the explanation of the Rev. Mr. Brooks Lawrence, leader of the Anti-Saloon League in Alabama—the men had been getting too much whiskey for their good and they had simply decided to cut it out.

All Alabama becomes dry in January, 1909; complete aridity has already supervened in many communities of the state, however this aridity like the famous peace in Warsaw, will be more or less metaphorical. Gentlemanly irrigation at the clubs will not be interfered with. Already the social organizations are putting in private lockers so that the members may lay in their stock of goods. Members of the club will be able to bring in friends but must serve them from their private bottles in their lockers. The clubs must be real clubs and licenses will not be granted to "liquor" clubs.

The Anti-Saloon League's next move will be for constitutional Prohibition and it is already aligning forces to that end. But many believe, following the example of other states, that Alabama, after an experience of imperfect Prohibition, with the accompanying evils of blind tigers, boot-leggers, speak-easies, etc.,—all the familiar phases of illicit traffic,—will return to a system of regulation.

In the midst of the present Prohibition movement, there are not wanting sage obser-

vers to point out that the South will learn the great lesson exemplified by Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and by Switzerland—that legislation directed against alcoholism is practically of no effect without discrimination in favor of the milder stimulants, and that while an appetite existing at all times and places cannot be extirpated by repressive laws, it can be controlled and rendered harmless by a policy which regards the limitations of human nature.

Mr. Brooks Lawrence declares that Prohibition of whiskey has come to stay in the South—he will not allow,—what many people affirm will be the outcome of this fight,—that a compromise is bound to result eventually in favor of beer and the lighter wines. “The laws can and will be enforced,” he says with a quiet earnestness which is impressive. But if he said anything short of this, he would not be the leader of the Anti-Saloon League in Alabama. Ample time for a fair trial of the law is at least assured as the next legislature does not meet until 1911, Prohibition becoming effective in all the state

January 1, 1909.

Perhaps the public mind is fairly taken in these extracts from representative papers.

Montgomery Advertiser. “Several times the Advertiser has defined its position in Prohibition. We do not believe that Prohibition prohibits. We believe that Prohibition, as exemplified in the past, brings about conditions worse than lawful selling of liquor under strict regulation.

“Now that we are to have statutory Prohibition the law has got to be enforced. We are glad the Prohibition organizations are to be continued. Their influence will go a long way towards enforcement of the law. There has been entirely too much intolerance, too much bitterness on both sides of the question. We hope it will pass away and that all good citizens will join in an effort to see that Prohibition does Prohibit.”

Montgomery Journal. “The statement so frequently made that Prohibition will not Prohibit may be true, but there is one thing certain—the law will do away with the open saloon, and that is really what the Prohibitionists have been endeavoring to do for many years; and that they have at last secured legislation to this end is a matter over which they have good cause to felicitate themselves and the people of the state.”

Here is an admission that secret drinking is preferable to the open regulated saloon.

The Birmingham Age-Herald thus neatly epitomizes the situation: “It will soon be time in this state to attune the voice to the speak-easy.”

So we fare to an end of this tale of the Prohibition war in Dixie, yet the ultimate issue of the war itself no seventh son or soothsayer can at present even cloudily discern. This much we know for a certainty, that Dixie for the most part seems determined to make a trial of Prohibition. Will she keep it when once she has gotten it?—that is henceforth the question of moment. Judged in the light of experience,—the experience costly and memorable of many states of this Union,—the answer must be no.

From 1846 to 1906, eighteen states adopted Prohibition and of these fifteen are now under license laws.

Every New England state adopted Prohibition between 1846 and 1856 and all but Maine have abandoned it.

Vermont had over fifty years of it and yet she went back to license in 1903. Rhode Island tried it twice and then restored the license system. Connecticut repealed it after eighteen years and in 1887 by popular vote defeated a Prohibition amendment. Massachusetts threw it over many years ago. Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Nebraska, Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota, have all had Prohibition and have all dropped it.

The failure of Prohibition in Maine from its very inauguration has been and remains a monumental scandal and a national reproach. The Committee of Fifty says: “Prohibition legislation has failed to exclude intoxicants completely even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable. In Maine and Iowa there have been counties and municipalities in complete and successful rebellion against the law.”

Justin McCarthy, the distinguished literary man and parliamentary leader, visited this country some years ago and made a thorough investigation of the workings of the Maine Law. “What I saw in the United States,” he says, “convinced me, first of the feasibility of regulation, and next of the inevitable inefficiency of all attempts at repression.”

He further declares that in Maine the prohibitory system has “proved a failure”

in all towns which swell beyond the dimensions of a village."

One could summon no end of witnesses to the same purport, but I content myself for the present with the testimony of a Finnish Commission composed of parliamentary and municipal officers, who very recently visited this country with a view to studying the liquor question in Maine and other states. Before they returned home they reported some of their experiences and observations through the *Eastern Argus* of Portland, adding another page to the history of Prohibition in Maine. They found women and children engaged in the surreptitious sale of liquors, under conditions of utter degradation. Everywhere they obtained liquor with ease and usually found it to be of the vilest quality. What especially shocked these honest Finns was the demoralization of children which they witnessed in the original Prohibition state, owing to their being pressed into the service of the contraband trade—a thing, by the way, that would be impossible under a proper license system. On this head their words are so striking and so crushing in

condemnation of Prohibition which does not prohibit, that I quote them literally:

"How can those hundreds of children that now are partly used in this liquor business and partly act as warners against the authorities grow to be law-abiding, sober and useful members of this great free Union?

"That is one point we can't understand and neither can we understand how people who want to provide morality for their country, and have seen what we saw, can wish to uphold a law that in such a way debases themselves and their offspring."

"Well, all this may be true, says the patient reader, but it has taken unconsciously long in the telling, and meantime the Southern air is thrilled with the martial music of the fife,

"Then away—then away—
Then away down South in Dixie."

Let us hope that out of this new and bloodless war in Dixie there may come a settlement of the great issues involved,—one that shall forever affirm the sacred principle of personal liberty, while safeguarding the community alike from the evils of excess and of Prohibition that does not Prohibit.

REMEMBRANCE

By IDA GOLDSMITH MORRIS

SWEET, do not dream I have forgotten thee,
Though life goes on in its accustomed way,
There is no single hour of any day
That is not set with gems of memory.
And, though I wage no war with destiny,
I have shut in with that dear, senseless clay
That sleeps beneath the lilies (fair as they)
All my heart's wealth and love's lost ecstasy,
The last, long pressure of thy hand in mine
Has kept it pure as those sealed lips of thine,
(Though nevermore they part with smiles for me)
Since Death hath kissed to whiteness their warm red)
Sweet, do not dream I have forgotten thee,
Thy soul and mine are one, by memory wed.

THE DUBLIN CARNIVAL

By J. F. CONRAD

THE show is over, and it has developed some spots in human nature that were never fully brought out before—we mean the Dublin Carnival. The carnival lasted a week, and the city spread herself; and why shouldn't she?—there isn't a bigger, better Dublin outside of Ireland.

Dublin has more sides to it than old "Joe Henchcliff's" barn. That is, figuratively speaking. Joe used to feed his horses in the wagon-bed winter and summer, and for shelter they found the lee side of a hill. Yet, when he drove to town on show days or the Fourth of July, I don't remember that he ever took the dust from anyone. Joe argued that a barn and bedding made a horse lazy and effeminate. He contended that horses were all wild one day, and they didn't care a continental whether it rained or snowed. He had gotten hold of an old record some place that said wild horses lived to be thirty or forty years of age, and he had a case where one was known to have run 185 miles without stopping to eat or drink. "But," he said, "as soon as you put a halter on a horse and tied him up in a barn and bedded him and curried him, you made away with half of his natural usefulness. You broke his native spirit, and distorted his character." It was surprising how Joe would run around other teams on the way home from town. They had him arrested once for fast driving. Joe had been to a political meeting, and had heard a joint debate between two rival candidates for Congress. He pleaded this as a defense, and hung the jury. He had a lot of queer theories. One was that a man could ruin his stomach by dieting. "Oatmeal and graham bread," he said, "was a curse;" and he made it look kind of reasonable. He used to run on this way: "Feed a fellow on oatmeal and graham bread, and he would always have to live on them. There is nothing about such stuff to give a man's stomach any exercise. If you should eat a trifle too much pie or a spoonful too much of dewberry cobbler, what is the result? Why,

you go out, and if your dinner cost you anything, you are out just that much. Then you blame yourself for not being more careful, and you refuse pie and cobbler for a month. The whole trouble was that your stomach had never had any exercise. Get about four inches of whiskey rolling and tossing on your diaphragm," he used to say, "and eat now and then enough to kill a horse, along about 1.30 a. m., and it won't be long until you have a stomach that you can put confidence in. If a man never feeds his mind on anything but light literature, after awhile he can't run the multiplication table."

What I started out to say was about the carnival. I think it was a success, and am willing to put myself on record as saying so. It didn't make me any money, and I subscribed a little toward it; but it pleased the people, or a majority of them. Of course there are some who felt hurt the way it was conducted; but you will always find it thus. There are people who will kick on the way you bait a hook, or on your plan of salvation. There are buzzards that soared around Port Arthur that kicked on the way the war was carried on. It is human to kick. It is the first thing a person does when he comes into the world, and the last thing on leaving it. The whole thing is a matter of taste.

There are a number of people, good people, who entertained a notion that a carnival like the one just over, ought to be made up almost entirely of an art gallery, a multitudinous display of paintings. They are a good thing—the paintings are—and about one person out of fifty-seven appreciates them.

I didn't do very much that week but loaf around, and I noticed what suited the public; and you would be surprised, too. I visited the art gallery. There were nice-looking people there, and most of them seemed to like it real well. I was standing looking at the picture of St. Cecilia—it struck me as being about the proper thing to do—when an old man came up and gazed at it. He put on his glasses and looked at it again; it was

marked \$25,000; then I heard them say: "Twenty-five hundred years old." Then he turned to me and said: "Mighty well-protected, ain't it?" Well, it was.

There were several people, too, who thought that the entire entertainment ought to be made up of fireworks; they would have kept the heavens red day and night, and between the bursting of bombs and skyrockets, they would have been mightily entertained. There are others of us who would just as soon have stood on the bridge and tossed pebbles into the river, and watched the circles widen.

Then there were a good many people who would like to have turned the whole thing into a football tournament; and how they would have enjoyed it, too; but then, what would those fireworks people and those others who hung around the art gallery do during all the time? They would, in all probability, have been at home, getting out resolutions against the brutality displayed in the game—that they never attended. But there it is. Some people like lobsters, and some liver. What are you going to do about it? Some enthusiastic fellows, wrapped up in their own business, have the idea that booths up and down the streets, piled up with pyramids of pie peaches, for real fun and jocularity, are about all that is necessary.

Then, again, there is that other class of people whose idea of an entertainment is epitomized in a long row of open saloons that deal out red corn whiskey from morning until morning; who delight in telling that where they came from there are saloons that haven't had the front door locked since the state was a territory. Now, that wouldn't suit many of us; but it would some; and that some you could not drive into an art gallery with a quail net, even if it was snowing. And, as far as fireworks are concerned, they will argue that they have pulled the sheet over their heads lots of nights in June and July to keep from seeing a good deal better articles of pyrotechnics.

Then again, there are some people who are satisfied that a "raise before the draw," "a straddle" and "a stack of blues" are the only things necessary to a happiness that ought to be preserved by blessed immortality.

The parade is what caught some people—the flower parade. I stood on the west approach of the Walnut Street bridge; there were all classes of people there. There was

the seven-hundred-dollar vehicle, with a driver and a long-handled whip, and the occupants inside eating California grapes. Then, on the sidewalk, was the hired man and his girl; and during the wait for the parade they visited the stand across the street and the music made by the opening of pop bottles was abroad in the land.

A farmer's wagon was right beside this seven-hundred-dollar "layout" that I spoke of. It was occupied by three men and three women; father, mother and two daughters, it seemed, and a bunch of "son-in-laws," as I heard a man say once. The old folks sat in front on a spring seat, while the young people sat behind on boards covered with quilts. The young ladies each held a baby in her arms, and the little ones were taking nourishment in the good old-fashioned way, to the disgust, I took it, of the occupants of the aforesaid seven-hundred dollar vehicle. The young ladies had, in their earnest enthusiasm, permitted their shawls to slip to one side, and were entirely innocent of the fact that the babies' faces were hardly a sufficient screen, while the little ones, each with a chubby hand clasped in its mother's bosom, entirely oblivious to the fact that the rules regulating the best society were being violated, and unconscious of the innocent nudity, quietly supped on. Nevertheless, they seemed to enjoy the parade—the babies, the ladies, the old folks and the young men, too, for that matter.

When the parade had passed, and the last flower-decked wagon was out of sight, the mother held the lines and the three men went into the saloon on the corner, and the boys called for beer; the old man kind of hesitated, and said that beer never did seem to agree with him. The boys winked at each other; then one of them said: "Pap, maybe you had better take pop." Then they winked at the bartender. The old man hesitated and spit, but hadn't the moral courage to say anything in opposition. The bartender, intuitively grasped the situation, and handed the boys a glass of beer each, and placed before the old man a bottle of bourbon. For one brief moment the old man hesitated and glanced sidewise at the boys; they were busy; then he poured out about three fingers. After that he seemed to have more courage. Each of them insisted on paying for the round, but they compromised,

as is often the case, by each paying for a round. Then, when they left, one of the boys went across the street, where the soldiers' game was in progress, and laid down a dollar on the ace; it won three times; then, like a safe financier, he quit three dollars ahead. When he came back, the mother took him to task for gambling, and criticized him, and showed him the wrong in it; but when she found out that he had won three dollars, she said: "Well, it is wrong, anyhow, but you will have to spend it for dinner." Six of them put up at the hotel and spent the three dollars for dinner, and they were in rare good humor all during the meal. It might have been different had not the ace won. Our vices are worse when we lose money by them. If that is not human nature laid bare, I don't want to ever be able to keep up my insurance.

The man with the long whip and the seven-hundred-dollar vehicle drove home and the occupants ate dinner and criticized some of the wagons in the parade because they were not decorated with real cut flowers, instead of tissue paper. It doesn't seem to me as though it is even a question for the jury to decide who enjoyed the parade the most. The ability to enjoy, it seems to me, is overseasoned with the desire to criticize.

It was human nature turned loose for awhile—this carnival was.

I spoke of the old soldiers' game—chuck luck—anyhow, that sounds like it, as I pronounce it to myself. There were twelve or fifteen stands down on First and Walnut Streets, and the audience was good. You might say it was packed. Uncle John was up here, and we took in the art gallery; but he didn't stay long. We saw the street shows, and we were up where they were trying, without showing any political preference, to decide who could make the best loaf of bread out of a good brand of flour. This didn't seem to catch Uncle John, and he finally asked me if I ever smoked, then he coughed, then I coughed; so we went in and had one. After that Uncle Joe seemed to like the show better. He was in the army four years; so, when we were coming down Walnut Street, the game on First Street caught him. He went over. He found a comrade there who

was in the Second Iowa Cavalry with him. It was '61 and '62 once more, and both of them were at it again. They talked over the war and faro and "chuck-luck." Then they backed the deuce and the five-spot for an hour or two; then we went over and had another—smoke. After that, Uncle John and his comrade pulled square "holt" for another, and we went home. That night we went to the theater, and Uncle John told me about seeing "Mazeppa" played down in Memphis during the war. It was like the sweet potatoes he had down South in '63; there has been nothing quite as good since. Coming home, Uncle John wanted to stop and see how the game was going, but I persuaded him to wait until next day, and we would come over and try his system—deuce and five. The next day we came over and found that another set, that also lived off of other people, had stopped the games. After that Uncle John seemed to get old again. The cigar stand on the corner had also been closed because it did not shut up until 10.20. We went up the street a little further, and we found where a rich set of bankers were trying to enjoin some fellows from running a stand in the street in front of the bank. Then Uncle John said he guessed he would go home. But before he left he said to me: "By George! if they ever draw on you through that bank, don't you pay it." I wanted Uncle John to stay longer, but he said: "No, I can have a nice quiet time down in the country reading obituaries and watching funerals go by."

There are a good many people just like Uncle John—headstrong, unreasonable men, kind of simple and a little cloudy on the question of mesmerism and kindred subjects, but who have contracted the habit of paying their debts and helping out a cripple in harvest time. Men who, if they are going to give a little to charity, don't care to scan the subscription list, to see what others have given, and then either take the bluff or raise. These men and one or two others won't accept an invitation to come and stay a week and pay board and blow in the price of a wagon-load of timothy seed without seeing their way clear to having a little fun to their own taste.

IN DEFENSE OF COMIC SUPPLEMENT

By MAY STRANATHAN

FOR some time now a number of belated muckrakes, instead of weeping that there are no more worlds to conquer, have valiantly fallen foul with both feet upon the "refined comics" of the Sunday newspaper. For long I have been accustomed to read over and over again to a small maiden these "funnies," and imagine my feelings when I see them referred to in a high class magazine as a "national shame and degradation." Also, is it not my duty to rebuke the parents of this same wee girl, and her brother who spends the most of Sunday morning after his return from Sunday school on his stomach with the comic section of the Sunday paper spread out before him? Then, too, to trouble my conscience, are the four daughters of a minister for whom we save these "funnies" religiously and watch, unshamed, their stolen delight in the pictures of "low and coarse humor."

While my mind was open to reasonable conviction of sin, I chanced lately to read an attack on the comic supplement in a magazine which vehemently assailed its false "art," and hysterically asks of the deluded parents if they do not know the false note they are striking in the mind and character of their offspring by allowing them to view "the hideous American plagues." After weeping copious tears over the incalculable harm done to the innocent by the comic supplement, this journal goes calmly on its way furnishing food for those who have put away childish things, by a series of the "richest" jokes, and directions for making tatting collars, and the cutest daubs of "cats" designed by Mrs. Rorer, and also how to get up the funniest April fool party by putting the tablecloth on all awry, the chairs under the table, and by heaping building blocks in the centerpiece with a Humpty Dumpty standing on his head in the midst thereof.

After a careful study of both styles of humor, I have concluded that the comic supplement is not so bad as it is painted, either by the printer or by its enemies. We

have seen the passing of the old-time Sunday school story with a moral, where the good boy is always rewarded, and the bad boy drowned. The magazines are filled with freakish children who always get the best of everybody, and who when they are naughty are petted and wept over because they are not understood, instead of being spanked in the good old-fashioned and Biblical way. The old-fashioned Nemesis is being shown a back seat, while brotherly love is slopping over in the work of reforming the world; and even the pulpit has exchanged hell for ethical dreams. Who is left to keep the balance true except the maligned Sunday supplement? Who teach judgment swift and sure as we all know it to be, now-a-days, except the "funnies"? Where in all the "funnies" does the sneak, the meddler or the cruel jester fail of swift retribution?

Does not Pretending Percy teach a weekly lesson against hypocrisy, exemplifying the truth that your sin will be sure to find you out and that honesty is the best policy? Do not the tribulations of little Jimmy Swift show how judgment follows quickly in the wake of the child who loiters on its way to do a parent's bidding? That we laugh at the predicaments of these offenders is no argument that the lesson is of no value; but is it not rather the solution of presenting a moral truth in a manner attractive enough to arrest attention; and is not that what all the preachers are striving for now-a-days? Anyway, it is written that "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall hold them in derision." And do not the laughs of those of us who enjoy the "funnies" compare favorably in their nature to that of the Almighty, as written by the psalmist? If we do not laugh in just the same way our excuse is that it might be presumptuous for us to do so.

More, do not Mr. Buttin and Happy Hooligan, and many more of their kind, teach us the necessity of minding our own business—a virtue, also, so little taught any-

where else, and yet one of such vast importance in this weary world, so cursed by what Emerson calls, "our miserable interferences?"

We cannot expect a child of tender years to read "Spiritual Laws," with intelligence, but he can understand the misfortunes of "Happy" all right.

Are the loves of Lulu and Leander all vanity and vulgarity as one critic intimates? Have not even they a lesson for the youth of our land—the old truth that the course of true love never did and never will run smooth? For who can doubt the sincerity of Leander's affection, bobbing up as strong as ever every Sunday in spite of overwhelming tribulations? Where, in all literature, have we a nobler example of constancy and perseverance than that of the dauntless lover of the comic section, and who among us did not rejoice when finally his union with his beloved Lulu was consummated?

Again, do not the experiences of Mr. Batch give just such an expose of the trials of married life as is needed by the society of today, when young men and young women rush madly into matrimony, with no thought or preparation for the troubles in the flesh that are sure to come upon them, and then all as madly rush into the divorce courts?

One critic of the comic section admits that Buster Brown is occasionally funny. Is that all there is to Buster? Was there ever a gentler satire on the craze for operations, that caused one woman to tell her husband that she was ashamed to go to her club any more because she was the only woman in it who had not been operated on; and which caused the husband of another woman, on reading the note from his wife

saying she had gone to have her kimona cut out, to rush madly to the hospital in search of her—could there be a gentler satire on this state of affairs than the picture of Mary Jane's doll on the operating table with several feet of wire sticking from her, under the surgery of Dr. Buster?

Our critics must be of those who believe the fairy tale and the belief in Santa Claus pernicious, or surely they would except from general condemnation those darling, tiny tads, fleeing in the friendly hippopotamobile from the terrors of the porcupineapple, or eating the delicious dodoughnut.

It must be acknowledged that there are things in the comic sections of which it is hard to see the point, and there are some that are coarsely grotesque; but, read, harsh critic, the comic business of "As You Like It," or of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and take heart of grace for the degeneracy of the times.

Spurring me to speak thus in defense of the "funnies," raising a solitary voice in the wilderness of condemnation, is the knowledge that not yet have the children whom I have seen most enjoy them, lost their delight in the tales of the best classics; as persistently as ever they pester me to read to them the story of Jonah and the whale; of Moses in the bulrushes; of David and Goliath; of Joseph and his brethren; of Noah and the ark, and of that Biblical roysterer Samson. With what joy they recognized their old friends in the "Log of the Ark," published recently in a daily paper, and scrutinized each littlest animal with lingering delight, requiring the names and story of each; and pitiful, indeed, was the wail that greeted a forgetful father who sometimes forgot to bring "de log."





A BELATED TEA-PARTY

By MARION BRIER

IT seemed to me that I never wanted anything so much in my life as I wanted those Japanese dishes. They were beauties! So thin you could see through them, and such quaint shapes! Faith and I both adored Japanese dishes anyway and we had our hearts set on these from the first day they appeared in the show window. Every day we would get out our account books and figure and figure to see if we dared buy them. Each day we would cut out something more from the list of things we had thought were necessities. It took a week before we finally got it cut down to where the balance was big enough to cover the price of those dishes. The last thing we crossed off our lists was the new hats we had been planning to get; but we didn't regret even those. We knew then that we could buy the dishes and we simply walked on air.

We decided to get them the next day. That afternoon we were down town, and of course, we stopped into the store to take one more look at them. Everyone who came into the store stopped to admire them. Even Miss Wiley seemed fascinated with them. Miss Wiley was a queer little old-fashioned maiden lady who had lived about

a block from us ever since I could remember. She had taken care of her mother, who was an invalid, a great many years. After her mother's death she had lived on alone there. While we stood there that day she came into the store after a five-cent package of crackers, and I noticed that she stood and looked at the Japanese dishes a long time. There was something so wistful in her faded blue eyes that I wondered what she was thinking of. Once she put out her thin hand and touched one of the cups very softly.

"Aren't they beauties, Miss Wiley?" Faith asked her enthusiastically.

"They are very pretty." Miss Wiley's answer was in an even, prim tone, that just matched the prim little woman's whole personality, but her eyes lighted up wonderfully.

After she had gone the clerk turned to us and said: "Do you know, I believe Miss Wiley must be dreadfully poor. She doesn't buy hardly anything and I can't remember when she began wearing that black alpaca dress. I'm afraid she will suffer this winter. Fuel is so high."

I was shocked. "Why doesn't somebody help her?" I asked. "Surely in a town like

this there's no reason why anyone should be in want."

The clerk shook her head. "She won't let anybody help her; she is too proud. I believe it would kill her to have to accept charity. People have tried to give her things but she won't take them. Once Mrs. Brown left a basket of things at her door after dark, but she never touched it. 'I can't take charity' she said. So people haven't tried to give her anything since; it just hurts her feelings."

I couldn't get Miss Wiley out of my head after that. I asked mamma about her and she said she didn't suppose that Miss Wiley had but a very little to live on, but that she was so proud that no one could help her.

That evening Faith was looking in her birthday book—Faith looks in her birthday book the first day of every month and keeps track of everyone's birthday—and she found Miss Wiley's name there. Her birthday was only two days off. Faith began planning at once. She said we could put some new bills and a card with birthday greetings in an envelope and get the postmistress to blur the post-mark and send it to Miss Wiley. She would think it was a birthday present from some of her relatives back East.

"Meaning by the bills those that we were going to buy Japanese dishes with, I suppose," I said, not feeling particularly enthusiastic.

Faith nodded.

It was like pulling teeth, as Aunt Nell used to say, to give up those dishes, but I knew Miss Wiley's thin face would haunt me all the time we were eating off them anyway if we did buy them, so I agreed to Faith's plan and the money was sent.

We avoided going by Nelson's store for two or three days after that. We didn't want to see those dishes and know we couldn't have them. The first day that we did go by the store again the dishes were gone. Faith wanted to stop in and find out who bought them. But I wouldn't. I didn't want to know who had them.

We were destined to find out though. We had only just got home and were taking off our hats when we heard Maudie saying to mother in the next room, "Those Japanese dishes are sold. You can't guess who bought them. Miss Wiley! She must have more money than we thought she had."

Miss Wiley! Faith and I dropped down

into the nearest chairs and stared at each other blankly. Words failed us.

By and by the corners of Faith's mouth began to twitch, then her shoulders began to shake, in a minute she was rocking back and forth and laughing uncontrollably.

"I'm glad you find it funny; I don't," I said crossly; but she only laughed harder.

And that wasn't all. Just as Faith was getting her breath again Maudie came in with a letter and tossed it into Faith's lap. She looked at the address curiously, then tore the envelope open and took out a sheet of paper. Such a funny look came into her face when she looked at it. She gave an inarticulate exclamation and then just stared at it.

"Well, what is it?" I said impatiently. She held the sheet of paper out to me without saying a word.

"Miss Wiley requests the pleasure of the Misses Faith and Harriet Hascome's company to tea Thursday evening at six o'clock," was written on it in cramped, old-style handwriting.

Oh, I was angry! I don't remember now what I said, but I know I fairly stormed for about ten minutes. I declared that I was through with philanthropy; it was a delusion and a snare.

Then, to make it worse, Faith said we ought to accept the invitation. I declared that I wouldn't. It was bad enough to see our hard-earned money thrown away without being asked to go and help throw it away. But it ended just as everything always does: by Faith's convincing me that she was in the right.

So we went; but I'll confess that I grumbled all the way.

Miss Wiley met us at the door. She was shy and prim but there was a pink flush on her thin cheeks and a happy light in her faded eyes.

We found Alice and May Wright and Edna Hartleigh there. Quite a tea-party! The table did look pretty. I turned my back on it, for that was just the way our table was to have looked the next winter and I felt resentful toward it. The effect of the quaint, fragile dishes on the snow-white tablecloth was even prettier than I had imagined. There was a little button-hole bouquet at each place too that gave an added touch. I noticed afterwards that the table-cloth was

darned in lots of places, but each darn was diplomatically hidden under a dish. The supper itself was delicious: fried chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, great dishes of strawberries with rich cream, two kinds of cake and ice-cream! I mentally calculated the price of everything and knew there couldn't be a nickel of the money left.

I started out to be very dignified and disapproving, but everyone else seemed to be having such a good time that before I knew it I was laughing and talking too. Then I made up my mind that I might as well enjoy myself, for it was all I would get out of my money.

It was nearly ten o'clock before we thought of going home. The other girls went first. When we started Faith took Miss Wiley's hand and told her that we had enjoyed ourselves very much.

To my surprise the tears came into Miss Wiley's eyes. "Have you?" she said softly. "I'm so glad." I couldn't keep from looking at her, for her face seemed to softly shine with happiness. "I have wanted all my life to invite my friends in, but it never just seemed to be so I could before," she went on with gentle dignity. "Once when I was a little girl I was invited out to a tea-party with my older sister. The table was set with such pretty dishes—I remember just as well how they looked." There was a far-away look in the gentle eyes that seemed to be gazing back through the long dreary length of all those years. "I did enjoy it all so much; it was the nicest time I ever had," she went on dreamily. "I made up my mind then that sometime I would have a set of pretty dishes and I would invite my friends in to tea. I planned everything out, just how the table was to look and just what I would have to eat. I used to think and think about it; sometimes I would dream about it. I always thought that perhaps the next year I could do it, but one year after another went by until there have been fifty of them now. I had about given it up this year; but somehow, I couldn't seem to bear to give it up either. It was the only real nice thing that I had ever planned to do, and it's hard to give anything up after you have looked forward to it for fifty years. But this week I had a birthday present that made it possible. I am so glad that you girls could come. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed your

being here; the old house grows so lonely sometimes. But I'll always have this evening to think of now."

Faith told her again how much we had enjoyed it. When we were outside the door she caught my arm. "Just think, Harriet," she said with a little sob in her voice, "of fifty years of lonely, drab-colored life when all the time one's heart is crying out for beauty and for friends. It makes me want to cry. But it's going to be different now."

The next day when we went down town we passed Nelson's store again. We both glanced at the empty show window. "I'm glad," Faith said softly.

I nodded. "So am I."



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

TO GLADDEN "SHUT-INS"

Having been an invalid for several months, unable to leave my room, I was greatly cheered and comforted by the gift of a "sunshine bag," forty-three of my friends conspiring together to relieve the monotony of dreary days, and each one sending a little gift, some useful, some merely ornamental, but all most acceptable. Books, perfumery, boxes of note paper, post-card albums, vases, electric night-lamp, bouquet holders, etc. Each one represented the loving thought of the giver, and the hours, before so tedious, were shortened and filled with happy thoughts, as I looked over each article and called to mind the giver. I would like to recommend this as the best kind of medicine for a "shut-in."

FOR NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLES

By Mrs. W. A. Davis, Weeping Water, Neb.

It is a pretty custom to speak of the state of marriage as "the sea of matrimony." If a sea, then the home is the ship in which the loving pair sets sail. The husband is perhaps the captain, but upon the wife devolves the duty of keeping the vessel intact, allowing no weak places to develop into leakage as "a small leak will sink a vessel." Leaks of different kinds are likely to occur. We shall look only on the danger of financial leaks. The wife who successfully manages the finances of her home, must

be familiar with all the details of household economy. One who has learned somewhat in the school where experience rules will give, for the benefit of young housekeepers a few hints on repairing leaks. May good health and prosperity attend each married couple who in loving helpfulness assists each the other in safeguarding the craft in which lies their hope of happiness. If Darby be the bread-winner, let Joan be the bread-saver. Her task is equally important.

1. If you wish to obtain vinegar at small cost, make it from that which is usually thrown away. Procure a large earthenware jar, or keg. Dissolve a pint of sugar in a gallon of warm water. Add a cake of yeast. Cover with a coarse cloth. If air is entirely excluded, fermentation will be slow. Let the jar or keg be the receptacle of rinsings from fruit jars, pans where candy or syrup have been boiled, skimmings from jelly while boiling, etc. When paring apples, put parings to soak for a day or two in warm water, then pour water into jar. After letting fruit drip from jelly bag, to obtain juice for jelly, put bag into crock or large pan, pour water over pulp, shake and mix, then hang and drip again. Pour second dripping into jar. Whenever anything sweet is added, add water also. In two or three weeks, if directions are followed, I predict you will have a large quantity of excellent vinegar. You need never exhaust the supply, if you continue as you began.

2. If your bread becomes dry, do not throw it away; it is a part of Darby's hard earnings. Dip the dry loaf quickly into water, put in pan, place in oven and leave until crust is dry. The steam from the external moisture will enter the loaf, leaving it fresh as when newly-baked.

3. If you wish to keep your dish-towels white, do not allow the dish water to dry in them, each time they are used, but wash them with naphtha soap. I have found no other soap so good for the purpose.

4. If the cellar or house becomes musty from damp weather, do not move out or advertise the place for sale, but buy some chloride of lime, put in pan, pour over it boiling water, stir to dissolve, then sprinkle about the cellar walls, or saturate cloths with it to use in wiping cupboards, swing shelves or any cellar furniture that would not be injured thereby. Can be used dry. It is an excellent disinfectant and deodorizer.

5. If you have mixed more pancake batter than can be used at one time, set it aside and use next day by adding more milk, flour and soda allowing an extra quantity of soda for the fermentation of the "kept over" batter.

SHEARS IN THE KITCHEN

By Lillian Faulkingham, West Jonesport, Me.

Hang on a convenient nail in your kitchen a pair of sharp, medium-sized shears, and with them trim the rind from slices of bacon, clipping the edges as they fry, to prevent curling. Trim the edges of your steak before cooking, and cut out the bones with these shears. When lining pie-tins with pastry, trim the margin with your shears; also cut openings in the top crust to let steam escape. Cut your left-overs of meat for meat pie in strips or cubes; your "croutons" from bread slices also cut with these shears, thus saving many a finger from a cut with a sharp knife when hastily used.

CURE FOR CROUP

By A. N. Dewey, Johnston, N. Y.

Keep a brick in the stove oven. If the children are suddenly taken with croup, wrap a flannel around the brick, then pour hot vinegar over it, and the fumes of the steaming hot vinegar will clear the air passage. It will have a quicker effect if the head is covered to keep in the steam. Another good home remedy for croup is a small spoonful of sugar with a little powdered alum sprinkled over it. It will quickly relieve croup and bring up the phlegm.

THE HOME

TO STOP HICCOUGHS

By Lucy C. Bentley, Kennewick, Wash.

For troublesome hiccoughs try a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and three drops of vinegar or lemon juice.

CLEANSING PANAMA HATS

By Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Puunene, Hawaii

Wash the hat well in Ivory soap, then take an old tooth-brush and apply dioxogen; put in the sun for few hours and soon you will see the hat as good as new.

A SALAD HELP

By Anne Slade, Uhrichsville, Ohio

In making salads, do not chop your meats and celery in a chopping bowl—cut into the desired sized pieces with scissors. This is quicker, neater and cleaner than the old way.

HINT FOR FISHERMEN

By H. T. R., Chillicothe, Ohio

Take water in which walnut hulls have soaked over night and pour it on a spot of ground. In a very few hours the fishing worms will come to the surface, and can be easily secured for your expedition.

CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

By Nettie E. Foster, Warren, Mass.

Sleeplessness is often caused by the head being exposed to the cold, while the rest of the body is warm. In nine cases out of ten, if the head is sovered with a silk handkerchief, it will induce the much desired sleep.

RUGS THAT CREEP

By Daisy Brown, Bloomington, Wis.

To keep an art square or ingrain rug smoothly on the floor, place under it an old carpet—a trifle smaller than the rug. Tack the corners of the under one to the floor if desired; the upper one will cling to it and keep its place much better than if laid on the bare floor.

RELIEVES EAR-ACHE

By Mrs. Kate Finch, Owego, N. Y.

Put two or three live coals in an old teacup and sprinkle granulated sugar over them. Place a funnel over it, and let the steam and smoke go into the ear through the tube or neck of the funnel. It cannot injure the ear, and always affords relief quickly. I hope this may be printed for the sake of some suffering one.

TO COLOR PUTTY

By J. A. Halstead, Wellsville, N. Y.

After glass is put in and the putty properly smoothed off, take a fine bristle brush and dust on a goodly quantity of dry paint powder, using the same color as sash is painted (lampblack is most commonly used, as that is the color of most sash). Be careful to have paint powder cover all parts of putty. Tip sash up and dust off surplus. The oil in the putty retains enough of the powder to make it the color of it. The powder also absorbs the oil that is on the glass. This is a much better way than using oil paint.

THE HAPPY HABIT.



MAYTIME brings happy reminders of the charm of music, with all nature attuned. There is a harmony in the forest sigh, and a gentle cadence in the nodding May flowers that sing into one's soul without audible word or sound. We just feel musical, talk musical, and greet each other more harmoniously than at any other time in the year, appreciating more fully the part which music plays in human affairs.

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Years ago, on a Dakotan prairie, a village of two hundred people gathered on the verdant sod to build "a city." Winter came, and the blizzards shut them in their crude shanties and sod huts as effectually as Noah was sealed into his ark, but in that little community were a few sturdy pioneers who had come from the Middle West and New England to found new homes upon Dakota prairies. There was a fine social atmosphere among those dwellers on the banks of the James, and every day there was something on the bulletin in "Doc's" drug store, despite the hungry winds that sifted in the snow and howled through the houses and down the ridges of snowbanks that indicated streets and boulevards—on the map. Cantatas and oratorios were rendered, ballad concerts were given alternately, with debates and literary entertainments in the newly-built court house, standing out alone like a beacon-light on the prairie. There was real talent—latent and already cultivated—among those pioneer settlers; some there were who in early days had studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. True, there were few legal transactions in that court house, but it was utilized for the public good, and became a veritable temple of "the immortal Nine." Those who attended the winter evening rehearsals of the oratorios—"The Messiah," "Elijah," "Belshazzar" and others—will never forget the happiness of those hours employed in the preparation and rendering of magnificent music—applauded by vociferous yells from the cowboys of the Coteaus, as well as the hearty approbation of "home folks," to whom, by attending frequent rehearsals, the musical phrases had become as familiar as their own names.

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The mention of music calls up visions of a mother patiently teaching the score day after day to her scholars, beating time with unwearied pencil, counting "one-two-three" until hoarse, yet always enthusiastic in those long hours of effort, if she could see some sign of talent in her pupils—some of whom have since advanced to prominent places in the musical world.

These personal memories inspire a life-long interest in all musical institutions reflecting the enthusiasm of that mother whose foresight prophesied that musical achievement would prove a vital force in the development of the nation. She held it a patriotic and sacred duty to bring out and develop latent talent and love of music in the hearts of the people, deeming it a more powerful factor than the enactment of laws; for are not laws the outgrowth of sentiment, and is not sentiment fundamentally created by musical ideals?

In great emergencies, in sweeping national catastrophes music has always been employed to encourage the people, to stimulate them to renewed effort, or to appeal to the sympathies of the more prosperous citizens. Illustrating this point, the sons of the patient little music teacher all remember when that mother returned from her first trip to Europe. They eagerly

gathered around her as she told them of voyaging on a sailing vessel, and how at a port where the ship had stopped en route, the sailors were kept hard at work for ten hours, unloading a heavy cargo. At evening a breeze had sprung up, and the captain was most anxious to get the sails set and take advantage of the favoring wind. He ordered all hands on deck to loose the great mainsail. The weary men, who had been handling cargo all day, came from their hammocks, and on learning what was expected of them, flatly refused; a mutiny was imminent. The passengers stood in frightened groups on the after deck, while the captain and mates took up their station beneath the great yardarm. The bo'sun joined them, but the sailors were obdurate, and stood with folded arms behind the big dark-browed, weather-beaten mariner who was the ringleader.

The third mate, a jolly, rollicking sailor, with a mass of yellow curls beneath his nautical cap, stepped forward, threw off his coat and laying hold of the "main sheet," began to sing a favorite sailors' chorus:

"Who stole the boots?
Who stole the boots?
Who stole the boots?
Paddy Murphy, Oh."

The bo'sun promptly fell in and helped pull, the men passengers followed, and before "Paddy Murphy, Oh" had died away, every sailor was pulling with might and main, except the sour-faced leader, who spent the night in irons, "with no music in his soul,"—so mother said.

The music teacher was quick to see in this incident the power of her favorite art, even on sailors who were so weary that for the moment they had forgotten that the welfare of the passengers depended on them. In after years she often said that if the stirring refrain of a sea-song, mingling with the swish of the waves, could subdue a mutiny and the weariness of the day in part, what might not music accomplish in the uplift of humanity and the soothing of vexatious national discord; for waves of melody have a compelling power to dissipate discontent.

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IN the history of every nation the power of music has been demonstrated. There was a time when the "Marseillaise" had to be suppressed in France, because the people went wild over that stirring hymn. There was a time when the singing of certain old national airs was forbidden by law in Ireland; and in Scotland the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" songs were placed under a ban, in the hope that the "king o'er the water" would be forgotten.

The power of music is ever growing—a time may come when all things vexatious can be subdued by waves of harmony, as David exorcised the evil spirit from King Saul by the sweet melodies he drew from his harp. Music is itself the very type of peace and harmony. Observe a great orchestra: every wave of the baton means something; there must be absolute unity of purpose, and no instrument must deviate by a single note, for each is essential to the harmony of the whole; even the lark notes of the piccolo would be missed by the leader—it is a perfect example of many people working for one grand, common purpose.

The development of music has a sociological aspect, for when this nation finds expression in a distinctive national music, then will it understand how to harmonize conflicting elements gathered within its boundaries. No other art can amalgamate so many widely-differing races. The foreigner will become truly American in thought and habits when he can come to our shores and find here a music that has in it the heart glow of a young and prosperous nation, syncopated in merry or sad plantation songs and in the deep minor wail of the red man of the forest, carried on to perfect harmony in the sweeping chords that tell of the wide plains and the canyons where the winds echo; where the very heart of a nation responds to the master hand in sweeping the harp-strings with the tale of its achievements and dreams, of its remote and mysterious past. The lavish gifts of the Creator to this land of ours can never be expressed in words, but that supreme generosity, and our appreciation thereof, may be rendered in tones—with rich, sweeping chords and sweet minor cadences.

Lying dormant somewhere in our country may be this power—latent among the students of music—the mighty genius for which the nation waits; who will show us, as has been said

by a modern writer, not "how cleverly the American can imitate European modes of expression," but rather "what the American has to say for himself, for his nation, for *us*, through the medium of his art," voicing "the youthful, optimistic, heroic spirit of a new land." Music peculiar to our nation is slowly crystallizing out of the folk songs of many races of adopted citizenship that merge into American individuality. The mighty touch of music will evoke deathless melodies and harmonies, distinctively American in character, and portraying and bringing to life those subtle forces which no painter can limn, no historian describe, but which Music can always express, coming straight from the soul of a master directly into the hearts of the people.

* * * * *

IN prosperous times the spirit of envy creeps upon the individual when he sees his neighbor apparently thriving better than himself and possessing a hundred things that he would like to possess. Manufacturing concerns find that payrolls creep up in a fashion that is not justified by the returns, and money thus paid out and not adequately returned is just as reprehensible an extravagance as any other; but for all such trouble adjustment will come, because there is work to be done in the world for every man who is willing to do it. The greatest benefactor of his time and race is the man who will work not only for the just distribution of material wealth, but who does his part toward creating the means of adding to it and making happiness possible in the joy of work and in gratefulness to a kind Providence.

* * * * *

THE ideas and impulses of youthful writers are almost always contrary to older methods and customs; they have the hot breath of youth in them, and are sent forth with the ardent desire to attract attention. Oftentimes the easiest and cheapest way to acquire notoriety is to attack some time-honored institution. One of the greatest curses of the time is the demagogue who plays to the gallery, not only in literature, but in business. His success is based on an appeal to passion and prejudice; the quickest way to obtain results — that is, bad results.

The true reformer who quietly pursues his honest purpose does not require the blare of trumpets to make his work known; it will speak for itself in time. The honest man needs no herald to proclaim the character of his work. When you hear the blare of a trumpet, blown by an individual in his own praise, don't be deafened or dazzled by the display, but look rather to see what good work he is actually doing.

The mental attitude of our time is critical. We are always going up a ladder of unending evolution. Heretofore, the striking, audacious man, no matter what he proposed, even if it were no more useful to humanity than standing on his head and kicking his heels in the air, could always attract attention; but now people are beginning to see that the real basis of progress and helpfulness is the man who goes conscientiously toward an unselfish purpose, obeying the wholesome impulse to do some useful work, rather than seeking to shatter confidence in institutions that are quietly serving their purpose, pending the inauguration of something better.

A scandal pervades the newspapers: a banker or man of affairs has gone wrong—one man perhaps out of thousands—but the other innocent nine hundred and ninety-nine who go right are never heard of; their merit is never recognized. We forget their qualities of honesty, patience, endurance. More and more these qualities are coming to the front, whether it be in the enrolled "happy habiter," or in those who are happy habitors without realizing the fact, just going about doing good deeds, blooming quietly in some sequestered corner, dispensing hope and cheer to all who come in contact with them, making the wide world better and sweeter because of their radiant helpfulness.

STATE HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS

By JOHN E. JONES

THE first General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts met at the old State House in Boston October 25, 1780. Shortly after the issuing of the Declaration of Independence, a convention was held for the purpose of adopting a form of constitution "for the State of Massachusetts Bay." This was submitted to the people and rejected.

The constitution provides that the supreme executive magistrate shall be styled "the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and his title is defined as "His Excellency." There is nowhere reference to the term "state," although in common speech the government is so styled. It is interesting to know that of the different state governments of the United States there are but four classed under the title of "Commonwealth"—these being Massachusetts, Kentucky, Virginia and Pennsylvania.

* * *

Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts are the only state governments that provide for an annual legislative session. In New York the governor and senators are elected for two years and the representatives for one year; New Jersey elects its governor and senators for three years, and its representatives for one year; Rhode Island and Massachusetts elect all their officials, including the governor and members of the legislature for but one year, and agitation to lengthen the term of office has not been a success, the particular reason being that the voters believe they can better protect their rights by an annual resort to the suffrage.

The legislature of Massachusetts is designated as the General Court, and the sessions usually last for about five or six months. Any citizen has the right to demand the attention of the General Court by filing a petition for any legislation he may wish, and this petition need be signed only by himself. Every matter of legislation, no matter how brought to the attention of the General Court is disposed of in some manner before adjournment. There is every protection thrown about the rights of the great masses of people,

and the legislator who has to go back and give an accounting to his constituency at least once a year, is compelled—no matter what his individual inclinations may be, to walk a pretty straight path. The result is found in the unusually high class of intelligence and commendable industry as exemplified by the members on Beacon Hill.

* * *

In New York and Pennsylvania, where the services of the legislators may properly be considered on the same basis as in Massachusetts, the members receive fifteen hundred dollars annually, while Kansas, Michigan and Oregon believe that three dollars a day is sufficient for the men who make their laws. States that fix an annual salary vary from one hundred and fifty dollars in Maine, two hundred in New Hampshire, to one thousand dollars in Illinois. The two instances of New York and Pennsylvania are distinct exceptions in high-priced compensation. Nevada pays by the day, and its members receive ten dollars for each day they serve

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Besides the regular legislative sessions Massachusetts provides for a large number of Commissions and Legislative Recess Committees, the latter of which sit during the recess period, for the purpose of giving additional attention and study to the many important questions which are bound to arise in such a thickly populated state, and where there is such a multiplicity of institutions and interests; and these commissions and committees are to be fairly considered as a part of the legislative machinery of the commonwealth. The bulk of legislation of course comes before the regular sessions, while the balance of the year is devoted to the hearings of arguments and consideration of matters of special importance, the result being that at all times the work of constructive legislation is being solved on Beacon Hill, and this fact is perhaps responsible to a large extent for the laws of Massachusetts being copied as models by the legislative bodies throughout the country.

STATE HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS

The announcement of the candidacy of Dr. Frank G. Wheatley for the Republican nomination to Congress from the fourteenth district has created a very lively interest among the associates and friends of the genial senator from the first Plymouth district, and in the reading rooms and about the corridors the chances for success of the popular colleague have been threshed out. When his present term has been completed Congressman Lovering will have served twelve years, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of his friends during previous



Photo by Purdy

HONORABLE FRANK G. WHEATLEY, STATE
SENATOR

contests that he would not again be a candidate. This term of service exceeds that of any of his predecessors, and the feeling is said to be prevailing throughout the district that his request for re-election is unreasonable.

It may be safely ventured that it is the popular impression among the Beacon Hill statesmen that Congressman Lovering will have a difficult problem to handle if he maintains his seat in Congress.

► Doctor Wheatley first served two years in the House of Representatives where he did splendid work in the lines of general legislation, but more particularly in reference to such matters as pertain to public health. The session of 1907 was his first year in the

Senate and he served as chairman on the committee on Public Health, of which committee he had previously been a member while in the House.

Last year he secured the passage of the law creating fifteen inspectors for an equal number of districts in the state, and provided that these inspectors should be men versed in the science of medicine and hygiene, and their duty is to see to it that factories and public buildings are sanitary in every particular, to the end that every factory employee and every pupil in the public schools may be sure of a healthy environment. Under the terms of the act tuberculosis is to receive special attention. This law, which has been on the statutes for some months, early demonstrated its value and its beneficial results are already apparent.

* * *

There have been some very interesting hearings before the committee on Insurance since the session opened, and the interest felt throughout the commonwealth in the pending legislation along insurance lines, naturally has drawn attention to Senator Wheatley, who was a member of the special recess committee that drafted the famous House bill number 250, taking up some of the most important insurance matters that have been before the General Court in many years. The proposed legislation seeks to remedy some of the practices of mutual insurance companies, and to provide a way for an equitable distribution of dividends of those companies, and it is clearly pointed out in the report of the committee that the policy holder insuring an extra hazardous risk receives more than their "fair share of the original premium paid for insurance," while with the old-line companies, which have not carried risks on farm property to any extent are given a chance, if the new legislation prevails, to enter into that field of business, and afford necessary protection to the farmer and his property.

Changes are also made in the manner of writing automobile insurance, providing for a form of policy that will cover losses whether resulting from fire, explosion, collisions or otherwise.

Doctor Wheatley has for many years been a practising physician in North Abington and since 1892 has been identified with Tufts

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Medical School where he has been, and still is, Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. Since he became connected with the institution, he has witnessed its remarkable growth—whereas, there were seventy-five students in 1892, there are this year 600 persons enrolled.

Senator Wheatley occasionally addresses the Senate and when he participates in a discussion his views are advanced with great force and thought. But his best work has been done among committees, a place where the practiced legislator soon discovers that in taking an earnest part in the preliminary shaping of laws that he is better able to secure results, than on the floor, where there is usually but one of two things to be done: either to kill or pass the measure. There is perhaps no man in the State House whose judgment is more respected and whose views are more sought than those of Doctor Wheatley. He has very naturally risen to the position of authority upon many matters, and his judgment goes a long way in shaping legislative opinion.

* * *

One morning early in March, I had the good fortune to meet Representative Joseph E. Beals of Middleboro, on an occasion when he was free from committee service, and to say that it was a pleasant hour is putting it mildly.

Mr. Beals is of the rugged type of New Englander that descends from the best Pilgrim stock, and he traces a lineal descent from Elder Robert Cushman, who was one of the gentlemen who organized the Mayflower Expedition and embarked from England on that good ship. Fearing for the safety of the party he with others abandoned the voyage, to go later to America. In his genealogy Representative Beals is much interested—and why not? Because he is also a descendant of Miles Standish, John Alden and his Priscilla, whose names will ever freshen the sweetest sentiments of the early Colonial days. George Soule, George Sampson, Isaac Allerton, all passengers of the Mayflower, are among the ancestors of Representative Beals, and Mr. Beals likes to spend some of his time in the work of the Mayflower Descendants and New England Historical Societies.

Despite his seventy-four years, the Middleboro representative is active and energetic,



Senate
Reading
Room



Grand
Stairway



Speaker's
Room

Doric Hall,
a beauty
spot of the
capitol

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and is rounding out a long and useful life, serving in a modest way the town of his birth, in which he has spent his entire life.

In his home town he looks after the waterworks, and the system in operation in Middleboro is directly due to his careful supervision, as he has been in charge of the plant and its operation ever since it was installed.

Nearly thirty-five years ago he organized the Public Library and has ever since been a trustee and has for all these years been connected with the administration of this public institution. Middleboro has a \$50,000 library



Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH E. BEALS

building which he helped build, and more than \$50,000 worth of books are on its shelves. Much of the success of the library is due to Mr. Beals. It will be recalled that at the time of his death Thomas S. Pierce, left numerous bequests to the amount of \$600,000 to Middleboro, and the funds for the library were received as a part of the bequests.

In his legislative work Mr. Beals has been a splendid representative of his community, but he says that the precedent established is that no representative can serve more than two terms, and he expects that this will be his last year on Beacon Hill. Nineteen years ago he organized and has since developed

a prosperous co-operative bank at Middleboro, and he employs a couple of clerks to assist him in his work. Each night and morning he is engaged with them, going daily to and from the Massachusetts State House.

* * *

Although serving his first term as Representative and while still quite new to the work of the General Court, Representative Elmer L. Curtiss, of Hingham, has already made a strong impression upon his associates, and when he occupied the attention of the House in his speech upon the Public Opinion bill, it was understood that he was one of the spokesmen for the committee on Election Laws, and his argument attracted close attention from the members; likewise his speech in reference to the Sunday question was received with distinct favor. Mr. Curtiss favors the most liberal laws for the Sabbath in reference to matters affecting the recreation and health of the people, but is opposed to any laws that favor or smack of legalizing commercialism, and in his address in the House very clearly set forth his views. The subject of industrial education is one that will command especial attention from Mr. Curtiss, and he told me of the pleasure he had in visiting the textile school at Lowell with his committee. Although now a practicing attorney in Boston, Mr. Curtiss spent eight years as a teacher, and went to Hingham in the capacity of superintendent of schools. He is now, and has been for several years, a member of the school committee for his town. The member from Hingham impresses one as a student, and I was not surprised to learn that such subjects as Political Science and the Labor question, and the administration of cities, are among the things that take up to a large extent the hours of his leisure, which are largely given over to study. In conversation he pointed out the reasons for his acknowledged prejudice against interference by the state in the local government of Boston, and his views are of the most optimistic nature. He points out the serious danger of going too fast, and holds the view that American cities are now passing through a period already long experienced in the cities of Germany and England, where the governing boards are constituted of three or four times as many representatives as found in the Common Council and Board of Alder-

men of Boston. The strength of local self-government, Mr. Curtiss contends, lies solely in arousing the civic conscience, and this has been successfully accomplished in Europe and will follow in natural sequence in our American cities. It is said that Mr. Curtiss' private library is one of the finest in his section of the state, and nearly sixteen hundred volumes constitute the collection; of these three hundred are books of United States history, and it is doubtful if many public libraries can compare successfully with Mr. Curtiss' collection. The Representative is giving his best energies to the commonwealth and the people who have chosen him, and it is safe to say that he will rapidly grow to become one of the strong representatives on Beacon Hill.

* * *

Somewhere I have read that "it is the little things in life that count," and the ex-

and the gentleman at my side. "That's my daughter," said the Senator, and in that moment of recognition between the two and in the information given by the Senator I gained an insight into the character of the august statesman that made me feel—and I will always remember the incident—because then and there I got to *know* Charles Jenney;

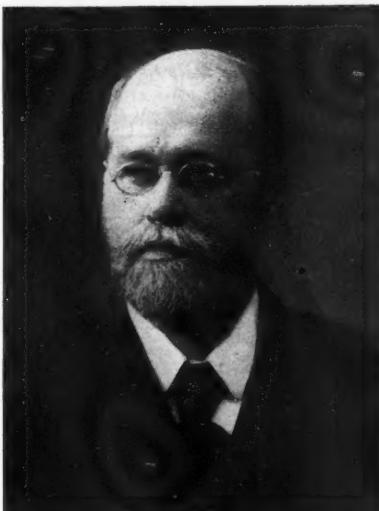


Photo by Chickering

HONORABLE CHARLES F. JENNEY, STATE SENATOR



Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE ELMER L. CURTISS

pression flashed through my mind as I sat one pleasant afternoon on a great leather couch in the Senate corridor enjoying a pleasant chat with Senator Jenney. A young lady of perhaps sixteen passed us in company with a party of her girl friends, and there was a pleasing recognition between her

and my opinion is that the general verdict that gives to the Senator the reputation of being a great big-hearted, and good man, is correct. Senator Jenney is a practicing attorney at Hyde Park, and has taken a prominent part in the affairs of his town, and has served in many ways to the credit of himself and his people. In 1886 he was a member of the House, and with one exception was the youngest member. Twenty-one years later he returned to Beacon Hill as a senator, and is now serving his second year. He has no hobbies or pet notions to exploit in legislation, but he is chairman of the committee on Judiciary, and the position means hard work and careful study. All labor bills have been referred to this committee and in the General Court this class of bills require about as much attention as anything that is liable to come before the legislature. Senator Jenney is a lecturer in the Boston University Law

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School, and is president of the Alumni Association of his school. He is undoubtedly one of the men most valuable to the legislative branch of the state government.

* * *

I heard an interesting story the other day at the State House concerning Representative Louis E. Flye, of Holbrook, which is a keynote to the character of this young man who is one of the most popular representatives at the State House.

It is remembered that five or six years ago,

clerk of Holbrook. He is now serving his second term in the State House and last year made two or three effective speeches in relation to the Shoe Machinery bill, having much to do with the final legislation in the interest of shoe manufacturers. Representative Flye has also taken a prominent interest in better street railways and better laws regulating the operation of them.

He occupies a handsome suite of offices in Boston and has been a successful practitioner at the bar. You would hardly believe that this young man in only twenty-seven years could have already made so interesting a record.

This year he is a member of the committee on Street Railways and it is an assured thing that he will not disappoint the predictions of his admiring friends and constituents who believe there is a brilliant career ahead of him.

* * *

One finds in the legislative branch of the state government all the various types of citizenship which a great state can produce. There is the city man from the select ward or from sections steeped with political corruption, and then again there are the representatives from the smaller places and outlying districts, and in the framing of legislation it may be fairly said that these latter classes bring a powerful influence to bear upon the business of the different sessions, largely for the reason that they are able to take a broader view and a stronger grasp upon matters than the man who jostles with the crowds of a great city. Joseph J. Shepherd, with whom I spent a good part of one morning, comes from Pembroke, and has represented a larger territory than any man in the House. He has demonstrated his approval of the Roosevelt doctrine at home, and is the proud father of seven children, and those children through their father and mother's ancestry trace a direct line of descent from John Alden and Priscilla and Miles Standish who typify the best Pilgrim stock that comes to posterity. His is the Second Plymouth district, and it is a splendid region to come from, because since the early days of the Colonies the word Plymouth has meant wonderful things to the American people. Mr. Shepherd is chairman of the committee on Drainage and a member of the committee on Counties. He is interested in opening



Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE LOUIS E. FLYE

Representative Fred O. Macartney, of Rockland, champion of the Socialistic cause, had become somewhat of a "terror" in debate. Imagine the surprise of this old warrior when he was challenged to meet Mr. Flye who had barely become of age. The interest in the debate was so intense that the admission was limited and tickets were distributed in advance, the hall was filled and when the evening was finished, the Rockland veteran and Socialistic found himself wiped off the map in the face of the incontrovertible argument advanced by Mr. Flye.

Within a month from his twenty-first birthday, Representative Flye became a public office holder and was elected town

STATE HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS

the harbors of Massachusetts to navigation, and wants to remove a large portion of the dikes at Marshfield, which were placed there nearly forty years ago, and which have been responsible for the filling in of the harbor, and then after the dike has been taken out he would have the commonwealth do a modest amount of work that will make this a splendid harbor of refuge for boats in case of storm. He points out that whereas there was formerly fourteen feet of water at this point that it is now practically filled in, but that the removal of the dike would give the forces of the sea a chance to restore the natural channel that formerly existed, and a small expenditure of money and labor would do the rest. It is interesting to know that the old home of Daniel Webster adjoins the proposed Marshfield improvements and that the removal of the dikes would overflow the lowlands of the old estate, and the waters coming in would re-cover the lands formed by the sea since Webster in the days of his glory lived at Marshfield.

Mr. Shepherd is prominently mentioned in his home for county commissioner and his friends wish him success. He has made a careful study of matters connected with the prevention of forest fires which have done great damage in his locality, and served as a warden, and was of great assistance to State Forester F.W. Rane in framing legislation that was passed along this line. He has had considerable to do with perfecting systems of fire protection, particularly with reference to forests, and his town has set a commendable example by providing three fire wagons, supplied with extinguishers and water cans. Mr. Shepherd in his quiet way has done good work, and his community feels a pride in the service he has performed.

From the Senate Gallery I witnessed Senator Vahey's great fight against capital punishment. The Chamber was filled and whether senators and spectators agreed with Mr. Vahey or not, made little difference in the admiration they evinced towards the man—there was in that gathering a splendid tribute to the qualities which the senator possesses, and these qualities are demonstrated whether it be in debate—in which he is magnificent, or in the ordinary affairs of legislative life on Beacon Hill. Rather tall, graceful, slightly bronzed, with clear-cut features and a prominent forehead sur-

mounted by locks "black as the raven's," and with dark penetrating eyes; the senator naturally strikes a poise of ease, and he reinforces it with the kind of oratory that is a gift, and cannot be acquired. His plea for the abolition of the death penalty springs from the heart, and there is a convincing earnestness in what he says. Last year he won in the Senate, but his bill for a modification of the death penalty was defeated in the House. This year he came within three votes of passing a bill through the Senate for the total abolition of the death penalty. The question naturally is of vital interest to Mr.



REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH J. SHEPHERD

Vahey as he conducted the trial of one of the most celebrated murder cases in the history of New England, and though he left no stone unturned, his client Charles L. Tucker went to the death chair. In the past eighteen months he has addressed seventy-five gatherings with audiences of from twenty-five to fifteen hundred people in the interest of abolishing this class of laws. He is the head and front of the fight in New England, and perhaps knows more about the subject than any man in the entire eastern portion of the country. He asserts that seven-tenths of the people are opposed to the present statutes, and argues that the death penalty is not a deterrent of crime, but that besides

being contrary to all forms of modern civilization that crime has been actually lessened and a greater number of convictions secured in murder cases where the law has been abolished in other states. He will continue to wage his fight, and those who know him best are the most confident that sooner or later he will win his case. Senator Vahey is thirty-six years of age, and has been a lawyer since the day following his twenty-first birthday. He has opposed all legislation in the interests of the great corporations which he believed to be unworthy of sup-

ocratic nomination for Governor in the coming campaign, and from all parts of the state the announcement is meeting with hearty expressions of approval, and there seems little doubt but what he will be the choice of his party. He will be a formidable candidate.

* * *

The measure passed last year providing for a sliding scale in prices to gas consumers in the city of Boston has been so satisfactory, that Representative Hultman, of Quincy, may be found among the strongest advocates of such a measure for the entire state, and in characteristic manner the representative is giving close attention to every detail connected with the legislation and its enactment. He points out that the reduction of fifteen cents in the price of gas in Boston in two years and besides this the safeguards thrown around investors by the legislation, demonstrates that the present local law should become a general measure. Mr. Hultman is chairman of the Water Supply Committee and did effective work last year as peacemaker in the Lynn Water bill, upon which there was a considerable fight, but which was all eventually arranged satisfactorily to everyone concerned. A measure in which he has taken active interest is the water metre law which he reported last session, and which went into effect last January. This provides that water flowing through all new connections, and in addition five per cent. of the old connections in the Metropolitan district shall be metered each year and Mr. Hultman will resist all attempts to repeal this measure, as it seems to be meeting with opposition from the Boston City Hall. The representative took an active part in defense of the Public Opinion measure last year, and his position attracted considerable attention. Among legislation that he wants for Quincy is an extension of the boulevard system, and he is likely to get about all he is after in this direction. In rumaging about I found that as far back as 1896 while attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Mr. Hultman prepared a thesis in reference to making a great railroad terminal point at Park Square in Boston, to relieve the congested conditions of railroad travel, and it is strange—perhaps, that his exact suggestions were embodied in the recommendations of the Railroad Commissioners



Photo by Marceau

HONORABLE JAMES H. VAHEY, STATE
SENATOR

port, and last year fired the first gun against the merger of the two great New England railroads. He has been elected twice in a Republican district and although a democrat, on one occasion he received a plurality of 1,600 votes. In 1904 he defeated George Fred Williams, who is a sort of political pooh-bah and was elected a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. In his home town of Watertown he has been honored in many ways and has held most of the positions of public trust within the gift of his people. Yielding to the urgent demands of leading representatives of his party in the Senate and House, Senator Vahey has consented to become a candidate for the demo-

only last year. It demonstrates, at least, the feasibility of one of the contentions put forth by Mr. Hultman in his work as a civil engineer. The representative is a worker, and prefers the quiet method of "talking it over" in the corridors and reading rooms, but he sometimes speaks upon the floor, and in things in which he is interested the legislature never fails to be informed as to the Hultman view of the matter. He will be a candidate for the Senate this fall, and will undoubtedly be the choice of his city, and his friends hope for his advancement.

* * *

Three years in the House and "present" at every roll call except one, is a pretty good record; and added to that a personal acquaintanceship with practically every member of the General Court, which is a body of 280 men—these are things that can be truthfully said of Representative Arthur L. Nason, of Haverhill. Mr. Nason is a member of the committee on Roads and Bridges and clerk of the committee on Parishes and Religious Societies, and while giving close attention to committee matters yet he is creating a lively interest this session in his measure to investigate the sanitary conditions of the good old Merrimac river. The shoe machinery law of last session was a measure upon which he put in full time, and exercised every effort possible in its behalf, and the valuable work of the representative at that time has been fully appreciated by his colleagues on Beacon Hill and by his constituency. Representative Nason takes part in some of the debates on the floor, and made a strong hit with his remarks anent shoe machinery affairs. Recently he has been the guest of some of the yacht clubs and has discussed his sanitary proposals for the Merrimac. His idea for the initial work is to secure an appropriation of four thousand dollars for an investigation to be made by the state Board of Health, and it is strange to say that there is opposition to the suggestion. A measure for the reclassification of the northeast Essex Court also bears interest from the fact that the location is so close to the New Hampshire line that a large amount of its business is traceable to the neighboring state.

* * *

The youngest member of the House of Representatives is the representative of the

greatest property district of Massachusetts, and this gentleman is Representative Bartholomew A. Brickley, of the seventh Boston district, aged twenty-four years and a lawyer by profession. John Quinn, Jr., represented this district for thirteen or fourteen years, and it began to be felt that he would always be a fixture at the State House. His position was thought to be quite unassailable, but the young Mr. Brickley decided to go to the legislature—and so he is there looking after a district filled with the greatest establish-



Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE EUGENE C. HULTMAN

ments of Boston, starting at Broadway and extending to the Parker House, and running as far east as Atlantic Avenue. It is the heart of Boston, and includes all its great department stores, many principal hotels, and wholesale and retail establishments almost without number, and even the Common is in the district. Mr. Brickley has already been heard upon the floor of the House, and has shown that he thinks for himself and proposes to obey his own conscience, for he has not hesitated to dissent from the report of his committee on Legal Affairs in reference to the "Sunday Law" legislation. He believes in a liberal interpretation of Sunday observance, and goes on record as favoring harmless sports such as base ball and the like,

STATE HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS

and in fact all kindred games and pastimes where the commercial spirit is absent. He was one of the spokesmen for his committee in defending the rights of the owners of lunch carts, and these important accessories to commercial life won their victory in the House by an overwhelming vote. Representative Brickley is a democrat, attended Boston College and finished at Gonzaga College and the Georgetown University Law School. He is a member of the Catholic Knights and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a strong debator, and has a pleasing personality, and makes friends and keeps them,



REPRESENTATIVE ARTHUR L. NASON

because he is deserving of them. One of the Beacon Hill statesmen in speaking of the new member, was heard to remark: "There is a young man who has started right, who is willing to fight for his principles, and he has come to the House on his merits—he will make good." And such in a measure serves to give one a fairly correct idea of the man who has sprung into prominence partially because he was able to swing the seventh district.

* * *

The committee on Ways and Means is a busy one, and if the ideas of its clerk William Dean, are accepted, it will become an even more important function of the state government than it now is. Mr. Dean was a mem-

ber of the recess committee and has brought in a minority report providing for permanent sessions the year round for the Ways and Means Committee. His argument in support of his contention is that the committee does not get the time during the legislative session to properly look into all public questions as it ought, and he contends that if the committee held sessions throughout the entire year that it could pass upon many matters which are now but hurriedly gone over, and such a thing as the passing or signing of an unconstitutional measure would become very improbable. He believes that a carefully selected committee would be one of the greatest aids to the legislative and executive branches of the state government that could possibly be provided. Mr. Dean is vigorously advocating this change as he believes it would be a great reform in the management of the affairs of the state. Among the ablest defenders of the Public Opinion bill was Mr. Dean, and while he does not occupy much time in the debates, yet he is to be classed among the strongest of Beacon Hill law-makers, and whether it be in the committees or on the floor of the House, there is no mistaking his position when he is interested in a measure. In his city of Taunton he has been a successful practitioner at the bar, and has also given a good deal of attention to extensive real estate interests. There is a strong sentiment that the State Senator should come from his city this year, and if it does it is safe to say that the district will be represented by "Senator" William M. Dean at the next session. Mr. Dean has served three years on Beacon Hill, and his only bill has been one relative to the dissolution of attachments. But for all that he has always been a busy member, and has helped to make into laws the good suggestions that have appealed to him, while he has likewise had a hand in the killing of many unwise propositions. At home he stands for the advancement of Taunton's interests, and is doing all he possibly can to create a healthy public spirit, and to secure new industries for the place.

* * *

One of the progressive first-year members who is making a creditable record in the General Court is Representative Frederic H. Hilton, of Framingham. Mr. Hilton has long been identified with the best interests of

STATE HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS

his city, and has been active in the affairs of the Board of Trade, and has always stood ready to bear his part in anything tending toward the advancement of the constituency he now represents. He is a member of a law firm doing a large business, and maintaining offices in Boston, Lynn and Framingham. There was an interesting contest over the Sunday Photographers bill, and Mr. Hilton had in charge the report of his committee in the House. The committee gave an adverse report upon the measure permitting photographers to conduct their business on the Sabbath, and following a most interesting discussion it seemed likely that the committee report might be overturned by a few votes. At this point Mr. Hilton exhibited his capacity for diplomatic action by offering an amendment to the original bill permitting photography on the Sabbath when done entirely for pleasure and without pay. This happy

for the benefit of the great number of people living in the congested districts of cities. The small loan sharks with their iniquitous practices have found a foe in Mr. Hilton, and he has fathered some valuable legislation to prevent some of the well-known evils that have been familiar to many people in the cities where these institutions thrive. He



Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE BARTHOLOMEW A.
BRICKLEY

solution of the tangle was a practical victory for the representative and his committee, and passed by a large vote. He has consistently opposed all legislation tending to increase labor on the Lord's day, but believes that innocent forms of outdoor amusement should be allowed on Sunday, particularly



Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM M. DEAN

has still another measure to prohibit minors visiting amusement places where questionable pictures are exhibited by means of moving-picture slot machines.

This is the first public position ever held by Representative Hilton, but he is rapidly becoming recognized as a valuable man on Beacon Hill. In conversation he expressed his belief in the value of the English Compensation Act which provides for compensation in practically every case of personal injury, and it is more than likely that the legislature will take up this question in the same practical manner as has been done across the waters. The committee on Legal Affairs has been one of the most active of any of the legislative committees, and Mr. Hilton has given his closest attention to the hearings, and in these hearings as well as the deliberations of the committee he has done his best work, thus far this session, although his

occasional participation in affairs on the floor have likely brought him the greater prominence. It is safe to say that all reasonable labor measures that may favorably effect the interests of the workingman will find a warm friend and supporter in the Framingham representative, as he has a strong interest



Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE FRANK H. HILTON

in the causes for which the more advanced classes of laborers are contending.

* * *

There are many young men in the House, and Representative Daniel H. Morgan, of Springfield is one of them. He is a graduate from Yale, and he radiates the "spirit" of that famous institution. If he is not *For* a measure then it may be taken for a certainty that he is *Against* it, because his is not a passive temperament. Mr. Morgan is an aide-de-camp on Governor Guild's staff, with the rank of captain, and delights somewhat in the ceremonial functions. In reference to legislation he has had much to do with matters before the committee on Banks and Banking, of which he is clerk, and he has a positive dislike to any legislation which tends to give trust companies and financial institutions undue power, and when the

proposition came up to permit trust companies to establish numerous branch offices he protested and raised the "Yale yell," or something equally as emphatic by way of protest. Mr. Morgan takes the view that the bills in reference to financial matters need careful watching, as the opportunities for graft and undue power are great in improper measures along this line, and as his committee is a careful one this general view is perhaps responsible for the great care taken in their recommendations for legislation. In 1906 Representative Morgan entered the field for his nomination in a double district in which there were five candidates, and led his colleagues by seventy votes. Upon the death of his father in 1903 he took charge of the large



REPRESENTATIVE DANIEL H. MORGAN

business interests left by his parent, and manages some of the best real estate in the city of Springfield. He takes an interest in matters pertaining to the militia and is a member of Colonel Pierce's staff of the second regiment. The people of Springfield will no doubt appreciate the faithful service of their member, and it would not be surprising to soon find him occupying more important positions of public trust.



THE MECHANIC'S BUILDING, BOSTON, WHERE THE GREAT FOOD FAIR AND HOUSE-FURNISHING EXPOSITION IS HELD

TRIUMPH OF INDOOR ADVERTISING

By FLYNN WAYNE

SOME years ago there was a meeting of subscribers of the National Magazine at the Pan-American Exposition. Forty-seven subscribers all told representing every state and territory were enrolled in that party. We had a jolly time together—meeting in the morning—sightseeing in the afternoon—entertainments and the witching illumination at night. The climax of our outing included a trip to Niagara Falls, the same Niagara associated with happy honeymoon trips. That beautiful day will never be forgotten as we just "picnicked" in the park overlooking the great falls—but above the roar of the water rang out the cheery laughter and merriment of the "jolly 47."

That evening a dinner was given by the Natural Food Company in the large circular dining room of one of the fashionable hotels. The gentleman in charge was Mr. C. H. Green. After the banquet the party gathered

in the assembly hall and then it was that the ladies of the party—many of whom had never made a speech in their lives—rose to their feet and paid a tribute to the occasion such as made masculine eloquence seem dumb indeed. The women who spoke were home builders and practically interested in house work, and when it came to speaking of house furnishing and household affairs—they knew what they were talking about—while the others of the forty-seven—well they guessed at it.

The quiet young master of ceremonies, Mr. C. H. Green, was born in Albion, Michigan, in 1867. From thence his parents removed to Homer where he attended school until thirteen years of age. He then went into a shoemaker's shop to learn the trade. At sixteen his ambition led him into the retail and wholesale drug business. Later he organized a chemical company for

TRIUMPH OF INDOOR ADVERTISING

the purpose of manufacturing a product called "Sodio." He left the drug business to go with the Natural Food Company from a conviction that drugs were mere palliatives and that the real fundamental basis of good health was simple and wholesome food, as heralded by the master genius of the late Henry D. Perky.

All the time you will observe that Mr.



C. H. GREEN

Green was the same close student of those things which concerned the home and the household as at the meeting at Niagara Falls. Some years later in company with Mr. E. J. Rowe, the project of "Indoor Advertising" was first perfected. Food fairs were supplemented with house-furnishing expositions. These expositions were held in New York, Providence, Worcester, Detroit, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington and all had the distinction of proving a great success. The New England Food Fair and House-Furnishing Exposition in 1907 was an unparalleled success. Mechanics building where it was held is the largest exposition building in America and the turnstiles showed that 637,877 people attended in the four weeks that it continued and they were four of the busiest and happiest weeks of the season. This great success made indoor advertising an assured and established branch of publicity

for products affecting affairs "indoors and out."

The Food Fair and House Furnishing Exposition in Boston for 1907, evidenced the strong interest which the home people themselves took in the proper extension of the new things calculated to improve and better the home life of the people. This exposition included a wide representation of all those things of interest in house furnishing. In the basement was a real, old-fashioned one ring circus for the boys and girls giving a genuine lively interest in an exposition, exemplifying the home spirit. There did not seem to be one phase of house furnishings and home building that was overlooked in this splendid enterprise. The rush and enthusiasm from the opening to the closing was assuredly gratifying to those in charge.

The Food Fair has been given in Boston for some years. This exposition is given under the auspices of the five hundred mem-



E. J. ROWE

bers of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association and is the one event for those who make their annual trip to Boston from all parts of the country and meet relatives from all over New England and hold reunions with old friends. The vivid impressions of these happy evenings and afternoons at the expo-



Photos by Chickering, Boston

A FEW OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE NEW ENGLAND FOOD FAIR AND HOUSE-FURNISHING EXPOSITION

TRIUMPH OF INDOOR ADVERTISING

sition remain to many of the good people a treasured memory for years to come. There is always, of course, plenty of good music, inexhaustible arrays of new foods and new furnishing to inspect and discuss, in fact, something to interest all the people all the time. The average New England housewife is rather keen on all improvements for the home and when the women rendered their verdict—which is the final tribunal—the

only of the exhibitors but of the people who attended. Every foot of floor space was utilized and there was a buzz of activity from basement to gallery. Above were the alluring motion pictures, the children's theatre, an old-fashioned inn, a ladies orchestra, the United States Marine Band of Washington, D. C., and the Banda Roma from Rome, Italy. Representative exhibits from three foreign governments as well as many of the prominent manufacturers make it one complete round of interest for the 25,000 average daily attendance.

Mr. A. C. Dowse, Secretary of the Exposition Committee of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association of Massachusetts is one of the best known newspaper men in the state, and has done much towards bringing about the splendid results which these young pioneers of "Indoor Advertising" projected to give Boston the best food and house furnishing exposition ever known in the country.

Mr. Rowe, who by the way, is a Canadian, was formerly in the theatrical business and he knows just how to provide the people with what they want. He was formerly the head of Haverley's Mastodon Minstrels, and was at that time one of the youngest theatrical managers in the country. When this young theatrical manager and Mr. Green joined forces they became managers in the most successful trade expositions ever known in the country, and emphatically the most successful exploiters of indoor advertising known in the country. The great acres of floor space for the exposition in Mechanics Building is nearly all disposed of for the fair for 1908. It promises to excel in every way the splendid success of last year, and will do honor to the building owned by the society of which Paul Revere was president.

Negotiations are now being made by Messrs. Green and Rowe for holding a trade exposition in Crystal Palace, London, where the first international exposition of the world was held in 1858. This exposition will not be held until 1910 as the managers believe in thorough preparation for the great event.

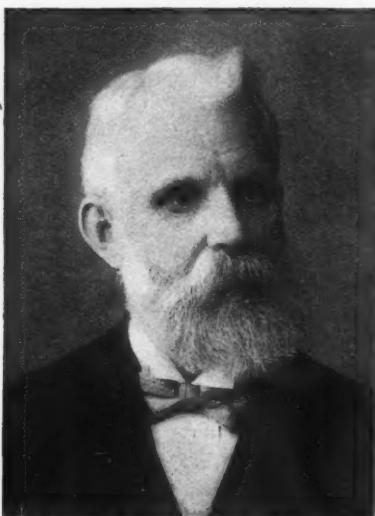


Photo by Chickering

AARON C. DOWSE

Secretary of the New England Food Fair and House-Furnishing Exposition

"go" of success was emblazoned upon the undertaking.

The Massachusetts Retail Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association has a membership of over five hundred representing one hundred individual towns and cities throughout Massachusetts. The management of the 1907 fair felt themselves indeed fortunate in securing the services of C. H. Green and E. J. Rowe. Every possible objectionable feature was eliminated and everything done to win the confidence not

COLONEL S. O. BIGNEY, ONE OF THE BIG FOUR

By JOHN E. JONES

IF at any time during the past nine months, you had happened to have asked Honorable S. O. Bigney, of Attleboro, whether he was going to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, as a delegate at large from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he would have unhesitatingly and emphatically answered in the affirmative. It was about that long ago that Colonel Bigney decided to go on the delegation, and although he knows all the quirks and curves of politics and politicians, he knew from the moment the decision was reached in his own mind, that he would be elected.

Now all this may seem ambiguous, but in the face of results and to anyone who knows Colonel Bigney, and is acquainted with the way he does things, it is clear enough. He is an optimist all the way through, and he declares that his policy always is "to do one thing at a time." So it happened that he decided to go on the Board of the Big Four to the Chicago Convention, and from the day of that decision he had but one thing in mind, and that was to succeed, and when it was all over he declared: "Of course, I knew I would win; from the fact that my cause was a just one, and the people were

with me." And the speech was characteristic of the man.

Colonel Bigney is a manufacturer, and insists that he is not a politician. At Attleboro he may be found at his factory before seven o'clock every morning, and he is on duty all day and until everybody else has gone home for the night. He works all the time, whether engaged in his regular vocation as the head of one of the largest jewelry manufacturing establishments of the country, or as a candidate for delegate at large—whatever he has on hand there is always but "that one thing to do."

Months ago I read in a Boston newspaper what appeared to be an authoritative statement to the effect "that both the United States Senators had decided that Colonel Bigney could not go on the delegation with them to the National Convention." And

then a short time afterwards I sat in an office and heard "one end" of a telephone conversation, and the speaker was a business man, and he was telling with considerable force, a political leader of the city that "there must be a Bigney delegation." There was in the incident something of premonition to slate-makers. As I watched the progress

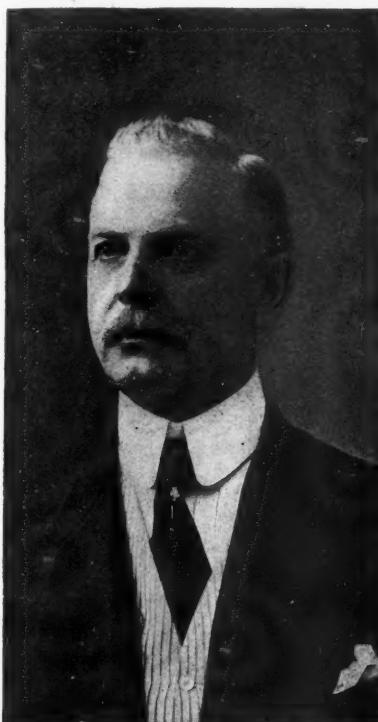


Photo by Chickering

COLONEL S. O. BIGNEY

COLONEL BIGNEY, ONE OF THE BIG FOUR

of events the conviction gradually came upon me as an outsider, and at first a disinterested spectator that here was a battle royal between the men who "fix things," between the coterie who manipulate states, on the one side; and arrayed against them a true representative of the business and manufacturing interests of the state. And then the scene shifted along a little further, and on the canvass I saw that the people were the ones who were demanding the election of this "Ajax," as a New York newspaper called him, and it was but a few days later that I saw him at the State House, and then in the hotels of Boston, and other places, and in every instance he was the center of groups of men offering their support, and rallying to his standard, and while seemingly constantly "defying the lightning," he won not only one of the greatest personal victories in the political records of the state, but more important even than that, he had championed a cause involving a principle vital to the people. In consequence we have arrived here in Massachusetts just a little nearer to the underlying principles of self-government through Colonel Bigney, and one of the most spectacular campaigns on record for an entirely honorary position. The party leaders had been getting together for many weeks and fixing things their own way for "harmony sake," but they did not usually include Colonel Bigney, who constantly declared: "There will be no harmony without Bigney." And finally this indefatigable fighter who had visited every portion of Massachusetts, and met the representatives of the party in practically every city of the commonwealth, was found to have a majority of the delegates, and then the rest was all simple enough, because there was a hasty rearrangement of affairs, and Senators Lodge and Crane, and Ex-Governor Long and S. O. Bigney were duly selected as the Big Four from Massachusetts.

One day recently I went to Attleboro, and following the purpose of my visit, soon found myself in the inner office of Mr. Bigney's manufacturing establishment. His desk was open, and on it a bronze tablet, the lines of which evidently met the hearty approval of its owner, attracted my attention. I read this from "Eben Holden":

"I ain't afraid,
Shamed o' nothin' I ever done,

Alwus kep' my tugs tight,
Never swore 'less 'twas nec'sary,
Never ketched a fish bigger'n 'twas
Er lied 'n a hoss trade,
Er shed a tear I didn't hev to,
Never cheated anybody but Eben Holden.
Going off somewhere's, Bill—
Duno the way nuther—
Duno 'f its east er west er north er south,
But I ain't afraid."

About the walls were many pictures and decorations. I found a group of the Presidents of the United States; in another frame were likenesses of the conquerors of the Spanish Army and Navy; and then there was a portrait of Longfellow; another attractive group represented the signing of the Peace Protocol. There were also flash-light views of guests at banquets, hunting scenes, and many photographs artistically arranged. In every movement of the master of this comfortable place there was embodied the strong force of a personal character that makes its possessor the leader among men. As we talked there were long distance telephone calls to answer from Buffalo and Chicago; orders and directions were issued with quick decision and in the most kindly manner to clerks and employees; a bundle of letters was hastily glanced through, and a pleasing expression came to his countenance as he perused many notes of congratulation from friends in and without the state. As we sat and talked I gazed into the bluest blue eyes I had ever seen, and when I departed an hour later it was with a clearer knowledge of a man who has certainly "made good." Colonel Bigney is of an artistic temperament, and his Attleboro home is one of the most magnificently furnished and decorated of any in Massachusetts. Within its friendly walls many of the principal citizens of the state and nation have been entertained. Formerly Colonel Bigney kept up a stable filled with some of the best horses in the country, but he has forsaken his love for horse-flesh, and automobiles have taken their place. I confessed to myself that he had imparted to me some of the enthusiasm which was so natural to his disposition; and I went home hoping that the assignment of my chief to "write a story about Colonel Bigney" would be executed in a manner to do justice to this brainy, busy, business man from Attleboro.

COLONEL BIGNEY, ONE OF THE BIG FOUR

I had in that visit gathered a better idea as to how he had gone to Washington a few years ago after the signing of the treaty between France and the United States and played a prominent part in preventing its ratification by the Senate of the United States. It is an oft repeated story of how, after he arrived in Washington he sent a protest to the House and Senate declaring that "New England manufacturers will not stand for this treaty." He produced figures as to the cost of manufacture, and the prices for which goods from the two countries could be sold on this side of the water. He concluded his argument by saying that the ratification of the treaty would mean that the goods of French manufacture would be sold cheaper in the United States than they could possibly be manufactured in this country. And then he declared: "If you wish to countenance this, ratify the treaty." The treaty failed, and the jewelry manufacturers will tell you today that Colonel Bigney was the one person more responsible than all others for this master stroke of work in behalf of American manufacturers.

Four years ago he was delegate from the fourteenth Congressional district to the National Convention which nominated Theodore Roosevelt. He won out in a three cornered fight and was nominated by acclamation. The other two candidates settled their differences by ballot. A year later he was elected to the Governor's Council from the second Councillor district. There were three candidates in the field at the beginning of his campaign. They withdrew and he was nominated by acclamation. And he comes to us again in a very heated contest for Delegate at Large,—and again it is by acclamation.

Some two years ago he sounded the keynote for a minimum and maximum tariff. He is absolutely opposed to a maximum and minimum tariff which has been so broadly advocated by many of our Congressmen. He insists on making the minimum the fixed tariff rate which can be changed only by National legislation, and is perfectly willing that the power of fixing the maximum should be legislated to the President to be used against countries who fail to favor us with their minimum rates. "I want to know where I am at," he says, "and if the President is to

have power to change existing tariff regulations I do not want even his judgment to stand as the only safeguard to the manufacturers of any class of goods, whether it be in my own line, or in any other class of manufactured articles." And this view is being quite generally accepted as the correct basis for new tariff legislation, and has among its converts some of the principal statesmen at Washington. That afternoon at Attleboro it was not difficult to imagine the successes of the boy Bigney, who started life by working at the bench at one dollar a day, and traversed along life's thorny path to the Colonel Bigney of today, who taught the people of Massachusetts in a few months, to accept his proclamation that "the time has come when the Republican party should pass over some of its temporary honors to the men who have helped to build up the industries of the state, instead of lavishing them upon men who are already burdened with them." In his message to the people he further asserted that "there should be one active business man on the Big Board of Four at Large." He cited the fact that other New England states have made it a practice to honor their business men in this way, and asked the unanswerable question: "Why should not Massachusetts do likewise? Fair play, decency and a square deal is what the citizens of Massachusetts approve!"

He convinced the people that he was right, and his victory was more far-reaching than any matter of personal aggrandizement, because the people themselves were the ones who actually won.

"No, I am not a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, nor do I want any other political position," he said. He prefers to continue to make high grade gold filled chains, and an indication of his purpose is told by a sentence on his business card, which reads: "Eternal hustle, coupled with honesty and integrity, is the just price of success."

The business man in politics will do more to increase and strengthen the stability of the American government than any remedy that can be applied, and if men who have won their spurs in the same manner as Colonel Bigney, would consent to leave their individual enterprises and give their service to the people, many of the great problems of today would be quickly and rationally disposed of.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATIONS

MICHIGAN has for several years, been in more or less disfavor with the financiers who loan large sums of money on the securities of public utility companies. Politicians have brought about these conditions to a large extent. It is true, too, that certain corporations contributed no small part in establishing conditions that gave the politician a plausible reason for his attacks. That these attacks have been carried beyond all bounds of respectability and reason is also true, and today Michigan is suffering from a series of unfortunate incidents that make the paths of corporation men most difficult to travel. A great many people in Michigan do not realize that the only real interest of the public is to secure good corporation service at reasonable prices.

Such results can best be obtained by treating the business of Public Service Corporations as permanently continuing, and not subject to liquidation or general upheaval at fixed intervals, on account of franchise termination or legislative attacks. The amount of capital required for public utility companies is now so large that few single individuals can supply it, and so it becomes necessary to market stocks and bonds to provide money. The lowest price for service is naturally then contingent on the rate of interest.

If the investment is treated as permanent, the lowest rates can be obtained, but if the business is subject to periodical attacks, with possible liquidation, the business then becomes either speculative or the investors must be protected by sinking fund provisions, sufficient to return their capital within the contract period. Such sinking funds must be paid from earnings which of course means higher cost of service to the consumer.

The conditions affecting the supply of service to the public are constantly changing, and it is nearly impossible to frame arbitrary regulations controlling the supply of service

for the usual period of twenty to thirty years, and properly safe-guard the interests of both the public and companies, and if the contract periods are shorter, the cost of service will be still greater, because the sinking fund each year will be greater. These so-called "franchise" periods are unsatisfactory and illogical. If the necessities of a city require that a street car line be extended, or new tracks put in, or a more modern system of street lighting be installed, or other similar improvements, it is not satisfactory for the city to be held up for a period of ten, twelve or fifteen years until the expiration of some franchise, in order to make a new bargain to bring about these improvements. Means should be provided whereby all questions between the public and the companies could be settled promptly, as they arise.

The State of Massachusetts has had a public commission with complete control of capitalization, rates, franchise conditions, uniform accounting, and all similar matters for many years, and hearings are constantly being held, and decisions rendered, settling price of service, rights of companies to extend, rights of municipalities to furnish service themselves, and regulations pertaining to the use of streets and public places. The results have been greatly to the advantage of both the public and companies.

It is illogical and unjust that control of such companies should be vested in local authority, because the buyer should not name the price at which the seller must sell. The character of the business of such companies is more or less technical, and such supervision should be by independent authority of a high grade, which can most economically be supplied by the State. Consequently it would appear that the best interests of the companies, and also the public would be served by the State appointing a public commission of high grade men, paying them liberal salaries, and place in their control all matters of capitalization,

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rates, accounting, franchise rights, which latter should be indeterminate, as to time, and subject to good behavior.

The subject of transportation has for a number of years been treated in Michigan as a political rather than an economical question.

Some seventeen years ago, when the street car service was confined to small limits in less than half a dozen of the larger cities of the state, there arose a disagreement in Detroit upon purely political matters between Hazen S. Pingree, who was then Mayor, and the people who at that time owned the street railways of the city. About that time electricity was beginning to take the place of horse power. Mayor Pingree demanded the institution of 3-cent fares, and at the same time attacked the right of the people owning the railways to operate at any rate of fare, holding that the franchises which had been given by the city were null and void. Litigation and much ill feeling resulted from the attacks.

In the course of time the rights of the company to operate under the franchises then existing was sustained by the courts, and new people who had come into the field proceeded to electrify and greatly extend the street railway lines. The mileage since that time has grown from less than 100 miles to more than 750 miles in Detroit and in the territory surrounding Detroit, but the old seeds which were sown seventeen years ago have continued to sprout so that without rhyme or reason, without regard to cost or facilities, and without any study of the subject by any public official, or body of officials, the question of rates of fare have continued to be purely political. And this spirit has spread throughout the state. No commission to study this subject has ever been selected or appointed, either by the state legislature, the executive department of the state, the common council of any city or by any of the executive authorities of the cities. The state of Michigan, therefore, and its cities are in absolute ignorance as to what it costs to carry a passenger, or to construct and maintain a railway. The politician seeking election has been content to promise that should he be elected he would secure lower rates of fare, and the people have been content to take his word for it.

For a period of some ten years ending

about five years ago, there was great activity throughout Michigan in the construction of interurban railway lines. The companies promoting these ventures started out with high hopes expecting to be rewarded with great profits. Their hopes, as expressed in their prospectuses, tended to create the impression in the minds of the people that large profits would inure to the promoters to the disadvantage of themselves and so the people began to think of every utility called a railway as a bonanza for its owners.

In the belief that there were millions in it the companies agreed to establish extremely low rates of fare, the lowest perhaps in the whole country. The result is that neither those who ventured their money in these enterprises nor the people served are satisfied because, in the first place the investors have not realized the returns they expected and in the second place, the people have not as yet learned that they are being served too cheaply. Under these conditions there has been little or no development in Michigan within the past five years.

In Massachusetts there has been, as in Michigan, great activity in building electric railway lines. The rates of fare in Massachusetts have always been higher than in Michigan, but it has come to be realized in Massachusetts that the rates, at present in effect in that state, are inadequate to provide satisfactory service and reasonable investment returns. In Massachusetts such subjects are considered by a commission of distinguished and well equipped men upon their merits and not in a political light. This commission has carefully studied the conditions in Massachusetts with the result that it is conceded that somewhat higher rates must prevail in that state.

It is unfortunate that such studies are not similarly made in Michigan to the end that the interests of both the investor and their patrons shall be honestly and properly conserved. The reform needed in Michigan is that the politician shall not control such important matters but that the machinery of the government shall be employed to learn and to apply the truth.

The Detroit United Railway has worked with one end in view; that is, the efficient operation of its lines regardless of all political conditions, in the belief that should it do its part well the people in that enlightened

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community would ultimately do their part and so the service has been maintained to the highest point of efficiency.

In some American cities, Chicago for example, when the management was harrassed by the local government their plants and their service were allowed to run down until they were, practically, wrecked. The Detroit United Railway has pursued precisely the opposite course and it remains to be seen which was the wiser policy. Unless our civilization is a failure it must be believed that the Detroit United Railway has chosen the better course.

Michigan telephone affairs have been most discouraging to the investor who has taken his money to that state in the belief that conditions offered exceptional inducements, from the fact that the state is abundantly supplied with a varied assortment of concerns labelled "Independent."

It is due the Michigan State Telephone Company, however, to state that at no time in its history has more energetic or legitimate effort been put forth to promote the interests of the company. After very careful study of the methods employed throughout the state, I cannot refrain from paying the management this well deserved tribute. When the affairs of the corporation were placed in new hands a short time ago, a "declaration" was formulated, and better corporation sentiments were never written. Here they are:

"To furnish the best grade of telephone service which skill and money can supply.

To adopt every improvement which may make the service better.

To charge rates which will return fair profit to our stockholders, reducing rates whenever business safety will permit.

To investigate, remedy, and adjust fairly, each complaint from our subscribers, whether it relates to our service or to our methods.

To treat courteously and as man to man all our subscribers in each and every transaction.

To entirely remove any feeling which may exist that our subscribers are dealing with a soulless corporation and to bring about a personal, friendly feeling between the company and its subscribers.

This is our policy—To carry it out, we need and ask your co-operation."

Some Michigan politicians and promoters,

have kept up an almost continuous attack upon the Bell Company. These attacks began about the time several important patents were expiring, and resulted in a considerable reduction in rates throughout the state. Independent concerns, backed by local business men, had gained a foothold in nearly every city, and the only alternative to going out of business which confronted the Bell Company, was to materially reduce its rates.

As a consequence, the independent companies were compelled to charge inadequate prices, and now that the renewal period is at hand, in many instances a serious business condition confronts some of these companies. The Bell Company today is stronger than at any time in its history, and with its traffic arrangement with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, possesses advantages which must necessarily retard the growth of the independent movement in Michigan.

In my study of the history and conditions which surround the organization and life of telephone companies in several states, I have been appalled at the reckless financing which characterizes the history of many of the independent corporations. Millions of dollars have been obtained from inexperienced investors to float concerns of this nature.

Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland, whose opinions upon street railway matters I confess I do not understand, once said regarding the double telephone system: "I believe that the consolidation of telephone companies would be a great thing for the people. This business is unlike almost any other in this respect. Two telephone companies in the same city are an absolute nuisance, and their consolidation would be a great accommodation to the people." And there are thousands of business men in Michigan who entertain similar sentiments.

On account of fierce competition, the Bell Company reached a stage in 1902 when it could not pay interest on its bonds, and the receiver for the trustee under the trust deed was compelled to foreclose. A bond holders' committee was appointed, and acting for that committee Mr. N. W. Harris, of N. W. Harris & Co., of Chicago, in 1904, bought in the property at foreclosure sale. Then the company was re-organized, and in the

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history of American corporations, no re-organization shows a more manifest absence of monetary advantage to the re-organizer. There were no methods of high finance employed, and no money went into the pockets of the reorganization committee. The bond-holders and a syndicate formed by N. W. Harris & Company, including prominent local interests advanced the cash necessary for working capital, the capitalization was fixed upon a fair and equitable basis and a clause in the trust deed permits the issuance of bonds only to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of the cost of new construction. Another restriction is that the net earnings must show ten per cent. (double the bond rate) on all bonds issued and any proposed issue. The trust deed under which bonds are issued provide specifically that maintenance and depreciation must be taken care of out of the earnings and cannot be capitalized.

In order to take care of current repairs and depreciation, a sufficient reserve fund is set aside to keep the system as near par as possible. At the present time, ten dollars per telephone per annum is credited to this fund. This amount is sufficient to meet all possible contingencies based upon past experience, and, therefore, the patrons may at all times expect the highest type of service.

The corporation has not considered it advisable to pay dividends on its common stock, but interest has been promptly paid on \$6,500,000 bonds and six per cent. dividends on \$2,285,000 preferred stock.

Efforts were made to pass a bill at the last session of the Michigan legislature, which would seriously effect the telephone companies of the state. This measure was known as the "Advalorem Tax Bill," which provided a change in the methods of assessing taxes against telephone and telegraph companies. Under the present law, the companies pay a specific tax amounting to three per cent. on gross earnings. If the proposed measure had become a law, the tax would depend altogether on the assessed valuation of the property. In the case of the telephone companies, the proposed law would work a manifest injustice because of the difficulty in arriving at a fair valuation of the property.

This difficulty is occasioned by a very rapid depreciation, diversified value of a great deal of property on account of ruinous

competition, and a large amount of obsolescence due to changes in the art. And then again, the telephone rates have been established under existing tax conditions, and in many of the cities these rates could not be raised without municipal consent, which is always difficult to obtain. Doubtless, for effect, politicians will endeavor to advance their interests by renewing their efforts to pass a measure of this character in the next session of the legislature.

In states where the advalorem tax law, in reference to telephone companies, has been in effect and the valuation imposed by a central taxing body, the very rapid deterioration or depreciation of telephone property has been recognized which has been borne in mind in making assessments each year. Michigan politicians should recognize these facts.

If the Michigan State Telephone Company can experience freedom from antagonistic legislation for a few years the future is, indeed, very bright for the corporation. Its management is efficient, and the most friendly feeling exists on the part of the representative people of the state towards the corporation. The present officers are: Mr. N. C. Kingsbury, president; Mr. Dudley E. Waters, Vice-president; Mr. B. W. Trafford, vice-president and general manager; Mr. Walter L. Mizner, secretary and Mr. John T. Shaw, treasurer.

SOME POWER COMPANIES IN MICHIGAN

Modern electrical engineering has made possible the widest adaptability of the electric current to the requirements of general business and domestic life, and when generated under favorable conditions in properly constructed water power stations, electricity can be furnished at a minimum of cost.

The Kalamazoo and Muskegon rivers in western Michigan afford immense possibilities for supplying electrical energy. These possibilities were foreseen by a few shrewd business men and after years of pluck and intelligent energy, two sister corporations for supplying electric current have been placed upon a solid business foundation. A description of these important corporations cannot fail to be of interest.

The Commonwealth Power Company, with headquarters at Jackson, Michigan, is a consolidation of the various corpora-

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tions organized by W. A. Foote during the past twenty-one years. Mr. Foote originally built steam electric light plants at Jackson, Albion and Battle Creek. Separate corporations were formed of each plant and later the electric light at Kalamazoo came under his control. In 1894 the first water power plant on the Kalamazoo River was built at Battle Creek. Other plants were built on the river during the next decade and in 1904, Mr. Foote controlled four water power properties and the electric lighting plants in the cities above mentioned.

As a matter of convenience the different corporations were consolidated in 1904, and the Commonwealth Power Company came into existence. The corporation has an authorized capital of \$7,500,000. The stock was divided into \$5,000,000 preferred stock and \$2,500,000 common. Of this authorized capital, \$1,500,000 common and \$1,252,000 preferred, six per cent. stock have been issued and dividends on the preferred paid regularly since the organization of the company. The corporation is authorized to bond itself to the amount of \$4,000,000 of which amount \$2,468,000 has been issued and is now outstanding. An interesting feature of this bond issue, and which makes these securities especially desirable, is the clause in the trust deed which provides that "Bonds can be taken down only to reimburse the company for seventy-five per cent. of the cash expenditures for improvements." Thus it will be seen that for each dollar expended in improvements the corporation can issue only seventy-five cents in bonds.

The total capacity of the combined plants is 23,000 horse power, 15,000 of which is water power and 8,000 steam power. The gross earnings for the year ending December 31, 1907, were \$459,795.90 against \$348,255.30 the previous year. The surplus earnings for the same period after paying operating expenses, taxes and bond interest were \$148,191.27 as against \$119,634.15 the previous year.

It is not my intention to pay an undeserved tribute to the men who are at the head of this great water power corporation, but it is due them to state that the manner in which the affairs of the company are being conducted will incite the admiration of every student of corporation affairs, as well as claim the attention of American investors. Corpora-

tion securities are like all commercial paper, some very desirable and others of no particular value. The elements that bring value to corporation securities are abundantly present in the conditions which surround the Commonwealth Power Company. In the first place, the origin of the different companies was devoid of the usual stock jobbing features. Mr. Foote risked his money and applied the necessary energy to attain success. He is not a promoter; in this particular he is unlike the many birds of passage who figure in corporation deals long enough to organize and then sell out, with big profits. The men who organized the electric light companies at Jackson, Albion, and Battle Creek, and who later acquired control of the Kalamazoo Electric Light Company, were all practical in this line of corporation work. They were residents of Western Michigan and their words were as good as their bonds. The people of the respective cities in which they operated have always had implicit confidence in their integrity, and in return the corporation men have believed that the people intend to be fair and honest. The fact that one of these companies previous to consolidation was doing business for years without any franchise from the municipality, serves as an interesting illustration of the implicit confidence between the corporation and the public.

There has never been any conflict between the people and the corporation regarding rates. The prices charged have always been as low as was being charged in cities where conditions were similar, and only on two occasions have the officials of these corporations deemed it necessary to appear before a common council regarding anything but trivial matters. One of these incidents was when the city of Jackson contemplated building a municipal lighting plant ten years ago. The project was abandoned. Five years ago the City of Albion also voted on a municipal plant, but the proposition was defeated, because the people were satisfied with the service they were getting.

The officers of the Corporation are: W. A. Foote, President; E. C. Nichols, Vice-President; N. S. Potter, Secretary; G. W. Ritchie, Treasurer; Rovert Davey, Auditor and J. B. Foote, General Superintendent. The water power plants are located at Trowbridge, Otsego, Plainwell, Battle Creek,

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Albion, Lyons and Ceresco; the steam plants at Jackson, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, and sub-stations at Jackson, Albion, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, Otsego, Galesburg, Parma, Augusta, Ceresco, Marshall and Lansing.

"A MODEL AMERICAN CORPORATION"

It is perhaps not generally known that there is at least one Public Utility Company in a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants that is characterized by corporation men and the people whom it serves, as a model in every respect.

I have traveled the United States in hope of finding a large Public Service corporation whose existence has been free from legal entanglements, devoid of questionable methods in obtaining franchises and municipal contracts, and holding a position in the public mind which has always commanded admiration and respect. There are many corporations whose present methods and satisfactory relationship with its patrons may be given a characterization of this nature; but when we examine their history we invariably find ourselves face to face with a series of events that indicate very clearly that the peoples' interests have not always been considered of paramount character. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, I found a public utility company which I can truly designate as "A model American corporation." This corporation is the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company. During the fifty years existence of this company it has met conditions as it found them; the management ~~has~~ always realized that no steadfast rule can possibly apply.

Because of the many details and the varying circumstances of the different cities, only general legislation with reference to corporations is advisable or possible. This necessitates the exercise of much judgment by the cities in whose officers must be vested a wide discretion, and a liberal attitude must be shown on the part of corporation managers.

The people recognize the fact that with the advance of civilization, the increase of population and its congestion in municipalities making competition more keen and living more strenuous, what would at one time be regarded as luxuries become comforts and are later looked upon as necessities. Municipalities grow in wealth and population as civilization advances with the

habits and customs of necessary changes hence things deemed necessary in the government of municipal corporations at one period may be obsolete within the next decade and the only corporation that can maintain a friendly relationship with its patrons is a corporation that does not stand upon technicalities and customs that have been left far behind on civilization's great highway. These facts have been well observed by the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company during its half century of continued service and as a result it stands today in the front rank of corporations in its class.

The history of the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company may be traced back to 1857 when on February 2nd of that year the first franchise was given the company. This was an exclusive franchise for a period of twelve years, the rate for gas being specified in the ordinance as \$4 per M. cubic feet. At the expiration of this period the corporation continued to serve its people, and extend its mains, but with no express franchise agreement with the city. This continued until 1876 when the matter was brought before the Common Council. The city attorney gave his opinion to the effect that although the exclusive franchise of the company had expired on February 2, 1869, according to the State Constitution the life of the company was limited to thirty years so that its charter would expire in 1887 and, quoting a section of the compiled laws, he showed that for certain purposes the company would continue to have a corporate existence for a term of three years after that date.

On May 2, 1890 a new franchise was given the company for a period of thirty years, subject to such rules and regulations as the Common Council may from time to time prescribe. The franchise provided that the company should furnish gas at a price not to exceed the prices then in effect. It further provided that the company should lay mains in such streets when a necessary number of customers agreed to take a sufficient quantity of gas to yield a profit to the company of twenty per cent. of the cost of extending the main. An ordinance to provide standard measurements, the inspection of gas and gas meters, and to regulate the quality of gas, was passed by the Common Council December 11, 1905. The ordinance specifies that the gas furnished shall be 16-candle power

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standard measurement and the pressure in the pipes at the consumers' meters shall not exceed 45-10th. inches, or below a minimum of 18-10th. inches.

When the corporation was originally organized in 1856 it was named the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company. Its early organization was strictly local and continued so until 1895 when Emerson McMillin & Company purchased the property. In 1901 the system was acquired by the American Light & Traction Company of which Emerson McMillin is President.

During the past fifty years the corporation has made twenty reductions in the price of gas and all have been voluntary. The present rate is 90c. per M. cubic feet for illuminating and fuel gas, and 80c. per M. cubic feet for power gas. In March, 1906, the "Readiness to Serve" 60c. method of charging for gas was put into effect by the company. This, or the regular 90c. rate being optional with the customer.

The "Readiness to Serve" method is in effect in several cities and is pronounced by experts to be the most equitable and logical of all systems of charging for gas. Each customer pays exactly in proportion to the cost of serving him, this cost differing with practically each customer. Their gas bill under this method is made up of three elements: (1) "The consumers' charge." (2) "The demand charge." (3) "The gas charge." The yearly "consumer's charge" is the same for each meter—the cost of each meter entails the same cost from the company whether little or much gas passes through it, or even if no gas passes through it. The "consumer's charge" and the "demand charge" are yearly charges although for the sake of convenience and ease of payment, one-twelfth part is made payable with each month's gas bill as a part thereof. Therefore although the premises of a consumer buying gas under this method may remain vacant during several months of the year, these fixed charges continue and must be paid. The Grand Rapids Gas Light Company give its patrons a net rate of 60c. per M. cubic feet under this "Readiness to Serve" method. To illustrate an ordinary customer's case—the amount of gas consumed we will say is 5,000 cubic feet per month, or 60,000 feet during the year, which would cost at 90c., \$54. Under the "Readiness to Serve"

method the expense would be \$12 for fixed charges, \$36 for the gas, a total of \$48, making a saving of \$6 for the year.

One feature of the company's business will bear special mention and that is the work of the commercial department, or it might properly be called "The Good Service" department. It consists of a manager, fifteen representatives, and three inside salesmen. These are all high grade men, many of them college graduates and others promoted to this department because of long and efficient service with the company. The work of these men is primarily that of looking after the welfare of the consumer and for this purpose the city is divided into Districts, each representative having a district, it being required of him to call on every house in his district at least once in four months, ascertaining by careful inquiry whether the appliances are in satisfactory working order and if things otherwise pertaining to the gas business are running smoothly. If a consumer has encountered troubles, the representative either adjusts them himself or sees that the matter is attended to by others. Incidentally sales of appliances are made in this way; worn-out ranges, lights, and other apparatus are replaced by up-to-date and more convenient appliances, and harmony is insured between the company and its customers. The company carries a large stock of high grade appliances and furnishes them to the customer at low prices.

Daily half-hour meetings are held by the members of this department, the object being to promote harmony between the members, and making it possible for every member to know daily what is going on in other districts of the city than his own. Practical talks on good service and other subjects pertaining to the business are of almost daily occurrence, and it is the education that the representatives get in this way that fits them for commercial managers of other companies, and in many instances these men are promoted to the management of companies. I made a very thorough investigation of the conditions pertaining to this company on account of its wide-spread reputation, and was unable to find a city official with a grievance against the company, or a citizen with a complaint. It is truly a remarkable condition of corporation affairs.

Mr. B. O. Tippy, Vice-President and Gen-

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eral Manager, is one of the most up-to-date corporation men in the country. He is thoroughly familiar with all the details of the manufacture and distribution of gas and in addition possesses a personality that maintains cordial relationship to the people. He is an indefatigable worker and always realizes that the interests of the public are the company's interests, and complaints when they are brought to his notice, are quickly and satisfactorily remedied. The Grand Rapids Gas Light Company is "A Model American Corporation."

The City of Muskegon, Michigan, shows a greatly improved condition pertaining to public service corporation affairs that will bear special mention.

Muskegon is a very thrifty manufacturing city, located on the east shore of Lake Michigan on Muskegon Lake and is situated directly opposite Milwaukee. It was originally a lumber manufacturing town, with forty-two saw mills in operation at one time. During recent years the saw mills have gradually passed away and other manufacturing plants have taken their places. The public service corporations of the city have had a very interesting history. There have never been any fortunes made by promoters, as most of the corporations were organized principally by local business men who undertook to supply the citizens with the necessary corporation service. The original investors invariably lost money, and many dropped out rather than continue in what was conceded to be a losing venture. There were some, however, who stood by the public utility companies which they had been instrumental in creating, and to these gentlemen is due the credit of saving Muskegon from the decadence which has characterized many of the lumbering towns and cities of Michigan and Wisconsin. Among these gentlemen may be mentioned David D. Erwin and F. A. Nims, prominent attorneys of the city.

It is no secret that large sums of money were lost in the street railway system and also the electric light plants during the early years of their history. The gas plant was a better investment, and for years the company which controlled it paid dividends. But in the case of the street railway the early investors lost practically all the money they put into the system, the same is true of the electric light plant. This condition of affairs

was not the result of high handed methods on the part of the persons who controlled the corporations but rather because of the experimental nature of the equipment which was installed at that time.

The first rails used in the street railway construction were sixteen pound and of course lasted but a short time. Later thirty pound rails were laid which again proved inadequate. The first electric cars were equipped with double reduction motors which became obsolete in less than three years, and the companies had similar experiences with nearly every equipment feature installed.

The corporations were, for years, controlled by local business men, who desired to give the citizens the best possible service at the lowest cost. The rates were fixed by the corporations and higher prices might have been charged inasmuch as the city council was always fair and imposed no burdensome restrictions. The confidence on the part of the corporations in the liberality of the municipal government was such that the electric light company operated for years without asking for a franchise. Eventually the three public utility companies were consolidated and one management placed in charge. This was the only possible solution of the problem without materially advancing the rates. Today conditions are most satisfactory to the stock and bond holders and also to the citizens of Muskegon who are getting the best class of corporation service at a price that is as low as is given in any similar sized city in the country. The street railway rates are lower than in most American cities. A 4-cent rate being given when the customer purchases one dollar's worth of tickets.

The first franchise given by the city for a street railway system was granted to Arthur J. White and Henry H. Brown in September, 1882. This was to be a horse car affair and the extent of the lines was to be at least two miles. About three miles were built, sixteen pound rails being used. The cars were in charge of a driver only and were of primitive construction. Messrs. White and Brown subsequently sold their property to the Chicago & West Michigan Railroad and the system was later purchased by a corporation composed of Muskegon men among whom were Francis Smith, Wm. B. McLaughlin, F. A. Nims, John W. Moore, David D. Erwin, H. J. Hoyt and P. P. Misner.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

The system at this time traversed a few of the principal streets and met all the running expenses. The new owners were progressive men and immediately extended the lines to the shores of Lake Michigan, a distance of five miles and in 1886 installed electricity, being one of the first companies in the West to substitute electricity for the horse. Naturally the electrical equipment was largely experimental and this fast proved to be very costly to the new company. The bond issue became too large as a consequence of meeting the expense of unwise investments and the corporation found itself face to face with a losing proposition. Eventually the system went to its logical goal—into the hands of a receiver. Among the gentlemen who went to Muskegon to look this property over was Theodore S. Barber, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, who undertook to organize a company to purchase the property. He succeeded in interesting Mr. Lidden Flick, of Wilkesbarre and these two gentlemen, with some of Muskegon's business men, succeeded in organizing a corporation which acquired not only the street railway but the gas company and the electric light company. A special act of the Michigan legislature permitted the consolidation of the three corporations and Sargent & Lundy of Chicago were employed to design and build a combination power house on the gas company's property. The old street railway and electric lighting power houses were dismantled and gradually all the apparatus was sold to second hand dealers.

When the new power house was being planned the franchises then in existence were about to expire. The council very willingly entered into a new agreement with the new company by which a franchise for thirty years was granted and a ten year contract for lighting the streets at \$76 for all night lighting moonlight schedule, was given. This was in 1901.

In return for this new franchise and lighting contract the consolidated company immediately began the expenditure of large amounts of money to place the different systems in first-class condition. New cars were put into service, heavier rails were laid and one of the most modern power houses in Michigan was constructed. The street railway rates were voluntarily reduced to twenty-five tickets for a dollar and first class service

in every department were given the people. There have been complaints regarding this consolidation on the ground that the citizens of Muskegon were not consulted, no reference being made to the proceedings in the common council. The Michigan legislature authorized the consolidation and no progressive business man questions the wisdom of the act today. In fact it was a great stride in municipal advancement, because no such modern system, or up to date service could possibly have been given the people of Muskegon by the original corporation. The old systems were bonded to their limit and the plants were fast deteriorating. Through consolidation, new capital was brought into the field and the street railway lines were extended to the outskirts of the city. These extensions attracted factories and made it possible to build up manufacturing concerns which today are the mainstay of the city.

From 1901 to 1905 the company, then known as the Muskegon Lighting & Traction Company, spent several hundred thousands of dollars in improvements. The power house alone cost \$175,000 and nearly a hundred thousand dollars were spent in track and road bed improvements and overhead construction. Experts were sent to Muskegon to manage the consolidated companies and to place the different systems upon a thoroughly up-to-date business basis. The people were given good services and the workmen because patrons of the company, Muskegon Heights, a separate municipality, was boomed and several large factories were secured. This greatly increased the revenue of the company and as a result the corporation was soon placed upon a dividend paying basis.

The Electric Light Company was organized January 31, 1884, the incorporators being Geo. Torrent, F. A. Nims, Fred J. Russell, Francis Smith, David D. Erwin, Hiram J. Hoyt, Robert E. Burk, and R. A. Fleming. The corporation being composed of representative local business men was given the hearty support of the citizens. No franchise was asked for as it was not a stock-jobbing proposition. The money was furnished by the original incorporators and the investment would have been a success had electrical development not at that time been in its infancy. Experiments, however, proved very costly and the corporation dragged along in a

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

perfunctory manner without any noticeable headway. A bond issue of \$20,000 provided the means for keeping the corporation afloat after a fashion and when Messrs. Barber and Flick offered to take over the property a deal was quickly consummated. These gentlemen, together with F. A. Nims, John J. Howden, Louis Kanitz and David D. Erwin, organized the Muskegon Traction & Lighting Company with a capital of \$100,000, the term of the existence of the corporation being thirty years.

The Muskegon Gas Light Company was organized in 1870 by James Clement and others of Ann Arbor and became a part of what is known as the Ann Arbor Syndicate—the gentlemen at the head of this syndicate were practical gas men and were owners of gas plants at Bay City, Lansing and other cities. The Muskegon plant was a success and paid eight per cent. dividends to the stockholders for many years. The capitalization was small; the plant was conducted upon a strictly business basis and with a thorough knowledge of the various technical details of gas manufacture and as a consequence the enterprise proved to be a good investment. The rates were not exorbitant, but were in keeping with the price charged in all cities of its class in Michigan.

The gas plant was particularly desired by the Wilkesbarre promoters who were planning a consolidation of the companies, and finally a deal was perfected. A corporation under the name, City Gas Company, was organized by Messrs. Flick, Barber, Nims, Kanitz, Howden and Erwin with a capital stock of \$100,000 and the company was given a thirty-year franchise.

Having acquired the properties of the three corporations the next move was to consolidate the companies. This consolidation was perfected February 19, 1901, and the following officers were chosen: F. A. Nims, President; Lidden Flick, Vice-President; Theo. S. Barber, Secretary and Treasurer; John J. Howden, Assistant Treasurer, and David D. Erwin, Assistant Secretary. The new corporation was named the Muskegon Traction and Lighting Company. As previously stated, the new company began the expenditure of large amounts of money in order to place the different plants in first-class condition. A bond issue of \$600,000 was arranged and the Muskegon public utilities

began an era of prosperity which had heretofore been absent except in the case of the gas plant.

In 1906 the stock was purchased by the American Light and Traction Company of which Emerson McMillin is president, and since that date the corporation has been a part of the McMillin syndicate. Since acquiring control the American Light and Traction Company has spent nearly a hundred thousand dollars in additional improvements and today each Muskegon plant is in first-class shape and giving excellent service.

The plants are under the direct management of Mr. J. T. Young who has been in charge since the present owners acquired control. The relationship between the corporation and the citizens of Muskegon is most harmonious, and the management enjoys the confidence of the people. As is the case in all of the McMillin corporations, the growth of the business is acquired through strictly business methods, no identity with political factions is sought, the aim being to popularize the corporations by giving good service at the lowest possible rates.

The prices charged are as follows: Street railway tickets, twenty-five for a dollar, with universal transfers. Illuminating gas is sold at \$1.25 and fuel gas at \$1. A readiness to serve method offers the people a seventy cent gas rate, with fixed charges. Electricity is furnished at twelve and a half cents per kilowat hour.

The gas department has 2,000 customers and thirty-two miles of mains. This branch has shown a remarkable increase in business during the past two years as efforts to build it up have been vigorous on the part of the management. As a result of a very careful investigation into the public service corporation conditions at Muskegon, I do not hesitate to state that the people of that city have corporation service that is not surpassed by any city of its size in the country. In fact, it is superior to that which is obtained in a great many American cities.

A KNOTTY MUNICIPAL PROBLEM

The only interesting public utility problem that confronts the people of Grand Rapids at the present time is the question relating to the legal existence of the Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company's charter. This matter is of more than local importance in that the

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

city of Grand Rapids has undertaken proceedings which involve questions of interest to every public utility company and every investor in public service corporation bonds in the United States.

The Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company was granted a perpetual charter by the legislature of Michigan in the year 1849. Under its charter the company is compelled to furnish pure spring water and no attempt has ever been made to annul the charter for any violation of this provision. Pursuant to the power given by the legislature, the company constructed and put into operation a water supply system and has from time to time extended its plant at considerable cost. In 1872 the city was authorized to construct a municipal system of water works and since that time the municipality and the Hydraulic Company have engaged in very fierce competition. The mains of both systems parallel each other in some of the principal streets.

As a result of much strife between the two conflicting interests, the City, in October, 1886, filed a bill in chancery against the Hydraulic Company, for the purpose of obtaining a permanent injunction against the corporation from further operating its plant. After passing through the lower courts the Supreme Court of Michigan, in 1887, decided against the city.

During the past twenty years the question has been more or less a football, for the politicians to take a kick at, but no legal attempt was made to legislate the company out of existence until 1905, when Mayor Edwin F. Sweet brought the question officially to the front by sending a communication to the city council recommending that the legislature be asked to repeal the Hydraulic Company's charter and that the city attorney be instructed to draft a bill to be presented by the representatives from Grand Rapids. The bill was introduced by George E. Ellis, the present Mayor of Grand Rapids, who then represented the district in the lower branch of the legislature, and was passed under a suspension of the rules the day following its introduction. When the bill reached the Senate the same day, Senator Fyfe moved that the rules be suspended, and that the bill be placed on its immediate passage, which motion prevailed. The bill was then read a third time, and passed immediately and then rushed into the hands of the Governor.

The officials of the Hydraulic Company assert that no notice was given them of the contemplated proceedings, but that they learned from outside sources of the introduction of this repealing bill. Representatives of the company immediately went to Lansing and protested to Senator Fyfe and Representative Ellis against the passage of the bill, and insisted that the measure be given a full and a fair hearing. This privilege was denied and the bill, the same day, was passed through the House and also the Senate, the measure thus being introduced one day and passed through the legislature the next. On April 5th the Governor signed the bill.

After the measure became a law it was found that the passage of the bill had been premature and contrary to the parliamentary rules of the legislature, and on April 12th the identical bill was again introduced in the Senate, and under suspension of the rules, immediately passed; and on the following day April 13th, was also passed by the House under suspension of its rules, and on April 25th was approved by the Governor. Prior to the passage of the second bill, no notice or opportunity to be heard was given the officials of the Hydraulic Company, and it was only through the local newspapers that they learned of the reintroduction of the measure. The company was given until November 1, 1906 to liquidate and turn over its affairs to the city.

The Hydraulic Company immediately followed these unusual proceedings by putting its corporation on a sound financial basis. This was done by taking the company out of the hands of a receiver, paying up all the receiver's obligations, and on November 1, 1906, the date on which the company's business was to be wound up, the corporation was reorganized by a new board of directors, and an entire new management placed in charge. The city then took the matter into the courts, where at this date February 11, 1908 it rests.

Since November 1, 1906, the company has expended over \$40,000 in making necessary improvements. Mains have been repaired in the streets, new machinery has been installed in the pumping station, and two new pumping stations have been built, the first having been destroyed by fire just previous to its completion.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

It is evident that there is considerable animosity on the part of the city towards the Hydraulic Company. An illustration of this feeling was clearly shown at the time of the burning of the Company's pumping station, February 6, 1907. The general manager of the Hydraulic Company requested the general manager of the Board of Public Works of the city, to supply the Hydraulic Company's customers with water until such time as the plant could be started again. The Hydraulic Company was informed that the city officials did not recognize the existence of the company in any shape or manner. This unexpected rebuff was immediately followed by a further request on the part of the management of the Hydraulic Company that the city supply sufficient water to the Hydraulic Company's system to keep up circulation in its down-town mains, so as to prevent them freezing. This request was also denied, but the action of the city officials brought forth much criticism on the part of the business men and manufacturers of Grand Rapids. The press also condemned this action upon the part of the city officials.

This drastic action on the part of the city administration, is probably without precedent in the history of Michigan municipalities. The officials knew that several thousand citizens and tax-payers, customers of the Hydraulic Company, were without water service, and their health necessarily endangered; yet to carry along a hobby which had been inaugurated for political purposes, the administration refused to consider the serious condition of affairs in the homes of these people.

It is apparent that the city administration gazes at the Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company through two different field glasses. For political purposes the officials refuse to recognize the existence of the corporation, but around tax-paying time the Hydraulic Company comes into the same prominence as do all other corporations. The city's position therefore is one of inconsistency. It asserts that there is no such corporation as the Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company, and then sends the company an official notification when its taxes will be due.

The value of the Hydraulic Company's system as a fire fighting force, is perhaps not fully understood by a great many people in Grand Rapids. It is certain that the politicians have entirely lost sight of this import-

ant adjunct. According to the fire insurance rules, any building supplied with a sprinkler equipment must have two separate sources of water supply in order to obtain a low rate of insurance. In the City of Grand Rapids the Hydraulic Company furnishes the second source of supply. Without this service the factories would be compelled to install, at a great expense, either high gravity tanks, pressure tanks or fire pumps. The insurance authorities are a unit in favor of the Hydraulic Company.

It is of interest to note that under the terms of the act repealing the company's charter, nothing was to be allowed for the franchise, the only payment to be made being for the physical property of the company. This rule of compensation prescribed by the legislature has the merit of novelty, but it is being justly criticised by very able attorneys.

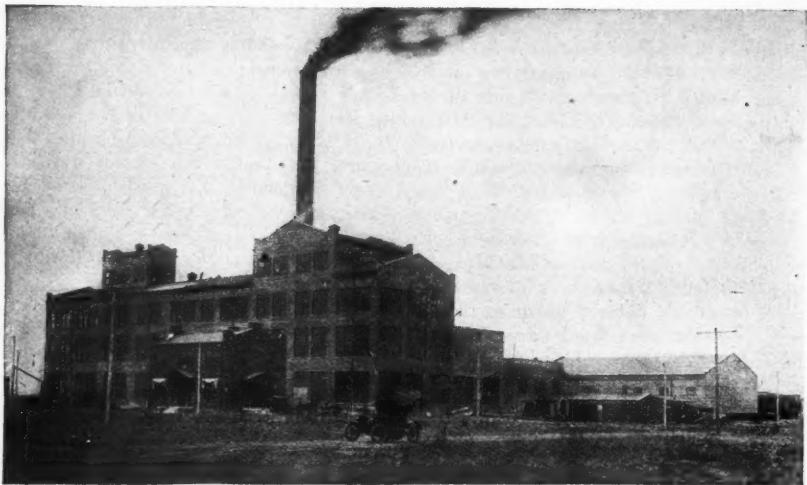
Another feature in connection with this interesting case is the fact that there is a trust mortgage covering the plant and real estate and expressly covering the franchise for the purpose of securing an issue of 1,200 coupon bonds of face valuation of \$1,000 each, maturing in 1916; the corporation issued 680 of these bonds all of which are now outstanding. The directors insist that the company was authorized to mortgage its franchise.

Assuming that the legislature has the power to repeal the company's charter and also its franchise, the question naturally arises, "What becomes of the bonds?" It would seem from the city's position in the matter that the only security for bonds to the value of \$680,000 are the tangible assets of the company, and judging from expressions made by certain city officials the municipality would not fix a price exceeding \$75,000 to be paid for the property. Here, then, would be a bondholder's loss of over half a million, and the matter is, therefore, of national interest.

Since the present management has been in charge a new policy has been put into effect. The policy is one of liberality and fair dealings. Every effort is being made to improve the system and service and this spirit on the part of the management has made the corporation many friends, among the business men in Grand Rapids.

The officers of the company are as follows:

John F. Calder, President; John E. More, Vice-President; Thos. H. Keogh, Secretary-Treasurer; William Kingsley, Counsel; James R. Fitzpatrick, C. E., General Manager



BEET-SUGAR FACTORY AT FORT MORGAN, COLORADO

CITY OF FORT MORGAN, COLORADO

By D. E. CAMERON

SEVENTY-EIGHT miles east of Denver, Colorado, is a town, and surrounding that town a county that has the reputation of having made the most rapid growth of any farming district in the United States during the past few years; they are Fort Morgan and Morgan County, Colorado.

Travelers traveling through this section, en route from any portion of the East to the Pacific coast, are wont to report that the country between a point ten or twelve miles east of Fort Morgan to a point the same distance to the west, is one of the most prosperous appearing sections on the line of travel, from ocean to ocean. The country, during the winter months has the appearance of one gigantic stock yard, so great is the number of cattle and sheep being fed, and in the summer months it is like one vast garden, the fields of beets, alfalfa, grains and vegetables making a panoramic picture that would be hard to excel; while the town of Fort Morgan spreads out before their gaze as a growing commercial center.

To those who have been passing through

this country for a number of years,—which was evidently very aptly classed as part of the "Great American Desert,"—and who remember Fort Morgan as a village of 634 people in 1900, and the surrounding country as nearly all covered with virgin prairie grass—the home of the cow-boy with the big herds of cattle—this transformation seems little less than miraculous. "What could have caused this transformation," you ask; the answer is given in one word, "Irrigation."

Irrigation is as old as civilization, and it requires but little study to see the manifold advantages of farming in a country where a man can, so to speak, "control the rain." In Morgan county, the "Garden of Colorado," irrigation has always paid large dividends; when the project was first introduced, the flood waters from the rivers was used, and during the long, dry summers it was often difficult to get sufficient water for the growing crops; but a few years since, the building of reservoirs was begun, and now millions of cubic feet of water are stored up in the large reservoirs during the winter and spring to be

CITY OF FORT MORGAN, COLORADO

ved when it is needed in the summer; it is only from the time that the first reservoir was built that the greatest prosperity dates; and from that time dates the rapid growth of the chief city, and seat of the county government, Fort Morgan.

First came the great Jackson Lake reservoir, which for the past four years has furnished an abundance of late water for the farmers



A FORT MORGAN RESIDENCE

under the Morgan ditch, and the Platte and Beaver ditches. Jackson Lake has a concrete protected wall over two miles in length along its lower side to prevent the possibility of breaking its walls; the reservoir contains nearly 2,000,000,000 cubic feet of water.

The next reservoirs to be constructed and used were the Bijou, and the Big Empire which together contain about 3,000,000,000 cubic feet of water, and supply with water the immense body of land to the west and southwest of Fort Morgan, known at the Bijou district. The past season was the first in which much water was run from these reservoirs, but they are being supplied now for next season's use, which ensures the watering of a larger tract than that watered by Jackson Lake.

On the north side of the Platte river, the Riverside reservoir and Irrigation district is the big enterprise; this immense project is rapidly nearing completion. Several hundred men and teams are busily engaged on the big ditch; and the reservoir already has within its confines 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of water; when completed, the reservoir will contain twice that amount, and will irrigate 40,000 acres of new land that is being cultivated for the first time.

A list of the ditches in Morgan County with the acreage watered by each follows:

NAME.	Miles in length.	Acres covered.
Bijou Canal.....	40	40,000
Weldon Valley ditch.....	15	6,000
Fort Morgan canal.....	32	18,000
Upper Platte and Beaver canal.....	19	15,000
Lower Platte and Beaver canal.....	30	20,000
A. A. Smith canal.....	10	2,000
Moore & Tracy canal.....	7	2,000
Pyott canal.....	5	1,000
Gill & Stevens canal.....	6	800
Emerson canal.....	9	3,000
Nelson & Wylie canal.....	2	1,000
Edwards canal.....	5	5,000
Reagan canal No. 2.....	4	2,000
Putnam canal.....	8	4,000
Trowell Ranch canal.....	6	2,500
Snyder canal.....	6	5,000
Rough & Ayers ditch.....	5	1,800
Riverside now being constructed.....	60	40,000

The principal occupation of the citizens of Morgan County is that of Agriculture; a great variety of crops, however, can be grown in this soil, with good financial results to the farmer. Since the establishment of sugar factories in this section, sugar beets have been one of the leading products. It has been only five or six years since the farmers began the raising of sugar beets for market, and yet this industry now leads all of the various industries of the county; last year nearly a million dollars were paid Morgan County farmers for their sugar beets. Gross incomes of from \$75.00 to \$125.00 per acre, and net



A FORT MORGAN RESIDENCE

incomes of from \$40.00 to \$75.00 per acre are common, while exceptional returns of \$150.00 occur, in the culture of sugar beets.

Next to sugar beets in importance as a crop comes alfalfa; when one considers the fact that it enriches the soil and makes it like virgin land again, it almost equals the sweet tubers in profit. The feeding of the alfalfa to stock on the farm also increases the profits. Good profit is made from potatoes,

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cabbage and other vegetables, while wheat, oats, barley, and in fact all kinds of grains are among the staples of the county. Stock-feeding is a big industry in this section; hundreds of thousands of sheep, and tens of thousands of cattle being fed every season on Morgan County's fine alfalfa, and on the sugar beet pulp from the factories.

Morgan County wants at least another thousand farmers who will buy small tracts of land, and by increased attention, produce still larger crops. Land under the old

between Denver and Lincoln. During the past two years over three hundred residences and twenty business houses have been built, besides, the sugar factory, a large high school building, masonic temple, court house and several churches. Among the buildings are residences costing \$10,000, and business blocks that cost from \$3,000 to \$50,000, and that would be a credit to a city of fifty thousand people, instead of one of nearly four thousand, which is Fort Morgan's population at the present time. Inside of five years, it is



First row—Presbyterian Church, Street Scene, Residence. Second row—Haying, High School, Street Scene, Unloading Beets. Third row—United Presbyterian Church, Masonic Temple, Residence

ditches is selling for from \$75.00 to \$250.00 per acre, but good land under some of the newer ditches, with just as good water rights, can be secured at \$40.00 per acre; while relinquishments, and some deeded lands under ditches will soon be worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 per acre.

Fort Morgan is in the exact centre of Morgan County, and almost in the exact center of the two hundred thousand acres of irrigated land contained in the county,—this area being one of the largest contiguous bodies of irrigated land in the state of Colorado. It is so situated that it is bound to grow very rapidly, and maintain its supremacy in the South Platte Valley as the leading city

confidently predicted, however, that Fort Morgan will pass the ten thousand mark. One thing to be considered at present is that while most cities have ceased building operations, Fort Morgan is going ahead as if there had been no thought of a panic.

* * *

Fort Morgan is located on the main line of the Burlington, and the Julesburg cut-off of the Union Pacific railroad, thus giving it the best train service with the outside world; there are eight passenger trains daily each way. The Burlington railroad reports business as follows for the years of 1906 and 1907, showing a net gain during the last year of \$95,511.06:

CITY OF FORT MORGAN, COLORADO

MONTH.	1907.	1906.
January	21,107.03	14,210.92
February	21,622.80	14,025.89
March	28,449.23	14,604.78
April	20,677.84	9,512.42
May	23,506.04	17,688.89
June	20,622.27	26,153.11
July	25,666.29	16,718.07
August	28,183.72	17,278.76
September	26,061.74	24,501.46
October	29,876.14	20,350.84
November	52,577.93	30,250.50
December	32,248.29	31,832.62

Yours truly,

W. J. MALLERY, Agent

The Union Pacific railroad also reports a gain.

In the post office the gain is just as remarkable—a net gain of over twenty-five per cent being made during the past year; there now seems no doubt about Fort Morgan

and sloyd to the boys. There is a four years' high school course of study, and graduates therefrom are admitted to the colleges of the state without examination; many graduates from Fort Morgan High School hold responsible positions today.

There are in Fort Morgan ten religious denominations holding regular church services; the Methodist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Christian, German Congregational, Catholic, German Lutheran, and Adventist. The Presbyterians, Baptists and German Congregationalists built new church edifices last year; the United Presbyterians are just completing their new church building, which is so far the largest in the city, while the Methodists are just starting on a new church home this year; the Catholics, German Lutherans and Adventists do not as yet have church buildings, but hold regular services.

Fort Morgan's sugar factory is the greatest single manufacturing industry in the city; it turns from six hundred to nine hundred tons of beets into sugar daily during the time it is running, which is from about October 1st until March 1st. Another sugar factory is located at Brush, ten miles east of Fort Morgan, and others are under consideration in other parts of the country, to handle the increased number of the sweet tubers raised.

The Platte Valley Flour Mill, which was destroyed by fire last fall, is being rebuilt, and will be ready to handle this year's crop of wheat; the capacity of the mill will be 125 barrels daily. Among the new factories just getting started are an ice factory, and bottling works. There are excellent openings for manufacturing plants in every town in the county; the prospects being exceptionally good for more sugar factories within the next few years. There is no place that offers a better opening for a vegetable canning factory than Fort Morgan; vegetables grow in the locality to the highest degree of perfection, and a large canning factory is sure to appear soon.

An alfalfa meal mill is one of the most promising manufacturing propositions that has been under consideration for this section; such a plant should pay from the start. Two or three eastern syndicates have been figuring on such a plant in Fort Morgan, and 1908 will undoubtedly see an alfalfa meal mill running in Fort Morgan. A creamery is another industry that should be established



FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

securing free delivery of mail on July 1st next—the post office having made already the gain required to give free delivery.

Fort Morgan owns its own water works and electric light plants, and therefore there is no possibility of some grasping monopolist grinding the citizens down when it becomes larger. The water works plant is large enough to supply a city of ten thousand people, and the electric lighting system is being enlarged as fast as the demand warrants it.

In the matter of schools Fort Morgan ranks well to the front; she has always had a class of citizens that were interested in educational progress, so her schools have always been well provided for. Last year a \$40,000 school building was erected, and this year \$15,000 more will be used for buildings. The course of study for the grades contains the common branches together with music and drawing; sewing is taught to the girls,

CITY OF FORT MORGAN, COLORADO



BEET FIELD SCENE IN MORGAN COUNTY

in Fort Morgan. A large number of fine cows are taken to this country each year, and more would be taken if there was a creamery at hand to handle the cream. Many people object to shipping their cream to Denver, or to Nebraska creameries, while they would go into the business on a large scale if there was a creamery in the county. Fort Morgan wants a shoe factory; the railroad facilities, and the large number of cattle raised, makes it an especially good location for one, and it is expected that such an industry will be established in the near future. Fort Morgan wants an automobile factory, and is now figuring with some parties in regard to starting such an industry this year, or next year at the latest; the fine roads, make it an ideal place for automobiling, so the local consumption would be encouraging. Another industry that would be profitable, would be a Denaturized Alcohol distillery.

Another institution that is needed in Fort Morgan is a hospital and sanitarium. Large numbers of eastern people migrate to Morgan County every year for health reasons, and

such an institution would be welcomed, and would fill a long felt want.

Fort Morgan has three banks with deposits aggregating almost a million dollars; they are the First National Bank, the Morgan County National Bank and the Home Savings Bank.

Fort Morgan has two excellent newspapers, the Morgan County Herald and the Fort Morgan Times; they are said to be the two best newspapers published anywhere in a city of the size of Fort Morgan—in fact, in cities a great deal larger one will seldom find better papers. Fort Morgan has no saloons, in fact there are no saloons in Morgan County, thus making it an ideal spot in which to locate and build a home.

In conclusion, Fort Morgan invites anyone who is anxious to improve his financial condition, or who is in poor health in altitudes lower than this—which is a little over 4,000 feet—to try living where the sun shines bright and clear for three hundred days in the year, and where good business chances abound.

POWER OF PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IT was not many years ago, as time is counted, that a young student, Maine-State born, founded an insurance company in Newark. The organization of the company was prompted by a strong demand for industrial insurance. Newark, New Jersey, the home of a large number of industrial workers was decided upon as the place to nurture to full stature the idea, rather than New York City or large financial centers.

In a basement on Market Street, the business of this company was launched by the young man, Mr. John F. Dryden, now president of the company. He remained steadfast at his work night and day, evolving the broad-gauged plan of industrial and life insurance that has become an important part of national progress. A trip to Europe to investigate industrial insurance there, and such methods as could be adapted to the business in this country he crystallized into a system of insurance, and created an institution so impregnable that nothing less than the Rock of Gibraltar could typify its strength.

The Prudential Insurance Company is an institution that comes close to the masses and appeals directly to the "great, plain, common people." To hear the door bell ring; to pay that little amount for weekly insurance premiums when the "Prudential man" comes become a part of the routine life of the people and created habits of thrift and saving which means much for permanent prosperity.

Here I must pay tribute to the scores of Prudential ambassadors I have met. Courtesy is the first essential in the bearing of this company and representatives. Have you ever met a Prudential agent who was not invariably courteous? Was he not interested in little Johnny's sickness; in mother's new sewing machine, keeping in genuinely sympathetic touch with the necessities, pleasures and even sorrows of family life? Is he not, in fact, a part of the home life of millions of people?

The insurance agent is prone to dwell on the magnitude of the business; on the security of gigantic assets; on the might of visible financial resources of his company, and, finally, that great asset which the Prudential Insurance Company possesses, revealed in the unwavering confidence expressed in the weekly payments of premiums by its millions of policy holders. The incentive of promotion stimulating its agents is infectious, and is found in managers, assistants and beginners, for from the ranks of the field-workers the successful managers are recruited—a potential brigade in the triumphs of industrial progress.

As I stood looking over the home office, with thousands of young men and women at work in the policy section, auditing rooms and general offices, there was presented in concrete illustration an organization dealing directly with individuals residing in every portion of the United States. The magnetic force of a comparatively small number of clerks holds the lines steady. Every Prudential representative has before him a record of his previous year's or month's work, and nothing is so great an incentive to effort as to strive to outdo one's self.

This company has kept even pace with the progressive ideas involving the purposes of old age pensions. Policy holders in the Prudential pay no further premium on their insurance after they have passed the age of seventy-five years. While this provision has involved millions of extra expenditure to the company, the consideration given these men who have spent their lives in arduous toil and who are entitled by years of frugal saving to all the comforts that can be enjoyed and freedom from dread and anxiety, indicates the broad gauge and progressive purposes of the Prudential.

In the great file rooms, every policy holder has ten or twelve cards, each of which is filed in an automatic succession of unerring accuracy. The record of payment, from five cents in the industrial department to

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thousands of dollars on large policies, is given the same scrupulous care and attention.

This company has so systematized the work as to minimize the cost of handling and selling insurance—labor and time saving devices being a prominent factor in furnishing cheaper and better insurance. Modern equipment in every department has made low rate insurance possible for the people. The actuarial machine collates the cards, which have been punched, showing the different ages and various calculations, and classifies and gathers them together on little nail tips, saving hours and days of tedious hand work. The cards with clipped corners also have their special significance. The various classifications of the millions of different cards is thus made a simple matter. The longevity of the policy holders is here reduced to a concrete mathematical calculation.

As one goes through the buildings it becomes apparent why so much space is required for the home office of the "Gibraltar Company of America," the conduct of whose business has required billions of cards and the most careful auditing, for it comes into direct communication with millions of people—nearly one-tenth of the total number of persons recorded in the United States census department at Washington.

As I look back upon my years of work on the National Magazine, the terrible uncertainties of human happiness and effort incident to our common mortality is a solemnly impressive thought. How many great and good men apparently at the very prime of their strength, fame and usefulness; how many wives and husbands apparently secure in home, love and insured incomes; how many young men educated and fitted (through great sacrifice) to become the shield and stay of otherwise helpless loved ones; how many great inventors, authors and captains of industry whose lost ideas, discoveries or power of organization no one else could adequately replace; how many partners, skilled employees and servants indispensable to their immediate co-laborers, at least, I have seen go down "before the lance of the Rider of the Pale Horse to join the Great Majority," leaving not only grief and loneliness but almost utter desolation and loss behind them.

And how often have I seen on the other

hand business loss and disappointment greatly lessened, if not completely made good; and the unequal warfare with loss and disappointment which finally sapped the life of some over-worked and unfortunate man, succeeded by greater physical comfort than he had ever been able to confer on his loved ones while living. These and like compensations in part pay for the greatest losses and sorrows of life, and are the work of that greatest of modern magicians, Life Insurance.

All other human improvements stop at the grave; bring no comfort to the bereaved and helpless; no consolation to the dying who unselfishly look beyond their own weakness and doubts to question what the future has in store for the beloved and helpless whom they can no longer serve. Here, at least, a purely business institution for moderate investment at times seems to have almost super-human attributes of magical solace and beneficence.

These contingencies are so largely recognized in the United States and Canada that a year ago there were 24,000,000 insurance policies in force in those countries, besides a vast amount of fraternal, co-operative and accident insurances. Apparently nearly every individual of their aggregate population is or should be in some degree directly interested in the benefits of one of these policies; but the fact is the majority of our people still fail to carry a reliable, business-like life insurance.

The investigation of life insurance companies and the consequent agitation and popular distrust resulting therefrom were inevitable results of imperfect systems, bad management and neglect of the interests of the assured public. While this development was inevitable and necessary, the failure of individual companies to keep good faith with the public was so distorted, overdrawn and misrepresented that a large number of perfectly safe policies were allowed to lapse by dubious holders, who could by no manner of means safely relinquish the life insurance which they had hitherto been perfectly satisfied to maintain.

At the height of the war of words, and the wreck of valuable interests, the Prudential Insurance Company of America with home offices at Newark, New Jersey, came boldly into the arena—into the full glare of the lime-light, as it were. It had become notable

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through its characteristic originality in the advertising line, principally through its universally known trademark or heraldic cognizance—a view of the Rock of Gibraltar, with the legend "The Prudential has the Strength of Gibraltar" in white letters on its cliff.

That this comparison of the Prudential with the strongest fortress in the world was in no sense overdrawn or exaggerated, was brought to a supreme test by the action of the president, John F. Dryden, and his associates in at once courting the fullest and most unsparing investigation of its policy, system and management. First before the New York Committee, it passed the test fully and triumphantly. Then it underwent further investigation before committees of its own state of New Jersey, only to emerge from every ordeal not only acquitted of any fault or weakness, but with a hearty recognition of its claims to the confidence of the public.

As a result, in 1907, a year of panic and too general distrust and apprehension, the Prudential increased its outstanding policies by over \$84,000,000 and its total income by \$3,300,488.77, with a decided improvement in the increase of new business, the decrease of lapses, the permanency and reliability of their agency force, and better economies in the expenses of management.

The fact that the policies issued by the company, and now in force number over 1,600,000, representing at least one-tenth of the entire adult population of the United States in its probable beneficiaries, and about \$350,000,000 in amount, will partially explain the necessity for the immense floor space utilized by the Prudential.

In the different departments I saw thousands of men and women, young and old, busy in the immense correspondence, recording, auditing and financial work of the company. Billions of letters and circulars go and come yearly; thousands of millions of cards fill the vast indexes of the company, giving a compact but comprehensive history of every policy holder; an army of 30,000 agents are directed, managed and supplied with a flood of literature and forms; and a huge printing establishment and mailing department employ a host of skilled and unskilled operatives.

Coincident with the prosperity of the country, has been the increase of general life insurance. When people are prosperous, and

happy and contented, they feel like making a provision for the future of their loved ones; but in the past few years no factor has been more potent in developing the most necessary provision than industrial insurance as exploited by the Prudential Life Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey. No other one enterprise in the country is so directly and thoroughly in touch with the people as this great organization with its myriads of agents calling weekly at the homes of hundreds of thousands of the American people and making these tiny collections which, like rivulets from the mountain top, run together into brooks and rivers of currency, and make one great ocean of revenue and resources.

Many times have I been present at a funeral of a hard-working and industrious man and learned that all of the expenses were paid because of the little provision made with the Prudential Life Insurance Company. What a satisfaction it was to his family to feel that "father," although unfortunate in his attempts to acquire wealth, was not buried as an object of charity; and while his struggles to keep the wolf from the door and to support his family were hard, yet there was a little after all laid by to provide for present necessities and future needs.

In every section of the land, in the crowded factory towns and even in the remote country districts, the agents and representatives of the Prudential Life Insurance Company come closer in contact with the people and their needs and wishes than even the federal government itself through its post office department, rural free delivery and all. For the people, in dealing with the post office, cannot, because of their trials and tribulations, obtain credit for even a single postage stamp; for Uncle Sam exacts cash and must have his two cents for every stamp. But a private corporation, an insurance company, deals more humanely and leniently with the people in their misfortunes.

The little conversations with the company's agent at the back door or front door, reflects not only individual fortunes, but often the general condition of the community. The wonderful progress made by the company since the reaction against the depression of 1907 showed how strongly legitimate and justly managed life insurance is entrenched in the hearts, affections and confidence of the people.

POWER OF PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE

The success of Prudential insurance is due largely to its simplicity, and to the fact that no variations or exceptions are permitted—here the millionaire and the working man stand on precisely the same platform—the spirit of true democracy. Political economy is more vitally concerned with industrial insurance than appears at the first glance. On the well-being of the industrial classes depends the prosperity of the entire nation, and many a poor family thanks the insurance company, when, in time of death, disaster or need, they are able to meet all demands because of the little bits that have been deposited with the insurance man—and never missed from the worker's weekly wage.

When the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, in '98, twenty-one industrial policies were carried by the Prudential for men who had lost their lives in the disaster, and nearly four times the amount paid in premiums was promptly delivered in claims to the relatives of these men. The only life lost in the naval battle of Santiago was that of a policy holder in the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and his heirs received \$353, on which only \$86.70 had been paid by the deceased—the settlement being immediate and satisfactory.

In this company all litigation and undue delay are eliminated, while every precaution is exercised against imposition and fraud. Out of 3,000 insurance cases cited in the recent works on "Law and Life Insurance," only two decisions affected the Prudential.

Senator Dryden says that "industrial insurance is life insurance at retail." The company makes every effort to save its policy holders from loss by lapses or otherwise, which affect the policy holders just as much as the company. Insurance in early life is now part of the education of our youth, and I am disposed to urge its importance on everyone when I contemplate the snug benefits of a policy issued to me—in common with thousands of other young people, while still in my teens. It is within the reach of all, for the smallest premium is three cents a week.

There is a sociological aspect in life insurance that cannot be overlooked, and the various phases of its evolution form an interesting study. Government insurance in England has proved a failure, because it

lacks the personal initiative—the live force, without which no enterprise can succeed. Last year post office insurance in Great Britain aggregated only 741 new policies, against 750,000 issued by the London Prudential Company. In ten days this company averages as many policies as the government insurance department does in forty years.

Speaking of the opinions held by the average citizen and legislator in such matters, Herbert Spencer says: "He persists in thinking of a society as a manufacture and not as a growth; is blind to the fact that the vast and complex organization by which its life is carried on has resulted from the spontaneous co-operations of men pursuing their private ends. . . . He assumes that if a good thing is to be achieved, or an evil prevented, Parliament must be invoked. He has unlimited faith in the agency which has achieved multitudinous failures, and has no faith in the agency which has achieved multitudinous successes."

This process of natural growth is exemplified in the organization and success of a gigantic company like the Prudential, which has come to be in fact a wonderful piece of human mechanism. It seems as though every dot of the "i," every cross of the "t" has its own special place, and is as carefully attended to as the trial balance of the treasurer.

The sociological problems of the times find a satisfactory solution in the operation of a great insurance company like the Prudential, strong as Gibraltar and keeping ever in mind the human equation which means striving for the largest measure of security and happiness in the most direct and simple manner.

As one result of all the agitation in the insurance world during the past two or three years the public is demanding simple, straightforward life insurance contracts at the lowest possible cost compatible with safety. The Prudential, being keenly alive to the situation, adopted the non-participating plan exclusively, thereby eliminating all speculative features and giving the insured the net cost from the beginning and leaving no uncertainties whatever as to how much he will pay or as to how much he will get.

The first year's experience has, by the substantial returns, shown the wisdom of this course. From the annual statement to

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policy holders, one is able to get valuable information as to the scope of the work for the year and the tremendous strides the company has made in its comparative brief history.

The lessons taught by fair dealing, skillful management and honest business methods, are shown by the tremendous increase in the volume of business notwithstanding the hard times and all the agitation about insurance frauds. The fact that the Prudential courted the fullest investigation, that it voluntarily went before the New York committee and subsequently went through other investigations by state committees, coming out with a clean bill of health in each case, gained for it the prestige so strikingly emphasized by the large volume of business which has been daily going on its books since these investigations were held. The fine showing made by the Prudential in all of these examinations has made it stronger and nearer to the hearts of the people than ever before.

In spite of palpable ignorance and malicious misstatements by sensational newspapers the people through all the insurance agitation and recent business depression have gained a better knowledge of the true value of insurance than they ever had before and are better able to discriminate between the good and the bad. The popularity of Prudential policies shows that the simple form, giving the largest volume of protection at the lowest minimum cost, is what the people are demanding. A company whose record for fair dealing and for the fulfillment of every contract is unimpeached. In this respect the Prudential stands out conspicuously among the companies of the world.

The depression in value of securities caused by the recent panic has taught business men to realize the enormous advantage of a life insurance policy. Aside from being able in emergencies to borrow money on these policies, they have had it brought right home to them that whatever might happen to all of their other investments they still had the comfort of knowing that their policy in the Prudential would insure protection to their families if the worst should happen. Whether they desire the protection for business purposes or as a legacy for dependents, its value and safety affords the greatest consolation.

The action by legislatures in their hysterical moments on insurance questions is proving contrary to public welfare. The burdensome laws notably in Wisconsin, New York and Texas, bad as they are for the insurance companies, bear more heavily upon the public, for, after all, it is the policy-holder who must pay his share of the taxes and other heavy expenses made necessary by these hastily considered laws.

The Prudential's expansion policy, "Onward and upward" continues to be the watchword for the future, and they are accordingly planning for extending lines in territory not hitherto covered, where business can be conducted safely and to the best advantage. In industrial business particularly the lines westward to and along the Pacific slope are being aggressively extended.

The Prudential is the only company in the country having among its directors representatives of the state government. Under a special act of the New Jersey Legislature three gentlemen of unquestioned integrity and high standing were designated as state directors and are now participating in the management of the company. This is an additional safeguard to policy holders and an evidence of the Prudential management to court the fullest scrutiny by the state in the administration of the company's affairs.

The dominating force of the president, Mr. John F. Dryden, his sterling integrity, his powers of generalship, business acumen as the promoter of industrial insurance in this country inspires confidence. He has been at the helm throughout the career of the company, with a firmer hold than ever since his retirement from politics, his constant aim being to build so well that the interests of the policy holders will be safeguarded for all time to come and that the institution may justly be considered our greatest public benefactor. William Dean Howells in a three column article in the New York Sun mentioned no less than three times the name of the company in complimentary terms in connection with the great rock. On all sides there is ample evidence that this legend although not actually on the rock itself, is sinking deeper and deeper into the human mind and the past year's record has amply proved its right and title to the trademark so widely known.

GEN. BRAYTON OF RHODE ISLAND

By JOHN E. JONES

ONE of the most picturesque and sturdy types of the American political manager in the United States is General Charles R. Brayton. One of the "old guard" who has seen many a rough and hard political fight for decades past, this sturdy old Rhode Island "Earl of Warwick" has been able to foresee and largely control the political affairs of his native state. He has served his party and friends loyally and faithfully, and although sixty-seven winters have passed over him, he declares today that he has nothing to regret, since he has always worked for what he believed to be right, and his party loyalty has never been questioned.

In Rhode Island the uninitiated often speak of him as "Boss Brayton," and ascribe to him powers somewhat more than earthly — he is to many the strange, mysterious man who commands only to have his orders obeyed. But amongst those more closely associated with him, and among the republicans of the state who take an active interest in the affairs of the party, he is accorded the highest respect, and his value as a counselor of the party and a power in the republican organization, meets an appreciation that impresses the careful student of human character with the usefulness of the life of Rhode Island's grand old man. During a recent visit I found him at his offices sitting in his favorite chair by the window in a room with the window shades drawn down, for General Brayton is almost totally blind.

Close at hand were his pipes, matches, tobacco, carefully prepared for the old veteran; when he put on his spectacles and stared at me through nearly sightless eyes, it seemed that there must remain a glimmer of light in those eyes, as his face beamed as he told me of the political conventions where he figured conspicuously with Mark Hanna, Thomas Platt, and other great leaders. It was in such struggles that he won a record for political sagacity that is not often equalled, for there never has been a shadow of doubt as to the experience and wisdom of General Brayton. From all points the pilgrimage wends its way to his headquarters, and when advice is sought, it is given — and it is of the right sort.

There is what might be termed an almost mysterious power in this grand old War Horse, and time and again has he responded to the call of political gatherings to appear before them, with the result that he

invariably creates a spontaneous enthusiasm that sweeps delegates and spectators "off their feet." Picture if you can a tall well-built man, straight as an arrow, with a countenance rigid with purpose and determination; iron-gray hair, and possessed with an eloquence in which is found every force that can be backed by an earnest purpose, and with it all the almost sightless eyes; and then perhaps you can imagine this wonderful man, who in action, has for many years been the recognized leader of the republican party in the state of Rhode Island. He has been the



GENERAL CHARLES R. BRAYTON

GENERAL BRAYTON OF RHODE ISLAND

target for the attacks of opponents not only outside, but within his party, for years, yet it all seems to count for little, and today he is the idol of the republican cause in Rhode Island, just as he was before the opposition changed their attacks from his party to himself. Within a few weeks a republican state convention gave to him an almost unanimous endorsement, and he did not appear before the delegates. Opposition melts like the spring time flurries of snow before the force and power of this man, who in every sense of the word is a stirring example of integrity and honesty, and now in almost sightless days there is no man better informed or more keenly interested in the passing of political events. He has long been a member of the Republican National and Republican State Committees, and in the political affairs of the nation, as well as in his home state, he has been a man of importance in directing the party matters. The affection and regard in which the veteran is held by his many associates on these committees is indeed a splendid expression of gratitude. He was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, and still lives there, and the boy of Warwick has indeed become like Warwick, the king-maker, since he has made and unmade statesmen, senators and legislators, and while he may have ruled at times with a rod of iron, yet his rule has been wise, and above all he has never been known to betray a friend or stab an opponent in the back.

This grand old peer of stalwart strength descends from the best New England ancestry, and since Francis Brayton came from England to Rhode Island in 1643, the name of Brayton has been prominent in the affairs of the small but great state over which the present member of the family holds such a wonderful control. His ancestry have occupied positions of the highest trust in Rhode Island. His grandfather, Charles Brayton, was an associate justice of the Supreme Court; his uncle, Geo. A. Brayton, was an associate and chief justice of the Supreme Court, and his father was a former representative in Congress.

He is the oldest living Past Commander of King Solomon lodge, A. F. & A. M., and the third oldest living of the Past Commanders of Calvary Commandery Knights Templars, United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich being the oldest; likewise he is the oldest

living Post Commander of Prescott Post, number one, G. A. R., and within the past month was honored and eulogized at the Veterans' Reunion. From a Providence newspaper we have taken the following, which appeared as a part of the address of Rev. Charles H. Ewer, D. D., Junior Vice Department Commander and Chaplain of Prescott Post. In speaking of General Brayton he said:

"I'm glad we have this man with us tonight," and here the speaker laid his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of General Brayton, who occupied a chair directly in front of the platform, facing the audience. "Men may differ in politics and religion, but they may not greatly differ in their feelings. I am sure that whatever difference there may be in politics, we honor this man for what he did in that day when the country needed brave men, for he was a brave soldier."

General Brayton is also the oldest living state Department Commander of the Grand Army of the State of Rhode Island. He is a member of the Brunonian chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi Society of Brown University of the Class of 1863, and Governor Hughes, of New York, occupied the same room, No. 22 Hope College, after he left the college at the end of his sophomore year to go to the Civil War, joining the Third Rhode Island Volunteers as first lieutenant in August, 1861, and subsequently being promoted to be captain, lieutenant-colonel and colonel in command of the regiment when but twenty-three years of age.

Roger Williams and other names famous and wonderful in the history of America figure in the ancestry of the most successful political manager of the United States, for it can be said without any probability of successful contradiction that no other American wields so much power in the affairs of a state as has been for years in the possession of General Brayton. He is a man of modest means, and his business is the handling of legislative and other legal matters, being a member of the bar of the Supreme Court and also of the United States Circuit Court. He gets what he wants, and he therefore selects clients whose interests he can conscientiously serve. Although he has been vigorously attacked and the boast of the present Governor was that "he would drive General Brayton from the State House," still the old gentleman

GENERAL BRAYTON OF RHODE ISLAND

goes quietly on about his business, and the State House is as much open to him today as in any of the years that have passed, but he contents himself with offices in one of the modern buildings of Providence, and here he holds his Court, and legislators and public men call daily in large numbers for his advice and counsel.

In political affairs he has the same fearlessness and strength and confidence in his position as that shown by him in the war of the rebellion, when as a soldier he was described by his old comrades as "a man who knew no fear," and he participated in some lively engagements. At the siege of Forts Wagner and Sumter he was chief of artillery, and on March 13, 1865, he was made a brevet brigadier-general of volunteers by President Johnson, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war;" and later appointed captain of the Seventeenth United States Infantry. He still has the magnificent bearing of a military man, and though his forces are now marshalled in civic and political life, he is still the same man who wins and holds his spurs through "meritorious services."

Every man, woman and child in Rhode Island knows the blind chieftain either by sight or by reputation, and those nearest and closest appreciate that this great, big-hearted and kind man has been made the victim of the political hatred and envy of less successful politicians, and there is not a year passes but what in some way occasions present themselves for popular expressions that must indeed be gratifying to the veteran who has spent his entire life in Rhode Island, and who has devoted practically all of his time since the Civil War in looking after affairs of public interest in "Little Rhody." He is the one man on the American continent who has influenced more legislation, made more public officials, both little and great, than any other and it was indeed a great pleasure to pass those two hours with him. The grand old

man, to use the slang of the day, "hasn't a streak of yellow in him," but is "true blue" clear through. I have a pleasant recollection of his story about the Evangelistic meeting and how the old General intended to drop twenty-five cents into the contribution box, but he added, "When that preacher went after the 'muck-rakers' in church and state my ante was raised to one dollar." There was a glisten of eloquence in the kindly face and it seemed to reflect in the almost sightless eyes as he brought out the story, and then he followed me to the door to bid me "good-bye."

In these late years there has been a good deal of discussion both pro and con as to the usefulness of the political manager, and coming back to Boston that night I discussed General Brayton and his career with one of the splendid statesmen of Rhode Island, whose success the old warhorse had helped to bring about, and somehow there was in what he said a great deal that seems incontrovertable. "General Brayton has been a wonderful help to Rhode Island and the people will appreciate him more and more in years to come—his has been an active and useful existence, and his splendid mind and correct judgment has given aid and wisdom to the state which has accomplished wonders in the production of useful legislation, and in valuable work along every line. His power is the result of concentration—and that wonderful word concentration cannot be minimized as to results that it may bring. He has concentrated his whole aim and life along the line of political management, and as his motives have always been high, and his loyalty what might be termed as intense, Rhode Island has reaped a benefit from General Brayton that places it forever under a lasting debt of gratitude." Yes, I believe all this that was told me is true, and among the men of the nation who have made good, the name of General Charles R. Brayton stands near the head of the list.

ATTENDING THE OPERA AT HOME

By FLYNN WAYNE

C OMING almost direct from a performance of Pagliacci, I attended a Victor recital of this same tragic little opera, at the rooms of the Eastern Talking Machine Company on Tremont Street, Boston.

The recording of this popular opera indicates as perhaps nothing else has done the wonderful advance of the Victor as a musical instrument, not only as an entertainer but because of its great influence in the musical education of the people.

In the audience were many patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the appreciation and enjoyment of these critical listeners was most evident.

Mr. Taft and his popular operator, Mr. Fitzgerald, furnished through the Victrola, an hour and a half of the choicest musical entertainment to the audience who filled his perfectly equipped concert room.

The horn of the Victrola is entirely concealed, and the sound comes out through a square space in front of the instrument which is constructed on the plan of a curio cabinet. Out of these mysterious depths, which suggests the hidden orchestra at Bayreuth, comes the stirring orchestration of Leoncavallo's popular opera as accurate and as true to life as at the famous Scala of Milan.

The stirring choruses, the dramatic arias, and, in fact, every number, except Vesti la Giubba which was sung by Caruso in this country, was a reproduction of a performance personally directed by the composer. This fact settles

at once all controversy as to the composer's conception of the opera.

It was only a short time before that I had witnessed Geraldine Farrar as Nedda; and now I was listening to one of the most famous of Italian prima donnas, Mme. Huguet, who has never visited this country, but whose presence was as truly felt that afternoon as though she was actually present.

The beautiful prologue was rendered in such masterly style by Francesco Cigada, that with little imagination he could almost be seen coming before the curtain and singing that famous opening number. The second part, where the superb andante, "A Song of Tender Memories," was reproduced, one could almost close his eyes and see Scotti as we had seen him not long before, while Caruso's pathetic singing of the broken-hearted clown's lament was so wonderfully true

to life that we sat in perfect amazement at the wonderful reproduction of this great voice.

The audience had been supplied with the artistic Victor libretto containing the English translation of the words, and with this assistance we could almost see the actual per-

formance, especially as clever thumb nail illustrations of the various characters and scenes of the play were inserted in the margin and the complete synopsis enabled one to follow closely the argument of the opera.

The beauties of the score as they were brought out under the magic baton of the composer, himself, impressed the audience



LEONCAVALLO
The Famous Italian Composer



NEDDA

ATTENDING THE OPERA AT HOME

more and more as the production proceeded. The incomparable "Chorus of the Bells," with its melodious "ding dong" refrain, is one of the most effective numbers in the opera, and one could almost see the singers going

tragic finale culminating in Punchinello's vengeance died away, leaving us almost in a dream.

The popularity of these entertainments among music lovers is increasing.

Among the listeners at this recital was a friend who never could appreciate grand opera, but could only conceive of it as a succession of inconceivable sounds. It was interesting to watch his face and hear his expressions of gratification as the fascination of operatic music possessed him and at the end of the recital he frankly confessed that he was for the first time having a clear appreciation of music. This was indeed a significant confession that a mechanical contrivance had accomplished what the actual performance could not, partly because the eye had not detracted from the charms of the music as is frequently the case in grand opera.

After the Pagliacci recital a concert was given, when we heard Schumann-Heink's wonderful voice filling the room, and could almost feel that she was there. Then the incomparable Tetrazzini sang the Mad Scene from Lucia and her brilliant high notes and wonderful execution



"ARRIVAL OF THE PLAYERS,"—A SCENE FROM PAGLIACCI

off the stage as their voices were heard dying away in the distance.

The duet between Huguet (Nedda) and Cigada (Tonio) was given with all the passionate force of the Italian temperament. Every phrase was so vividly rendered that one could hardly realize that he was not again actually seeing the opera. The strains of the

made me feel that I was again seated in the Manhattan Opera House listening to the great diva.

A comparison of Caruso and Scotti was most interesting. Caruso's glorious tenor and Scotti's rich baritone were at their best in the wonderful duet from *Forza del Destino*. A theme of discussion during the intermission

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was the striking similarity between these two voices in certain places, the lower register of Caruso and the higher notes of Scotti being very much alike. Scotti, while in Boston, had the pleasure of hearing his own records in this hall.

Far greater pains are taken in the production of these records than with the best photographs, and the making of such a record as that of the Quartette from *Rigoletto*, in which each singer must be thoroughly satisfied with the finished record before it is allowed to go before the public, is as difficult as producing a group picture where everybody is satisfied that they look their best.

Even the popular series, from the seductive and fascinating strains of the "Merry Widow" waltz, to the snappy "Lights Out" march rendered by Pryor's Band, made



HARLEQUIN



CANIO

you feel the great versatility of this perfect instrument. At the conclusion of the concert the audience passed out and down the elevator with just that leisure and satisfaction they would feel had they actually heard in person the great singers whose names were on the program.

These recitals, given in a business house on a business day, are now looked upon as musical events by music lovers. When the world's famous singers, in reproductions of grand opera, can be brought to our homes, who can compute the powerful influence that these instruments will have on the future musical education of the country.

When going away for the summer the

people now take with them for the entertainment of their guests and themselves one of these talking machines and with it they keep in touch with the best singers and musicians of the day. The singer at home has within her own parlor the world's famous prima donnas to teach the tempos, shading and expression of the various selections. This invention has brought the world closer together than any other of the many great discoveries of the century. In no other way could we bring together the musical talent of the world.



TADDEO



COLUMBINE

Not many years ago, I met a philosophical and genial gentleman, whose far-sightedness and good counsel has made him a successful man at this same store on Tremont Street, Boston.

In those days there were struggles and tribulations in introducing the talking machine and phonograph, but the work which has been accomplished speaks for itself.

Mr. William H. Beck, President of the Eastern Talking Machine Company was a clear-sighted prophet of those days and he is certainly to be congratulated for his part in adding to the attraction and influence of musical Boston a means of musical education that will continue to grow in favor as Boston develops the musical idea.

The archives of all nations in future will be incomplete if they do not contain records of the human voices in song as well as in speech. They are looked upon now to be quite as essential as a record of history or any document or data that should be preserved for all time.



NOT long ago, on the train, I occupied a seat with a bright little boy who had a sweet, childish face—just the sort of little chap one feels a desire to talk with. Many of my most delightful acquaintances are made in this haphazard fashion, while traveling about the country, and I hope the readers of the National will always keep me going, so that my list of young friends may continue to grow.

When I first sat down, the little fellow politely inquired:

"May I have a part of your paper?"

From that we talked of peanuts and magazines, and my young acquaintance announced:

"We only subscribe for two magazines in our house; one is the National Magazine and the other is a cooking school magazine; both are published in Boston, so I hope some day to go there. My father says it is the 'hub of the world.' Were you ever in Boston?"

I replied that I had enjoyed that advantage, and led him on to talk of his own family.

"We take the cooking school magazine for my oldest sister, because she is going to be married soon, and mother says she must first learn to cook lots of things; her fellow talks a lot about how he wants things cooked. My sister likes the National, because there is something in that, too, about cooking; I don't care for that part myself—what I like to read is about those fellows in Washington. Were you ever *there*?"

Upon receiving my assurance that I knew something of the Capital City, he put several questions, and then remarked:

"I am going to Washington when I get

to be big, and earn my own money. Those fellows in Washington must have good times. Do the senators use roller skates on the pavements?"

The illusion was almost too good to dispel, and it was not until just before leaving that I had the heart to tell him that his companion was not a reverend legislator, but was connected with his favorite magazine. I have had thousands of written and spoken tributes to the National Magazine, but I must confess that that little fellow's words went straight to my heart, and are cherished as one of the most flattering and ingenuous compliments the magazine has ever received.

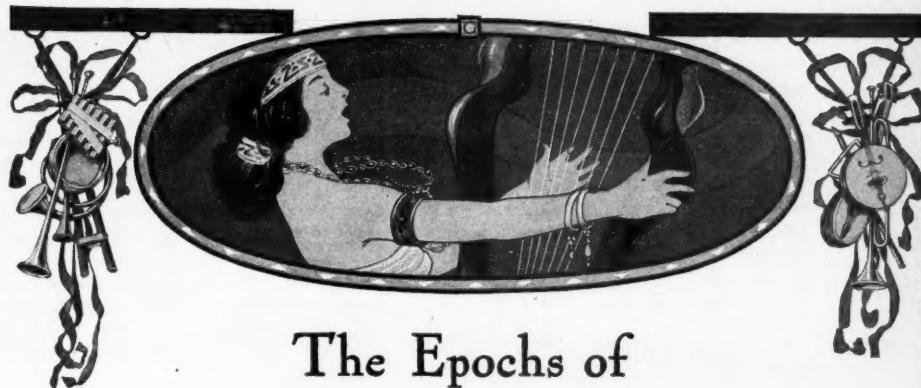
Before leaving, I gave him a little souvenir of Washington, one of the hats made of paper money which had been destroyed. I was so interested I forgot to ask his name, and when he receives his magazine this month I wish he would write me a letter for that is the only way I can reach my young friend again.

When we parted with mutual regrets, the little courtier arose and touched his cap as graciously as any skilled diplomat in Washington or elsewhere. He assured us that he "had to go to Stamford to see the new baby, and could not go last Sunday because it rained so hard." We sent our regards to the "new baby" who had given us the pleasure of the little fellow's company.

* * *

THE hundreds of charming letters we have received about "A Romance of Arlington House" are gratifying to publishers. This dainty lavendered love story was written by Sarah A. Reed, and is a collection

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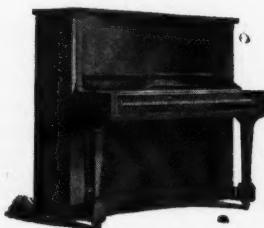
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LET'S TALK IT OVER

of letters purporting to have been found at Arlington House, Virginia, written by a beautiful and loving Virginian maiden, Virginia Colton, to her mother. There is a sweet tenderness in these letters through which, like a golden thread, gleams one of the most dainty love stories ever written. There is a sweet scent of lavender, and home-made daintiness, an atmosphere of aristocracy and the glow of those days of Virginian hospitality at Arlington House.

Miss Sarah A. Reed, the author, is a



SARAH A. REED, AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE OF ARLINGTON HOUSE"

resident of Erie, Pennsylvania, where she has lived for many years doing noble work as a teacher and instructor in schools. She was not content to confine her work to these duties, but has been an enthusiastic and tireless worker in assisting institutions and other philanthropic work and her heart seems to just go out to every young man and young woman with a maternal and kindly tenderness which is inspiring.

Parents who place this dainty volume of "A Romance of Arlington House" in the hands of their daughters offer a gift that will ever be appreciated and remembered because it is a book that the girls appreciate. It beautifully demonstrates that the best friend and adviser a girl ever has in all that concerns her life and career, is her mother.

The book has already had a remarkable sale, but we want to see it in the hands of every young lady reader of the National.

"A Romance of Arlington House" will be mailed to subscribers at the uniform price of \$1.00 postpaid to any address. Now let every father and mother see that this pure, dainty and interesting story becomes a welcome addition to their daughter's library. If they do not do it, a second appeal to the young men who appreciate the beauty and charm of our American girls will not be necessary to give their friends a book that every woman can appreciate and admire. It would most appropriately come from a father or mother, but if a father or mother fails to appreciate this opportunity, here is a side hint to those who want to know just what a girl would like. The young lady will not fail to appreciate a copy of "A Romance of Arlington House," and will not overlook the good taste of the giver—which counts.

"A Romance of Arlington House" is an appropriate gift at all times, whether at Easter tide; in the summer days at the seashore where the "summer girl" reigns supreme; among the mountains; in the glorious golden days of autumn; amid the whirl and activities of winter's gaiety, or at Christmastide. There is never a time or season when a gift of a beautiful book which has a sweet message of confidence and friendship is not altogether appropriate.

The enthusiasm that has followed the success of our various publications the readers of the National quite appreciate and understand.

* * *

THE Book Department of the National Magazine which began in a modest way with the first volume of "Heart Throbs" has grown to splendid proportions. Future interest now seems to focus in the "Heart Songs" book. There have been about fifteen thousand contributions received, and if you have not sent in your favorite song, do so at once. Each contributor can send in favorite songs for each of the following classes, for which prizes of \$1,000 will be paid.

The First Class: Patriotic War Songs must always stir the martial spirit and loyal pride of men, and that, perhaps, purer flame which, blent with tender apprehension, pity and sorrow, glows in the hearts of all women and men who love their country.